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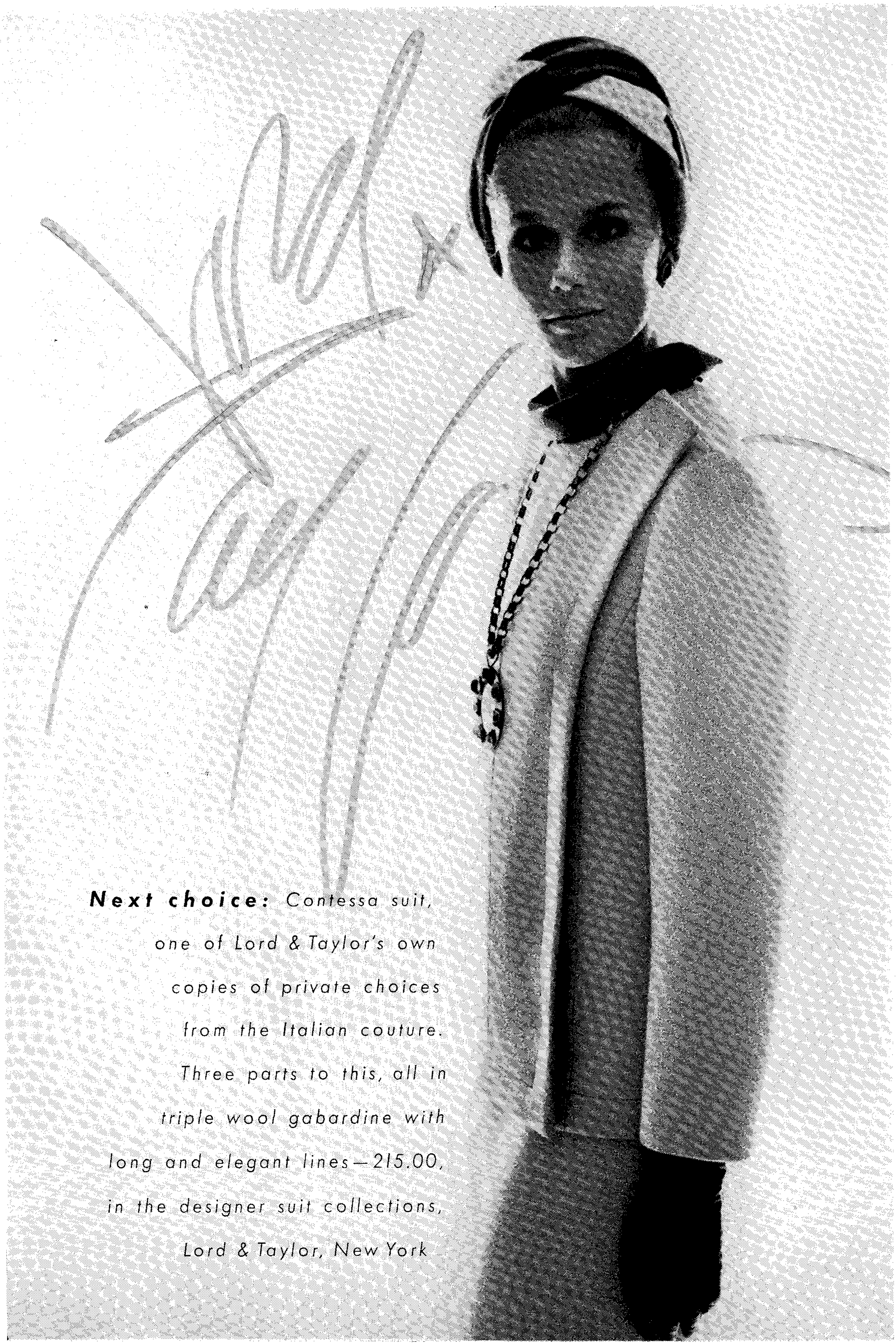

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—A play by Brian Friel, laden with rue and laughter, that describes the last night in his home town of an Irish lad about to set off for America. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb as they project two aspects of the hero, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others who participate are all first-rate. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait Until Dark—A limp thriller about the efforts of a blind girl to frustrate the plots of a trio of villains anxious to lay hands upon a doll that happens to be stuffed with heroin. Lee Remick has the principal role in Frederick Knott's play. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's frivolity concerning the adventures of a pair of newlyweds in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CACTUS FLOWER:** Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson, among others, in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** A comedy in which Sam Levene has replaced Alan King as a psychiatrist surrounded by a noisy pack of adolescents who baffle him. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **LUV:** A triangular trifle that has in its cast Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Moves on Monday, Sept. 12, to the Broadhurst, 44th St., W., CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** A comedy by Neil Simon having to do with a couple of hilarious male marital rejects trying to keep house in a rambling Riverside Drive apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken head up the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Mame—This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and the orphaned nephew she is attempting to rear has a fine cast headed by Angela Lansbury, a frequently comic book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and solid music and lyrics by Jerry Herman. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—Gwen Verdon as a dance-hall girl who dreams long dreams of true love and matrimony. The book, by Neil Simon, is rather a bore, but the choreography by Bob Fosse, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are vivacious. Miss Verdon is, as always, full of beans, and so is the cast that supports her. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A jolly musical miscellany from South Africa, in which an octet of lively youngsters go about brightly interpreting native songs and dances, playing assorted strange instruments, and relaxing now and then with familiar folk songs from England, Ireland, and Scotland. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Mimi Hines representing Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Mary Nestor. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**JOFFREY BALLET:** Thursday, Sept. 8, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Cakewalk" (company première), "Sea Shadow," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Friday, Sept. 9, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Moncayo I" (company première), "Pas des Déesses," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 10, at 2:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Sea Shadow," "Opus 65," and "Moncayo I."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 10, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," "Nightwings," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 11, at 1:30: "Cakewalk," "Sea Shadow," "Opus 65," and "Moncayo I."... ¶ Sunday, Sept. 11, at 7:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Nightwings," "Moncayo I," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 13, at 8:30: "Moncayo I," "These Three" (première), "Sea Shadow," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 8:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Gamelan," "Nightwings," and "Olympics."... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 15, at 8:30: "Donizetti Variations" (company première), "Sea Shadow," "Incubus," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Friday, Sept. 16, at 8:30 "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," "These Three," and "Viva Vivaldi!"... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 17, at 2:30: "Moncayo I," "Sea Shadow," "Gamelan," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Saturday, Sept. 17, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," "Incubus," and "Cakewalk." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Closes Sunday, Sept. 25.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **SHOW BOAT,** with Barbara Cook, Constance Towers, Stephen Douglass, David Wayne, and William Warfield, is the second of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 10.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **CARMEN.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

Israeli Mime Theatre—The company, appearing here for the first time, in a show called "Men and Dreams," starring Claude Kipnis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Kitchen—A crisis or two in the kitchen of a large restaurant, as set forth by the English dramatist Arnold Wesker. With a couple of somewhat stronger performances in the leading roles, it might have seemed a powerful play as well as the fascinating documentary it is. Jack Gelber is responsible for the skillful direction. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Joan Diener, Ray Middleton, and Irving Jacobson support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Sept. 11.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. No performances Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 14-15.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Thornton Wilder Plays—John Beal, Leora Dana, and Paula Trueman in a triple bill made up of "The Long Christmas Dinner," "Queens of France," and "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 2.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Holiday on Ice," with Ronnie Robertson and Petra Burka. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 1:30 and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 18.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—It's always nice to have Rosemary Clooney around the house, and here she is, in the Royal Box, singing away at dinner and supper. The orchestra of Lee Evans spends the evenings sampling its ample collection of grace notes. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The new wine in this celebrated old bottle is the transplanted décor of the late Little Club, not to mention dance music (the small squadron run by Horace Diaz). The music goes on from nine to two during the week (Sundays, too) and from nine to three on Saturdays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Cliff Hall, the wandering minstrel, likes New York in the summer, when it sizzles, and that's how he makes his little band sound in the restaurant. Eight until after the theatre is the idea. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's varsity crews has practice sessions in the Café Pierre night after night, and the varsity is in midseason form. When its adherents are not dancing, they are listening to Franco Pagani, a perky Roman, who sings out every night but Sunday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Peaches and cream are the diet of Jane Morgan and her ballads, whose soirées occur twice an evening in the Persian Room. The dance music is decanted all along by Mark Monte's revellers and Burt Farber's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and (except on Sundays) Viennese music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is back in the Palm Court between eight and one every night but Sunday. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte,* water ices, and spirits.

Promenade Cafés, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—The last chance to exercise in the great sunken living room, all out in the open, comes on Saturday, Sept. 10, when the dance music—from nine to one—comes to an end.

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Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The first mountaineer to scale the precipitous height this season will be the quartet of forthright old Jonah Jones, who will unlock the chalet at the summit on Monday, Sept. 12, to make dance tunes from eight until one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

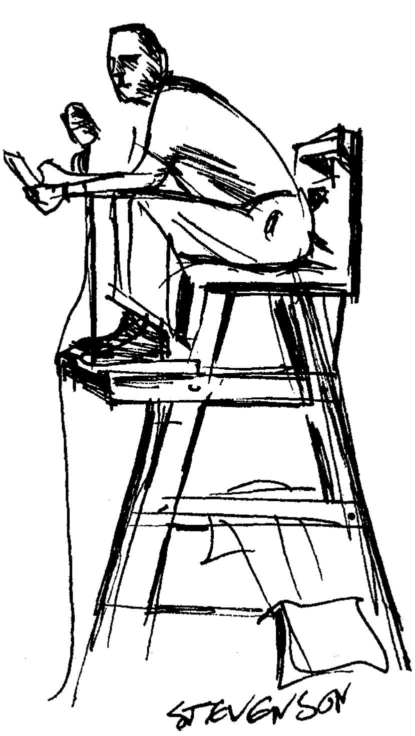
The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—The architecture revives the great days of steamboating on our inland waterways; the music revives the days when dance bands were big and bountiful and beatific. The Glenn Miller orchestra, for which Buddy De Franco is now principal bellows, has the floor. The music lets go from eight to two. No sound on Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—What better way to celebrate the return of the Maisonette to full-blown night life than to reopen it with Julie Wilson? She as siren, it as inn, take their joint bows on Monday, Sept. 12. George Cort's bubbling band and Quintero's Latin orchestra will help out, seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a more subdued refectory, surfaces again the same evening, once more with Jani Sarkozi's fiddle as the housewarmer. He will swing and sway from six to two. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—The starlight under which the guests dance from eight to one every night (Phil Wayne's mob and a Latin assemblage do the honors) is sometimes provided only by planes hopefully looking for Kennedy or LaGuardia, but even so it's a great way to get people outdoors.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In one portion of the many-chambered Peacock Alley, there is Ray Hartley's *champagne-brut* piano, which happens from five to eleven Sundays through Thursdays; just across the threshold, a trio plays for dancing from eight to one on Fridays and Saturdays.

Note—Roseland Dance City, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—New York's only astrodome, which houses a playing field that is all hardwood and a mile wide. Every sport but the Twist and its offspring is permissible. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A gaggle of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

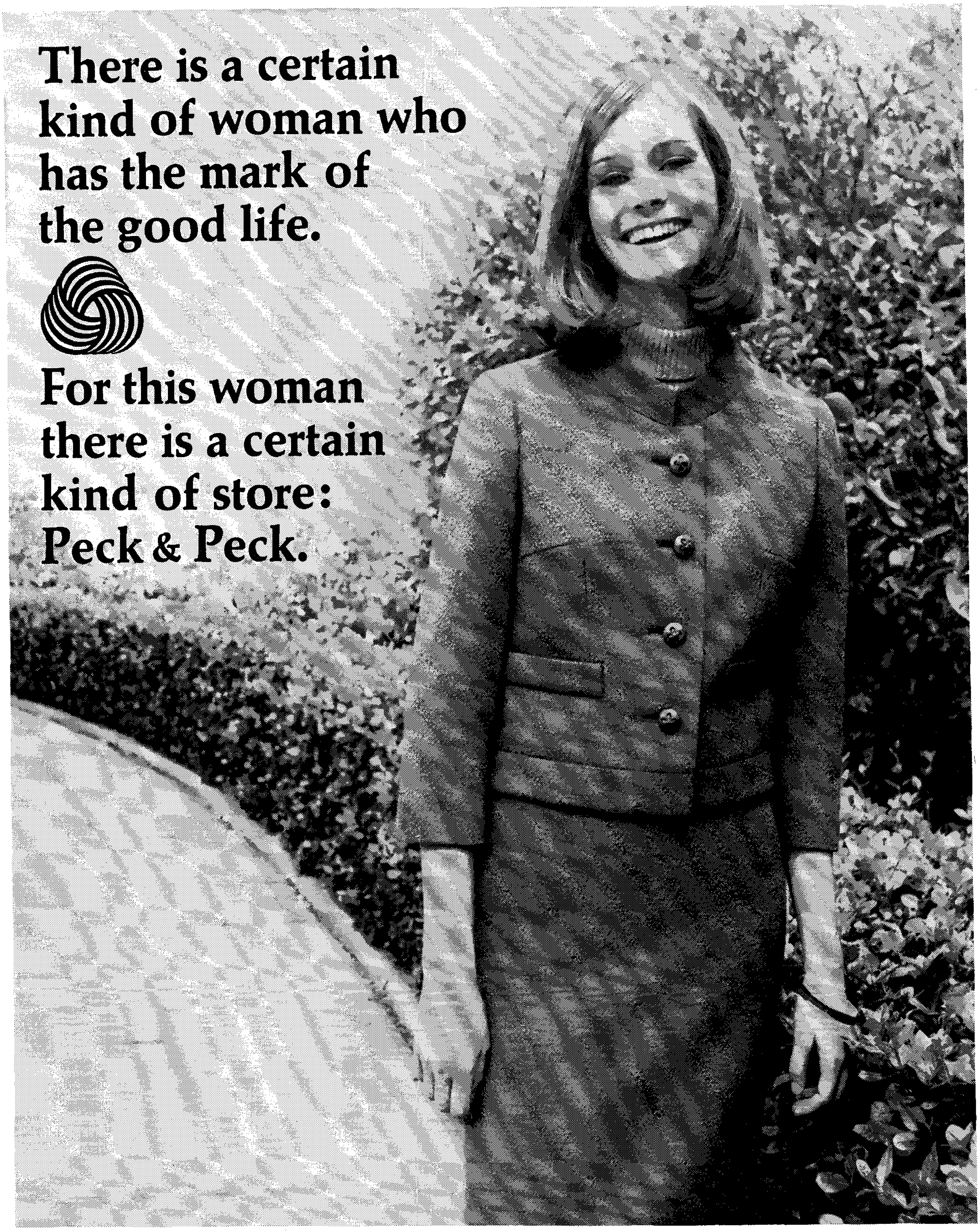


SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Public life made easy for customers who have been in the business for years and have loved every moment of it. Through this jaunty crossfire, music can be heard from cocktails on, beginning with Sam Hamilton and ending with Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who settle down to four-handed piano after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis. the little Londoner who, after eleven years at one piano, has unassailable squatters' rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is minimal here. No music Mondays. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island hoppers who put into this port will discover reasonably accurate reproductions of the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, Sundays from seven until eleven, and from nine to one the rest of the week. The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): An exercise hall for young people who have to do with this or that dab of the amusement industry. The setting and the talk are very heads-up. A bright and breezy jazz trio (Cecil Young's) performs during the week; Sundays, from five-thirty until eleven-thirty, another crew works out. . . . **The Apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Charles De Forest, who sings to his own piano, is for the literate dusk-to-dawn dwellers in big cities. He is absent Sundays. . . . **Janssen's,** 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): Fanciers of the *basso profundo/robusto* belonging to Aldo Bruschi will find it operating (in conjunction with his piano, his woodwinds, his concertina, his sidemen, and a brace of young singers) from Wednesday through Saturday every week, commencing around half past eight. There is dancing those nights, too, in this medieval stronghold. . . . **Asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Chicken fortissimo, veal viva voce are served up by the energetically operatic staff until late at night. Closed Mondays. . . . **La Chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The only piano throw in use here is Rita Dimitri, who perches herself on the instrument at dinner on week nights, at both dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays to do her soubrette chansons, which are couched in several lively languages. There is dance music, too, beginning at around eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **Chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): It has been a long time away from its natal niche in Budapest, but its music and its folkways have not changed at all. Closed Mondays.

Note—The discothèque, a moth that has not yet danced near enough to the flame, is currently best represented by these establishments: **Shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): The most formal of the enterprises devoted to the odd art form, a fact that does not prevent the older generation of dancers, too, from leaping to sometimes awkward conclusions. A full-fledged menu prevails from dinner through supper. Some of the music, which begins at seven-thirty, comes out of pressure cookers, and some of it is woven on the spot by actual people—Johnny Meistro and the Crests, if the names mean anything to you—frequently (as befits the sound) attired in space-cadet uniforms. Taps sounds at three or four. Closed Sundays. . . . **Arthur,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): Little children, often in what amounts to *bal-masqué* costumery, can be seen but not heard, so prodigious is the music of the electronic age. Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **Il Mio,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. (EL 5-2500): The music is recited from memory by a machine and by certain members of the human race—the Walkers; the hours are nine until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the table fare is tenuous, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who floats with the greatest of ease. The garb runs from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Both human beings and automation take part in the music making for a plain-spoken but pleasant pavilion whose guests are mostly angelic Mods and Rockers. The house dancers spend their evenings (nine-thirty until three or four) inventing the most pleasurable of unsquare dances. There is a menu, to an extent. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Beneath the sidewalk café of the same name lies an airy underworld whose Orpheus is a young man with two turntables. His Eurydices are mostly lovely young things turned out in the height of the new simplicistic fashion, and the ambience is a sight to see. Nourishment from the café; gentle noise from nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The lord of this grand manor is Cy Walter, from whom nearly all good ideas about drawing-room piano flow. His piano is in action from six to one. Sundays, Forrest Perrin, his expert lieutenant, gets to use the keyboard instead. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Norbert Faconi, who was fiddling back when Nero burned, is still doing I-am-yours-alone violin in this tongue-in-cheek feudal system. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar discusses, in the subtlest of language, everything Spanish, from nights in the gardens of Granada to the habits of the gypsy wanderers, and the architectural background is indigenous and ingenious. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Fish got to swim, birds got to fly, Italians got to sing fierce lullabies. One soprano is at it during dinner and supper now, and by Thursday, Sept. 15, it is likely that several others will be doing it, too. Tuesdays, after the theatre, Philip Huston's platform manner turns him momentarily into Shakespeare, Kipling, and a few more mythical characters, and Thursday through Saturday every week, there are modest interludes of dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Doing as the Romans do, and excellently well, with the same viands, libations, and scenery. Among the citizenry is a round of dulcet minstrels (mandolin, violin, and accordion) who amble about from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The landscaping of this landed estate makes us all sorry that we ever moved out of the American past. In the bar, there's piano from six to one, except for Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Dignity is what the Regency Room cocktail lounge stands on. Kurt Maier's Viennese piano is available from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Reasonably subdued grandeur presides over the bar-restaurant, where Tony Gorody's well-constructed piano is on tap from nine-thirty until one except on Sundays. On Saturday, Sept. 10, Ralph Strain, pianist to the Syosset set, takes over the lease on the keyboard. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): On Thursday, Sept. 8, this royal enclosure resumes its career, with Karl Inwald mildly addressing a piano from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen forgathered for conversational dining while self-propelled musi-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cians play on, play on. Closed Sundays.... **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy's piano communes quietly with itself in a corner of this portion of the Westbury Hotel. The musings occur from nine-thirty until one-thirty. No musings Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Bedtime stories by Joe E. Lewis, who is apt to tell them all night, for he believes that one good stirrup cup deserves another. In his wake are the Copa ballerinas, each one a choreographer in her own right, and Bill Selby, the sort of song-and-prance man this town has long been looking for. Dancing. ...¶ In the lounge, which has the air of being next door to Caesars Palace, there is onstage whooping and hollering from ten until dawn by the crew labelled the Personalities and other nocturnal beings.... **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Darkling little flowers ripened by an Oriental sun, and a set of stately American hollyhocks—this is the Garden of Eden arranged by the management. With a scattering of countrymen (singer, jugglers, et al.) this collection of girlhood makes a long, splendid spectacle of itself. Dancing.... **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): The hipbone disconnected from the thighbone, the thighbone disconnected from the anklebone. The young, doing dances their fathers never taught them in clothes their mothers never made them, submit to this seemingly painless operation from nine-thirty until four every night. The lighting effects and the music, both of which are live and voluminous, are contrived by Marat/Sade. No dining.... **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Thursday, Sept. 8, is the announced reopening night. Waiting at the barrier are Mel Tormé, a jovial singer as well as a completely musicianly one, along with Woody Herman's firecracker band and the humor of John Byner, who knows a thing or two about his art form. Closed Sundays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

CHÂTEAU MADRID, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, who aim to prove that all Spanish life is not grim, earnest, and flamenco, are being (as always) musical and mobile. Dinner and supper during the week is the schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. On Sundays, just one show, at ten.... ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados' guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): No new vistas on the national scene are opened up by "Below the Belt," the revue on display, but a great deal of what it has to say is said so brightly and brashly by Richard Blair, Lily Tomlin, Madeline Kahn, and Robert Rovin that it doesn't matter. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays.... **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Conversation by Joan Rivers, who is putting herself through a four-year course in self-analysis. The rough-and-ready results are in evidence twice a night during the week, thrice Fridays and Saturdays, but not before nine-thirty at the earliest. Closed Sundays.... **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them does an after-the-theatre turn in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is piano as well as other happenings, also impromptu.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The citizens here are often delayed in transit. The latest report has it that Miles Davis is playing lonely end on a team of his ownership, and that the belated crew run by Thelonious Monk will succeed the Davises on Tuesday, Sept. 13. Every Monday the property reverts to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen able and eager

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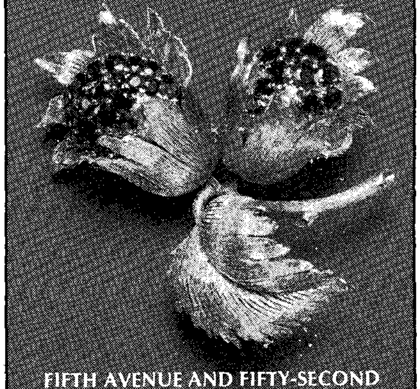

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SAKS FIFTH AVENUE—ALL STORES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sidemen. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The little old Village smithy and hero-sandwich forge. Chris Connor, that determined and detonating troupial, is sharing quarters with Zoot Sims' quartet. Closed Mondays. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The land of the coffee bean and (usually) of the folk song, which at the moment is represented by the Bitter End Singers and by Jake Holmes, who likes to make fun of certain obvious faults in the genre. The Uncalled-For 3 are jokers of another sort. The regulars, as is the custom here, lay off each Tuesday. On Wednesday, Sept. 14, Leon Bibb's bell-like chest tones will replace the Bitter Enders. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): New faces, such as the foursome of Ed Harris, are to be seen on the premises. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): A fine cottage industry—handmade music of the old-fashioned kind. It is good to listen to, good to dance to. The craftsmen are Mr. Condon, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, Dave McKenna, and Bob Wilber. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Arriving around ten, Billy Taylor's threesome makes music to adumbrate to; after the theatre, even though there is no dance floor, it makes music to animate to. It is available every night but Monday, and so is the piano of Eddie Thompson, the solo operator. Nine-fifteen is his starting time. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): In case there is ever another 52nd Street, a crew usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Cliff Jackson, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is lying in wait here. Closed Sundays. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): An at-ease brewery, a set of junior citizens, an aggregation of clamorers (washboard, tuba, banjo, and such). Music from nine until two or three all week, plus, on Sundays, matinées by the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society—four-thirty until nine. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): In the center of one of the new play areas for the come-as-you-are small ones. Sawdust, beer, and intent listening go along with the music, which is currently being put together (or put asunder) by the Clifford Jordan quintet. On Tuesday, Sept. 13, Lou Donaldson's quartet will inherit the job. The regulars take time out every Monday, when some other outfit occupies the stand.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **IBM GALLERY,** 16 E. 57th St.: "The Decoy Maker's Craft," a bevy of some two hundred old foolers from the collection of William J. Mackey, Jr., including Elmer Crowell's black-bellied plovers and John Lee Baldwin's shore birds; through Oct. 1. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Edward Betts, Isabel Bishop, and Fred Meyer (to mention a few); through Sept. 24.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Robert Motherwell, David Smith, Francis Bacon, and others; through Friday, Sept. 9. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

CHINESE; GROUP SHOW—"The New Chinese Landscape," an exhibition of twenty-nine paintings and thirty scrolls by six artists from Taipei; through Saturday, Sept. 17. (American Federation of Arts, 41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon to sundown; through Sept. 18.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Americans on the Go," a series of Currier and Ives lithographs from the collection of Miss A. S. Colgate, recording our early methods of transportation and sport, and even 1869 "Fashionable Turn-Outs in Central

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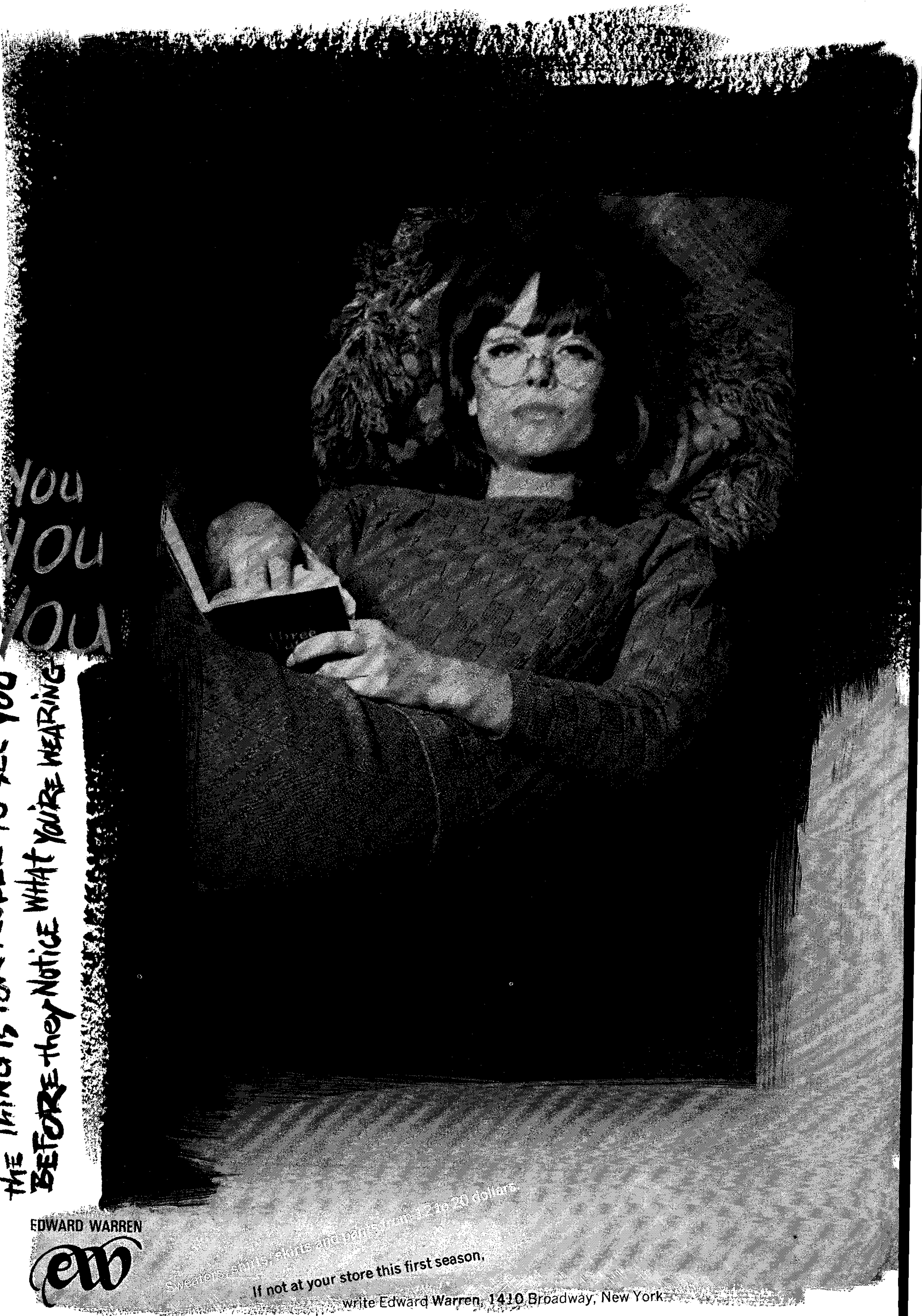
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Park;" through Sunday, Sept. 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An excellent arrangement of the paintings of Henri Matisse from 1897 to 1953, which, though the majority date to his early years as an artist, is yet revealing of his maturing competence in design and color; through Sept. 25. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Gauguin and the Decorative Style," a fine exhibit in which Gauguin's works are pointedly interspersed with works by such outstanding artists as Kandinsky, Matisse, and Munch; through Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Museum is scheduled to open at this new address on Sept. 28.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and forty-two examples of ancient Near Eastern, Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan art dating from the third millennium B.C. to the Roman era, from the collection of Leon and Harriet Pomerance; through Oct. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)... ¶ A showing of satirical prints and drawings—biting comments of the time—from Hogarth's "Beer Street," of 1751, to Mario Micossi's "Fantasia di Liturgie Romaniche," of 1962; through Oct. 9.... ¶ The Sculpture Garden has been transformed into a proper cemetery for some two hundred decorative details salvaged from buildings that have been demolished in the New York City area. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"Six Centuries of Coptic Art–The Nadler Collection," an exhibition of sculptures (carved from marble, wood, ivory, bone, and limestone), textiles, ceramics, and bronze works; through Oct. 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Illuminated manuscripts, including a number of Old and New Testaments, and watercolors and illuminated books by William Blake; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 and 22 W. 54th St.—"The World of Primitive Art," an exhibition of sculptures, paintings, jewelry, textiles, and ceramics from Africa, the Pacific islands, the Americas, and prehistoric Asia and Europe; through Sunday, Sept. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.)

Metropolitan Opera—The season will open in the new opera house in Lincoln Center on Friday, Sept. 16, at 8, with the première of Samuel Barber's "Antony and Cleopatra," adapted by Franco Zeffirelli from Shakespeare's text. Leontyne Price, Mary Ellen Pracht, Rosalind Elias, Belen Amparan, Jess Thomas, Justino Diaz, John Macurdy, and Ezio Flagello. (A non-subscription performance.)

Utah Symphony—Maurice Abravanel conducting the orchestra in its first appearance here. With Grant Johannesen, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Sept. 9, at 8:30.)

Telemann Festival—David Blum conducting the Esterhazy Orchestra in three programs, with instrumental soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Sept. 13, and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 16-17, all at 8:30.)

Music Outdoors—The final performances of operas in English presented by the Manhattan Opera Company. Thursday, Sept. 8: "Aïda."... ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 13: "Andrea Chénier."... ¶ Thursday, Sept. 15: "Otello." (Central Park Mall. Evenings at 8. In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium**: Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 9-10, at 8, and

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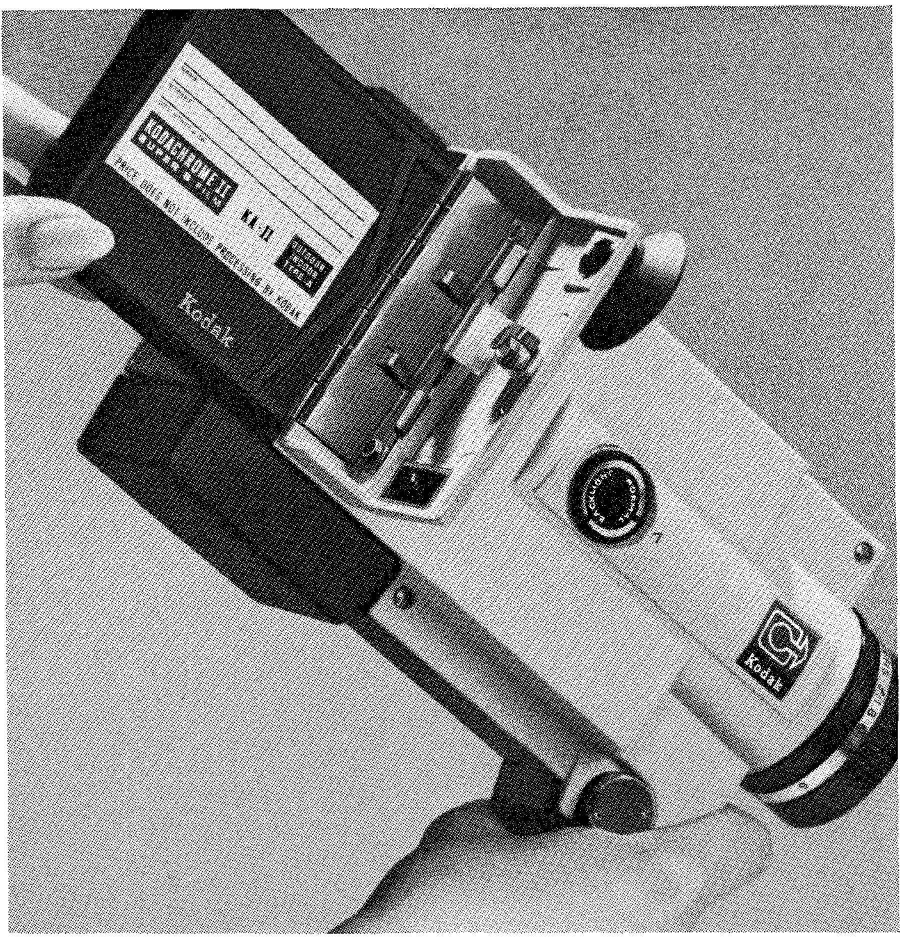

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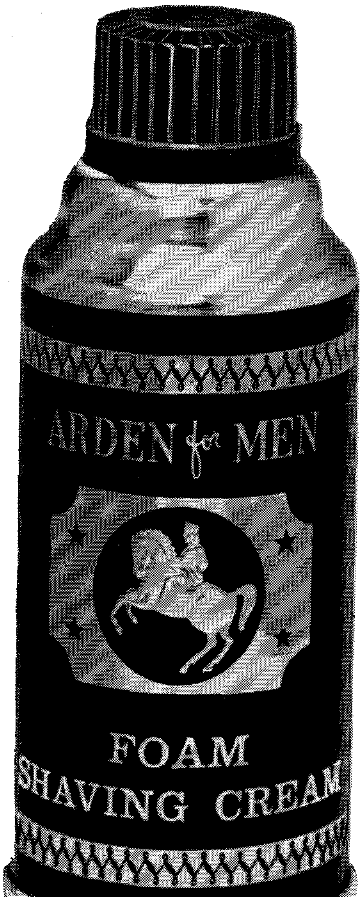

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sunday, Sept. 11, at 2. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Washington, Tuesday, Sept. 13, at 8, and Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 14-15, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Minnesota, Friday, Sept. 16, at 8, and Saturday, Sept. 17, at 2:15.

DOG SHOW—Westchester Kennel Club. (Purchase. Sunday, Sept. 11.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—Saturday, Sept. 17 (both games at 2): Army vs. Kansas State, at West Point. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Boston College, at Annapolis.

HORSE SHOWS—North Shore Horse Show. (Stony Brook. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 8-11.) . . . ¶ Piping Rock Horse Show. (Locust Valley. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 15-18.)

HUNT RACING—Foxcatcher Hunt Meeting. (Fair Hill, Md. Saturday, Sept. 10, and Saturday, Sept. 17.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30. The Matron, Saturday, Sept. 10; the Jerome Handicap, Thursday, Sept. 15; and the Beldame, Saturday, Sept. 17. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 11. The United Nations Handicap, Saturday, Sept. 17. (Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 10 and 11:30.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Bridgehampton Race Circuit, Bridgehampton: Saturday, Sept. 17, at 1:30, and Sunday, Sept. 18, at 3.

TENNIS—National Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. BO 8-2300. Through Sunday, Sept. 11.)

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Oct. 18.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's activities will be more or less quiescent until Sept. 20, when the twenty-first session of the General Assembly is scheduled to convene; there may, however, be meetings of the Security Council to which the public will be admitted. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL—The first programs in an eleven-day series of international films at Philharmonic Hall (TR 4-2424)—Monday, Sept. 12, at 9: "The Loves of a Blonde" (Czechoslovakia, 1966). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 13, at 6:30: "The War Game" and "Wholly Communion" (England, 1966). . . . ¶ Tuesday, Sept. 13, at 9:30: "Hunger" (Denmark, 1966). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 6:30: "La Commare Secca" (Italy, 1962). . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 9:30: "The Eavesdropper" (Argentina, 1964). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 15, at 6:30: "Balthazar" (France and Sweden, 1965). . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 15, at 9:30: "Les Créatures" (France, 1966). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 16, at 6:30: "The Hawks and the Sparrows" (Italy, 1965). . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 16, at 9:30: "Accattone" (Italy, 1961). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 17, at 11: A children's show, "Do You Keep a Lion at Home?" (Czechoslovakia, 1963; children must be accompanied by an adult). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 17, at 1:30: "Meet Marlon Brando" and "The Troublemakers" (United States, 1966) and "Notes for a Film on Jazz" (Italy, 1966). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 17, at 4: "The Burmese Harp" (Japan, 1956). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 17, at 6:30: "A Woman of Affairs" (United States, 1929) and "The Cheat" (United States, 1915). . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 17, at 9:30: "The Shameless Old Lady" (France, 1964).

WALKING TOURS—"Civil War Broadway," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Sept. 11, at 2:30. Meets at the corner of Spring and Lafayette Streets. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

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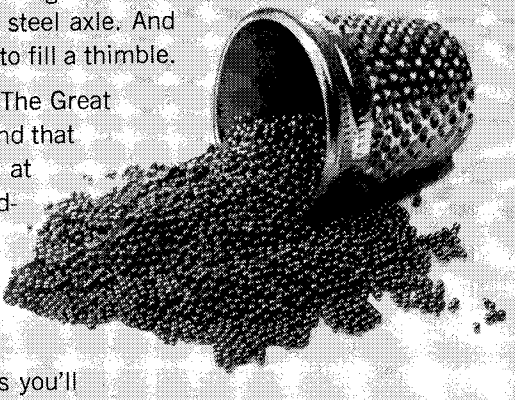

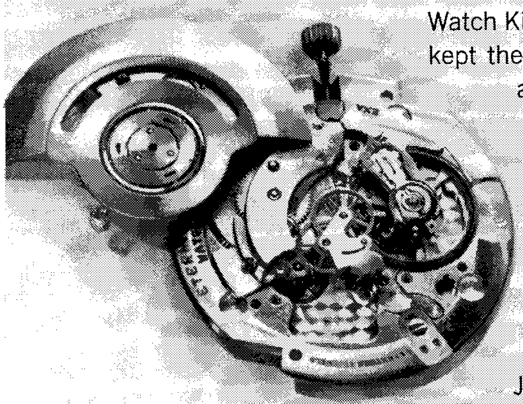

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Dear John—Explicit in word and deed, this picture tells of a couple who find it much harder to love than to make love. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. Directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren. In Swedish. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180.)

Doctor Zhivago—A lot of things have gone wrong with this expensive-looking version of the Pasternak novel. The notable, largely wasted cast includes Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness, Geraldine Chaplin, Rod Steiger, and Rita Tushingham. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Khartoum—Charlton Heston and Laurence Olivier are enemies in a historical blockbuster about General Gordon of the Sudan. In Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Thursday and Friday, Sept. 8-9, at 2:30 and 8:30; Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 10-11, at 2, 5, and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 12-13, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Sept. 14, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Man and a Woman—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars for a living and a Mustang on his days off. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

Morgan!—A troubled young man tears London apart in an attempt to make people love one another as much as he thinks great apes love other great apes. A very strange comedy indeed, marvellously acted by David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave, under the direction of Karel Reisz. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

My Fair Lady—Yes, as good as it was on the stage. Rex Higgins is, of course, incomparable, and Audrey Hepburn makes an entrancing Eliza. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

The Shop on Main Street—A Czechoslovakian picture that is both tragic and comic and is wonderfully well acted by Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Sept. 11.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—Yves Montand and Simone Signoret in a model thriller, laid mainly in Paris. Directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Sept. 14.)

A Thousand Clowns—Herb Gardner's Broadway hit, much improved by being shot all over Manhattan. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Sept. 14.)

What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?—A slapstick commentary on war and peace, brilliantly directed by Blake Edwards and starring Dick Shawn and James Coburn. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—Under Mike Nichols' direction, the Albee play has retained all its savage vitality in the move from stage to screen, and the reduction of its length from three hours to two is all to the good. Ernest Lehman is responsible for the skillful adaptation. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal appear at their best. Mr. Burton's best is extraordinary. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Wrong Box—Tontine, train wreck, tottering butler; Ralph Richardson, John Mills, Peter Sellers, and many more. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

REVIVALS

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 11-13, tentative. . . . ¶ Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Sept. 14.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. With Louis Jouvet. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 13.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers at—well, at the races. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Sept. 13.)

Diabolique (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1954)—A film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 8.)

The Easy Life (1963)—Vittorio Gassman depicts a good-looking rogue in eruption on the sunny seacoast of Italy. In Italian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 10.)

El (1955)—A variation on the old theme of jealousy, written and directed by Luis Buñuel. Arturo de Cordova is the new-day Othello. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 8.)

Funny Face (1957)—An excursion into the world of fashion. Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Sept. 13-14, tentative.)

Gigi (1958)—A musical revamp of Colette's novel. With Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, and Hermione Gingold. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363. . . . ¶ 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Sept. 14, tentative.)

The Leather Boys (1965)—Rita Tushingham, Colin Campbell, and Dudley Sutton in a study of contemporary lower-middle-class English life. Directed by Sidney J. Furie. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Sept. 11.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—An English tragicomedy of working-class manners, directed by Tony Richardson. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Sept. 12-13.)

The Miracle Worker (1962)—Opening chapters in the inspiring life of Helen Keller, acted by Anne Bancroft and Patty Duke. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 14.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 9.)

Los Olvidados (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency, with a cast of amateurs. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Sept. 9-12.)

Sous les Toits de Paris (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Sept. 13.)

The Spy Who Came in from the Cold (1965)—Richard Burton as the grubby and despairing hero of the le Carré novel. Also with Oskar Werner and Claire Bloom. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Sept. 11-13, tentative.)

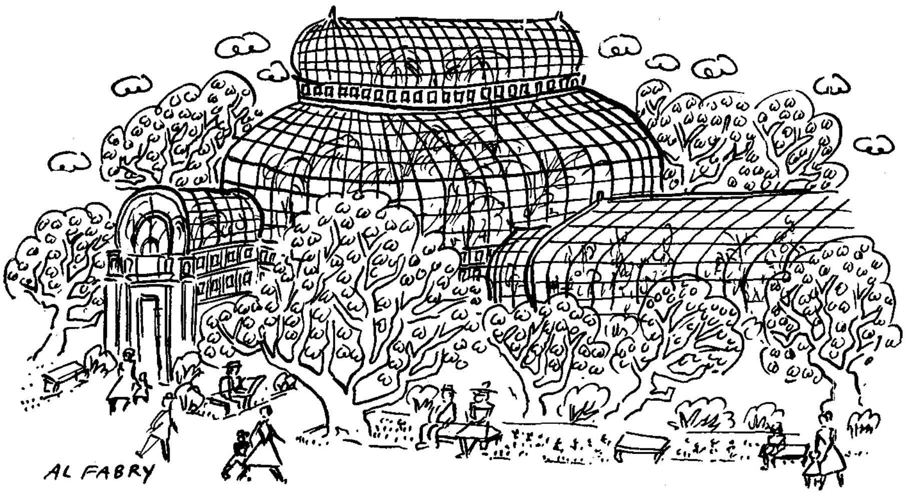
The Suitor (1963)—An exemplary young man, having no interest in girls, is at last prodded into turning over a new leaf. Pierre Etaix is the star. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Sept. 10.)

A Taste of Honey (1962)—Shelagh Delaney's play about the coming of age of a girl in an English slum. Directed by Tony Richardson, and with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Sept. 12-13.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; starting Sept. 14.)

Volpone (1947)—Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet in a treatment of the Jonson comedy. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Sept. 12.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Through Sept. 9: "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935), with Marlene Dietrich. . . . ¶ Sept. 10-12: "The Thin Man" (1934), with Myrna Loy and William Powell. . . . ¶ Sept. 13: "Our Daily Bread" (1934), with Karen Morley. . . . ¶ Sept. 14: "The Lower Depths" (1936), in French, with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Three programs in a series called "A Tribute to Joe Pasternak." Through Sept. 9: "Easy to Love" (1953), with Esther Williams and Van Johnson. . . . ¶ Sept. 10-11: "Love Me or Leave Me" (1955), with Doris Day and James Cagney. . . . ¶ Sept. 13-14: "Meet Me in Las Vegas" (1955), with Cyd Charisse and Dan Dailey. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.



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THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
Through Sept. 13: "Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.
From Sept. 14: "The Appaloosa," Marlon Brando.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 8-11, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Fantastic Voyage," Stephen Boyd, Raquel Welch.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Butterfield 8," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Laurence Harvey; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," revival, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
KHARTOUM.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
MORGAN!

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
HELP!, revival; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 13: "Arabesque," Gregory Peck, Sophia Loren; and "A Man Could Get Killed," James Garner, Melina Mercouri.
From Sept. 14: "Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar; and another feature, to be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Sept. 10: "Time Lost and Time Remembered," Sarah Miles.
From Sept. 11: "Walk in the Shadow," Patrick McGoohan, Janet Munro.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
DIABOLIQUE (in French), revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Sept. 13: "Torn Curtain," Paul Newman, Julie Andrews.
From Sept. 14: "The Appaloosa," Marlon Brando.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE WRONG BOX.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Pad (and How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Sept. 11: **THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET**, a Czechoslovakian film; and **THE LEATHER BOYS**, revival.
Sept. 12-13: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER**, revival; and **A TASTE OF HONEY**, revival.
From Sept. 14: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
GIGI, revival.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Sept. 13: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
From Sept. 14: "Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 13: "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.
From Sept. 14 (tentative): **HELP!**, revival; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Sept. 13: "Nevada Smith," Steve McQueen; and "Die, Monster, Die," revival, Boris Karloff, Nick Adams.
From Sept. 14: "Assault on a Queen," Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi; and "Waco," Howard Keel, Jane Russell.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Sept. 13: "Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar.
From Sept. 14: "Lost Command," Anthony Quinn, Alain Delon.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Sept. 8: **EL** (in Spanish), revival; and **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (in French), revival.
Sept. 9-12: **LOS OLVIDADOS** (in Spanish), revival; and "Throne of Blood" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
From Sept. 13: **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** and **SOUS LES TOITS DE PARIS** (both in French and both revivals).

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through Sept. 13: "The Cool World," revival, Hampton Clanton; and "The Connection," revival, Warren Finnerty.
From Sept. 14: **TOM JONES**, revival; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Sept. 13: "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers; and "Never Too Late," revival, Paul Ford, Connie Stevens.
From Sept. 14: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Sept. 12: "Modesty Blaise," Monica Vitti, Terence Stamp; and "Blues for Lovers," Ray Charles.
Sept. 13: **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival; and "Kismet," revival, Howard Keel, Ann Blyth.
From Sept. 14: "Walk, Don't Run," Cary Grant, Samantha Eggar; and "Frontier Hellcat," Stewart Granger, Elke Sommer.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Sept. 10 (tentative): "The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer; and "Stop The World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.
Sept. 11-13 (tentative): **THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD**, revival; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.
From Sept. 14: **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French); and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"An American Dream," Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Fantastic Voyage," Stephen Boyd, Raquel Welch.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 12: "La Visita" (in Italian), Sandra Milo, François Périer.
From Sept. 13: "The Loves of a Blonde," a Czechoslovakian film.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"It Happened Here," Pauline Murray, Sebastian Shaw.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Good Times, Wonderful Times," a semi-documentary film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Love and Marriage" (in Italian), Sylva Koscina.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 12: **VOLPONE** (in French), revival; and "Alphaville" (in French), revival, Eddie Constantine, Anna Karina.
Sept. 13-14 (tentative): **FUNNY FACE**, revival; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Sept. 13: "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters; and "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.
From Sept. 14: **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French); and "Move Over, Darling," revival, Doris Day, James Garner.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Sept. 8: "Resurrection" (in Russian), revival, Tamara Syomina; and "Chelkash" (in Russian), revival.
Sept. 9: **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; and "Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish), revival, May Britt.
Sept. 10: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian), revival; and **THE SUITOR** (in French), revival.
Sept. 11: "Eclipse" (in Italian), revival, Alain Delon, Monica Vitti; and "Gate of Hell" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo.
Sept. 12: "The Would-Be Gentleman" and "The Marriage of Figaro" (both French revivals, performed by the Comédie-Française).
Sept. 13: "Desire Under the Elms," revival, Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins; and "Summer and Smoke," revival, Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.
Sept. 14: **THE MIRACLE WORKER**, revival; and "The Sky Above—The Mud Below," revival, a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
MORGAN!; and **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival.

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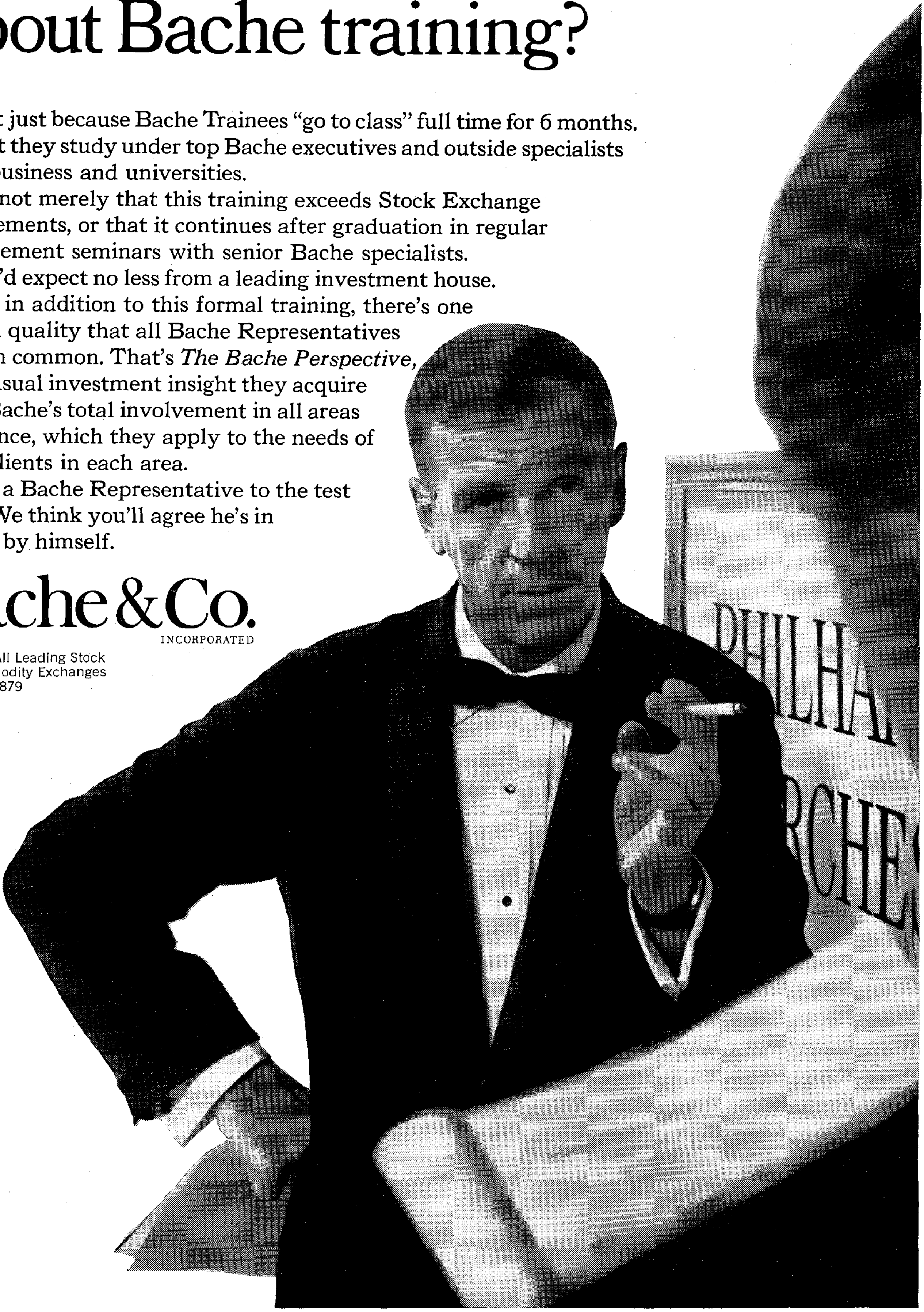

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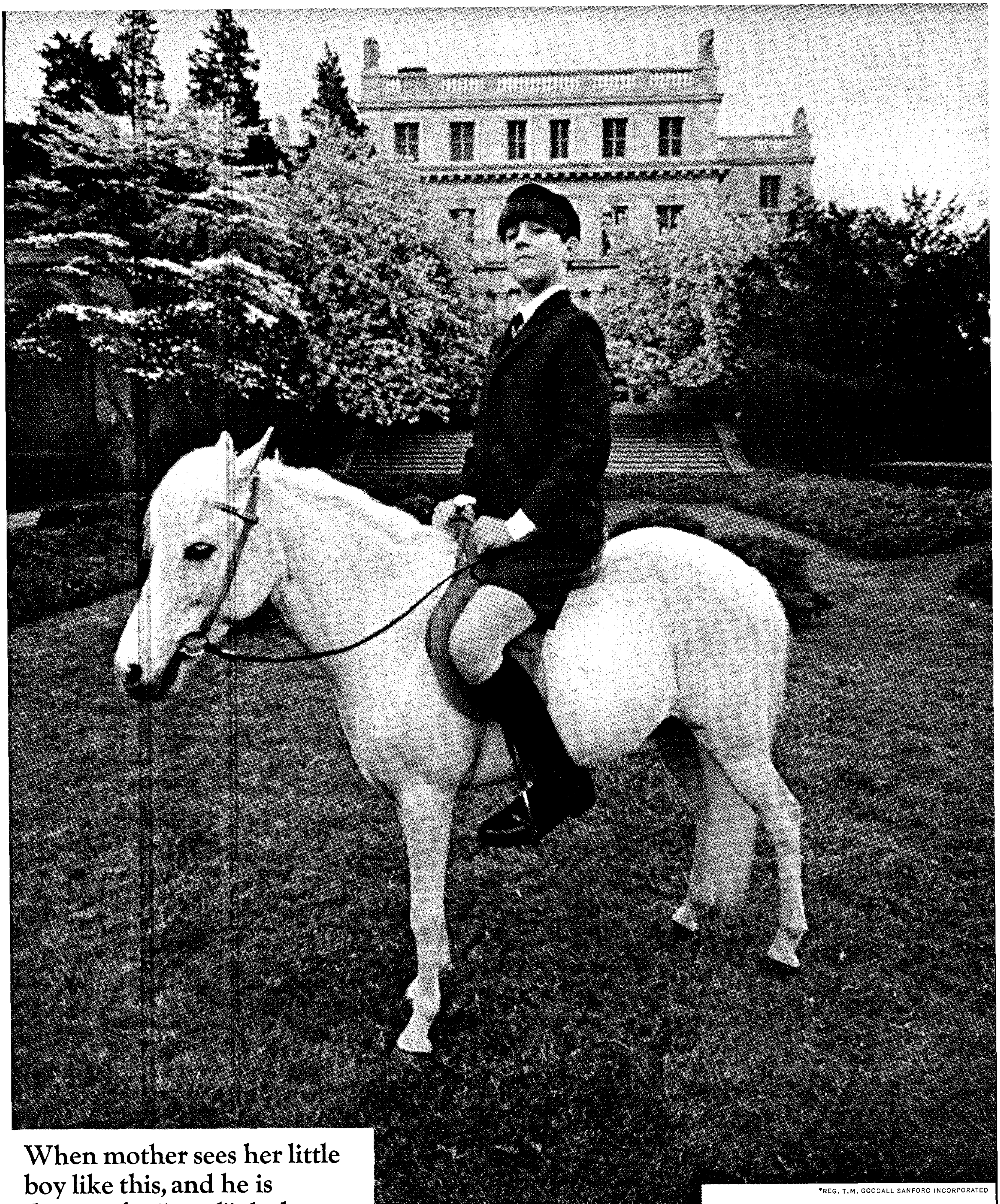

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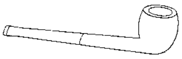
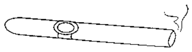
He starts right in with "buenos días" and, through a process as natural as an infant learning to speak, you'll soon know the difference between una pipa  and un habano . In fact, within five minutes you'll be saying a sentence as complicated as "Prefiero la pipa al habano."

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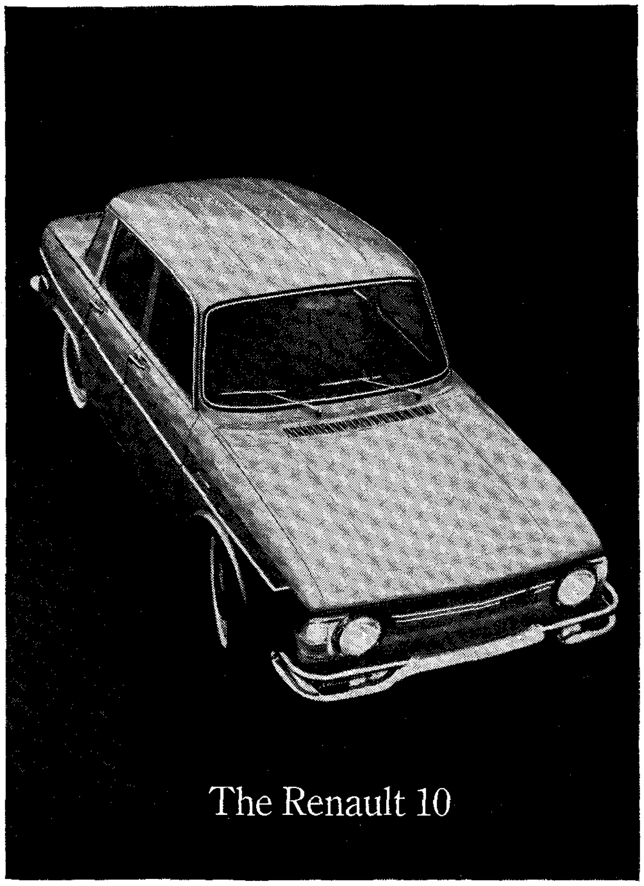
If you do not at least test drive the Renault 10, you shall have only yourself at whom to swear.

RENAULT



The Renault 10

*East and Gulf Coast, P.O.E. Slightly higher on West Coast. *Whitewalls, Automatic Transmision optional.

For Renault dealer nearest you or information on money saving overseas delivery, write Renault, Inc., 750 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

It takes a hefty walrus to make them this beautiful.

Up in Alaska the Eskimos love us. And why not? We're one of their best customers.

Each year we order hundreds of pounds of Alaskan walrus hide. We think there's nothing like it for buffing sterling.

Frank Loin can tell you. He's been doing it for twenty-three years.

First he rubs fine volcanic pumice on, say, a fork. Then he works it against a wheel covered with a heavy layer of hide.

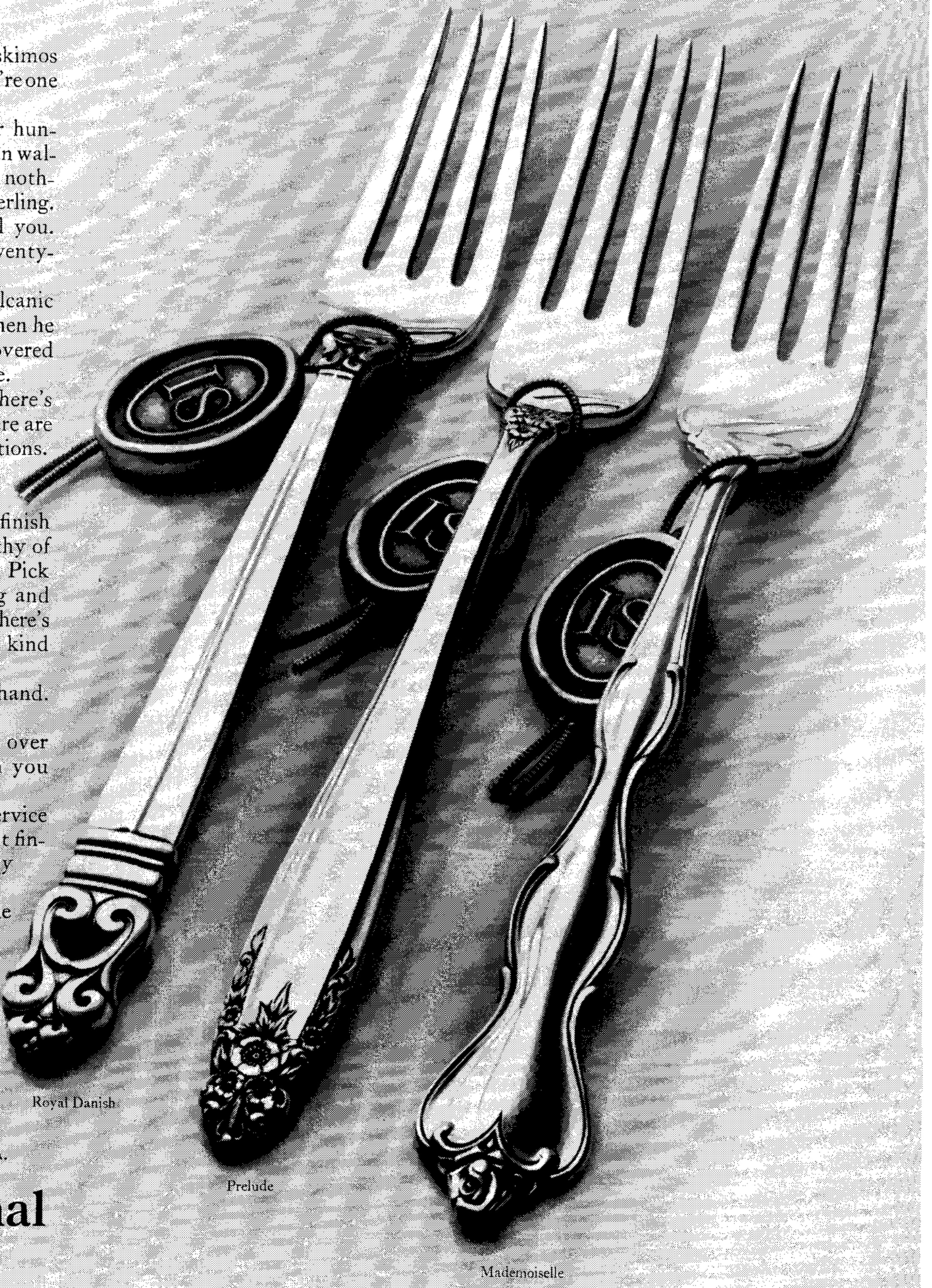
He never rushes. There's another buffing next. There are washes. There are inspections. But Frank never rushes.

He knows it takes time to get the kind of finish we want. One that's worthy of our "IS" maker's mark. Pick up a piece of our sterling and you'll see what we mean. There's only one way to get that kind of finish.

It takes a skilled old hand. And a hefty old walrus.

You can save $65 over open-stock prices when you buy the Bride's Set.

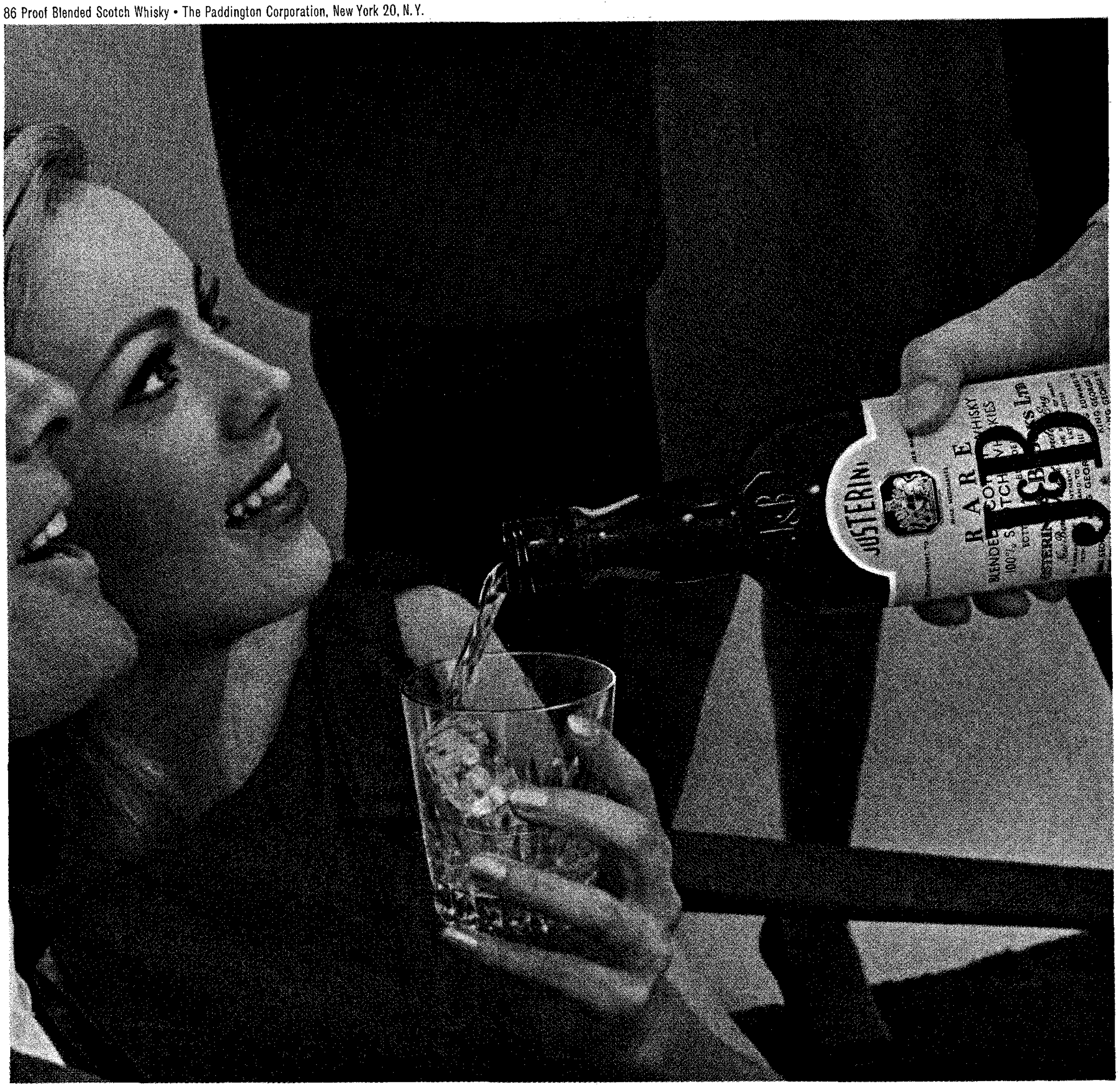
You get a 44-piece service for 8 in a handsome walnut finish chest. And you pay only $370 for Royal Danish. And only $320 for Prelude and Mademoiselle.



If you'd like a free color brochure showing all our patterns, just write to The International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.
All patterns made in U.S.A.

International Sterling

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky • The Paddington Corporation, New York 20, N.Y.



The green bottle with the red J&B on the label; that's the one that pours more pleasure, the one whose flavour bespeaks the happy blending of many noble scotch whiskies. Compare J&B Rare. You will make a most rewarding discovery. Treasured J&B Rare is shipped by the two-centuries-old house of Justerini & Brooks which numbered Charles Dickens among its many patrons.

3-Vol. set of Dickens' Classics only $1. Handsome, hard-cover editions: *A Christmas Carol, A Tale of Two Cities, David Copperfield.* All 3, $1 postpaid. Write J & B Dickens Library, P.O. Box 180, Cliffside Park, N.J. 07010. Dept. Y.

(Limited to Continental U.S. where legal)

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J&B

rare scotch

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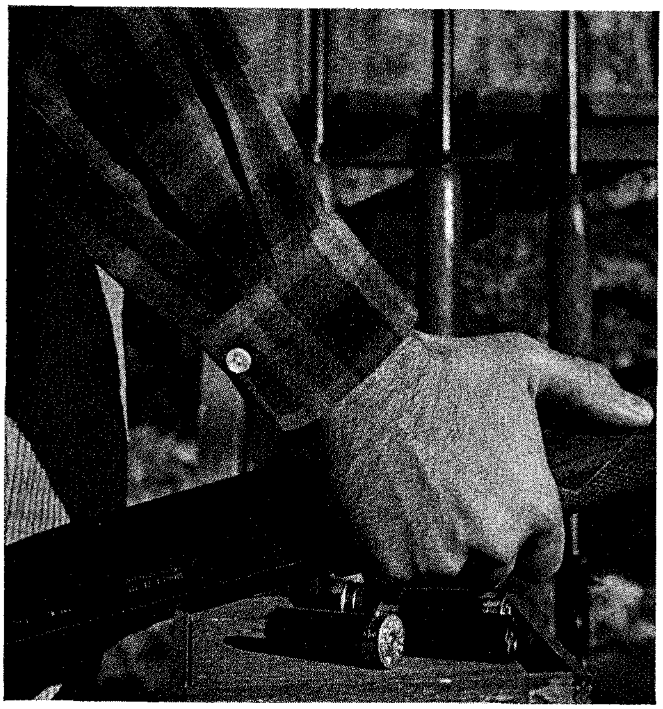
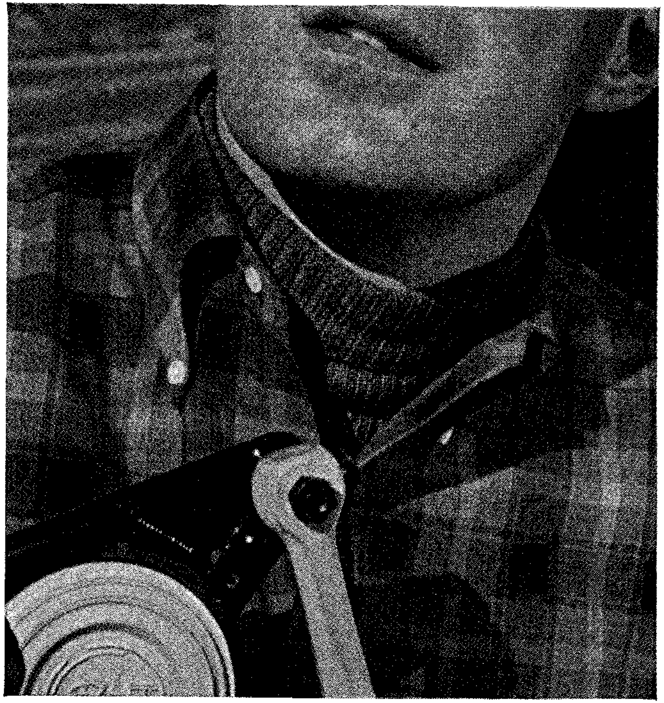
On target:

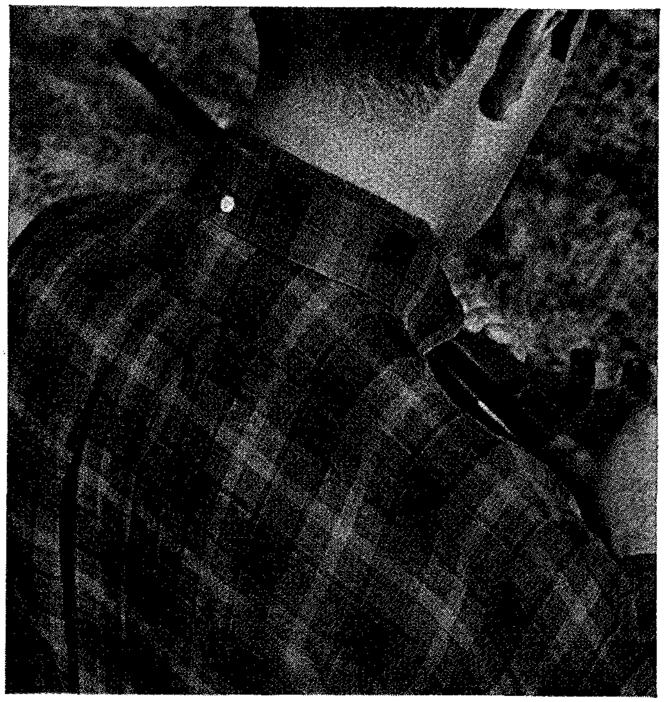
©1966 GANT SHIRTMAKERS



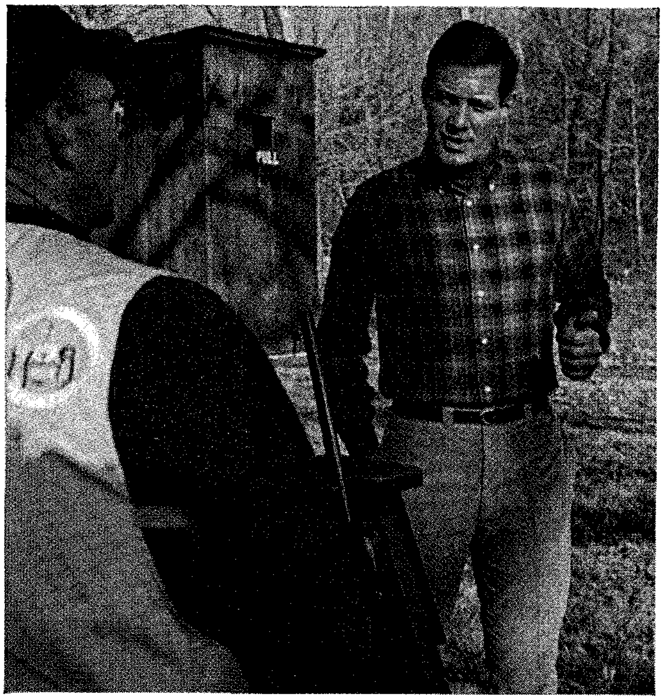
this Gant shirt...



of ORLON®...



holds its rustic...

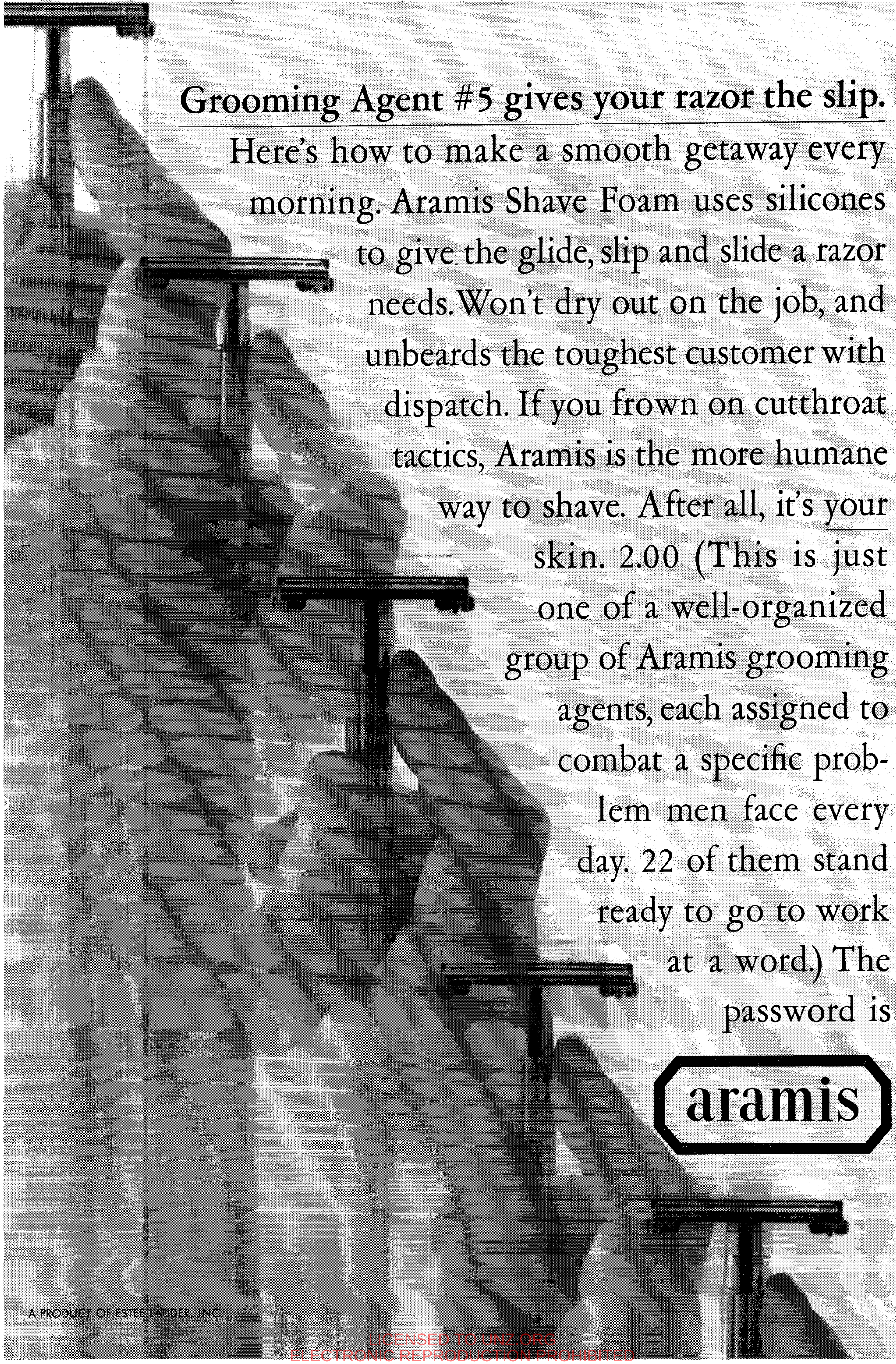


colorings permanently

McKenzie: the mellow-rich hues of this rugged Gant sport shirt will retain their colorings in sun or suds. Reason: its fabric is an ingenious blend of 50% "Orlon" acrylic and 50% rayon. Like all Gant shirts, McKenzie has élan in a gentlemanly manner. In distinctive plaids of brown and gold, blue and mid-blue or turkey-red and gold—all blended with olive. Tapered Hugger body. About $12 at discerning stores. For one nearest you, write Gant Shirtmakers, New Haven, Connecticut.*

*DUPONT REG. TRADEMARK

GANT
SHIRTMAKERS



Grooming Agent #5 gives your razor the slip.

Here's how to make a smooth getaway every morning. Aramis Shave Foam uses silicones to give the glide, slip and slide a razor needs. Won't dry out on the job, and unbeards the toughest customer with dispatch. If you frown on cutthroat tactics, Aramis is the more humane way to shave. After all, it's your skin. 2.00 (This is just one of a well-organized group of Aramis grooming agents, each assigned to combat a specific problem men face every day. 22 of them stand ready to go to work at a word.) The password is

aramis

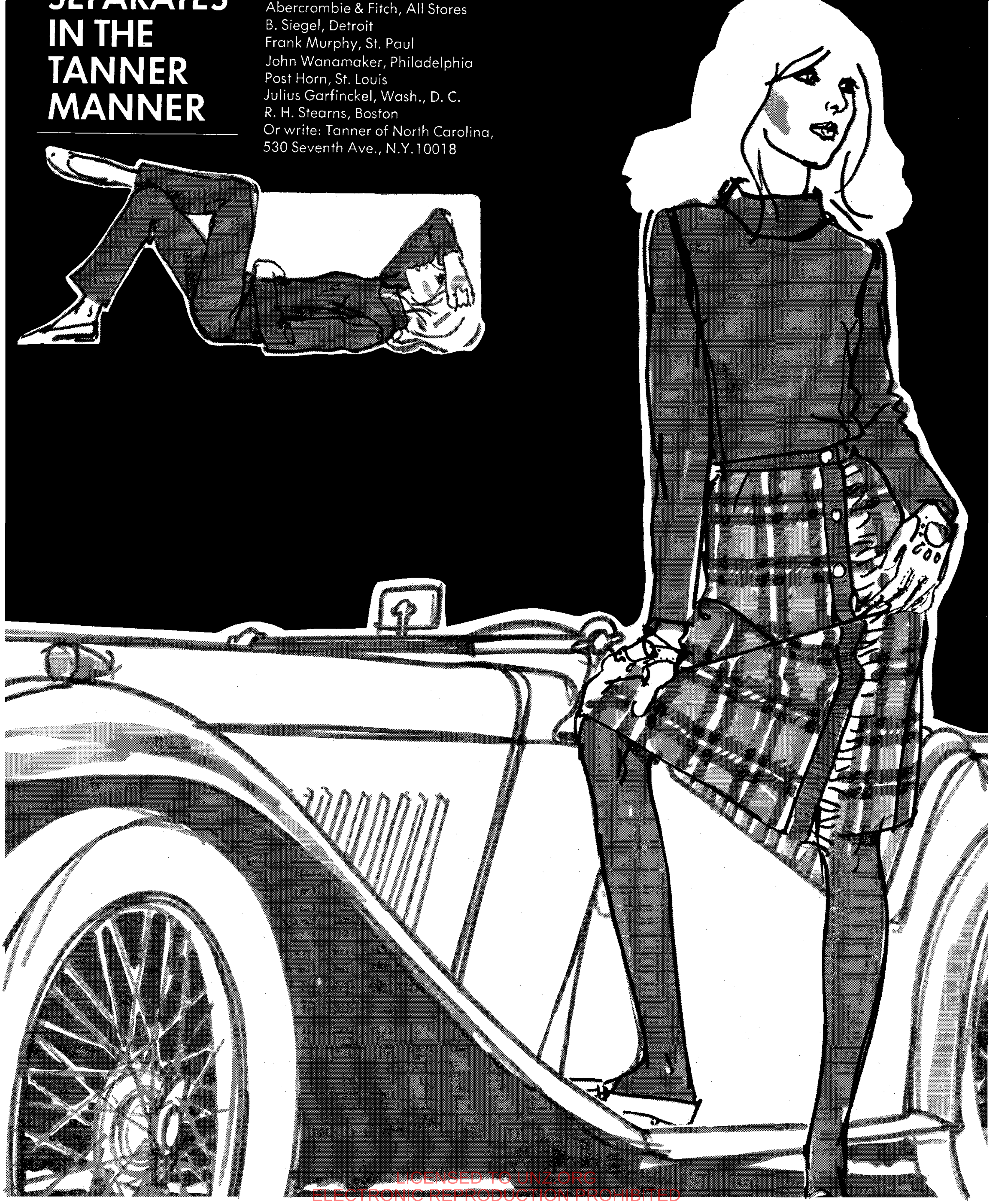
A PRODUCT OF ESTEE LAUDER, INC.

THE KNOW LOOK

SEPARATES IN THE TANNER MANNER

one way to look—the know look. Its premise is fine fabric as in this superb all wool plaid skirt, side-fringed and coin-buttoned. About $35. Its mood is classic yet contemporary, as in this turtleneck wool jersey blouse, about $25, worn with skirt or Shetland twill pants, about $32. Sizes 8-18. It's each on its own or worn together. It's timeless Tanner.

Abercrombie & Fitch, All Stores
B. Siegel, Detroit
Frank Murphy, St. Paul
John Wanamaker, Philadelphia
Post Horn, St. Louis
Julius Garfinckel, Wash., D. C.
R. H. Stearns, Boston
Or write: Tanner of North Carolina,
530 Seventh Ave., N.Y.10018



Does anyone know where to buy a really great Anatolian dog collar?

If so, please write Mr. Leonard Martin
at The Cannery, San Francisco, at once.

Mr. Leonard Martin
The Cannery
500 Beach Street
Fisherman's Wharf, San Francisco

Dear Mr. Martin,

1. The name of the Anatolian dog collar store is:

______________________________.

2. But really, you ought also to visit these stores:

______________________________ which feature

______________________________.

3. There's a ferris wheel with spokes divisible by 5 instead of 6 located in ______________.

☐ 4. Would you kindly send me further information.

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

City ______________ State ______________

At a party Mr. Martin attended in New York several months ago, a young lady produced an extraordinary object of linked metal, which is actually worn by sheepdogs in Anatolia to help defend against the nightly attacks of wolves.

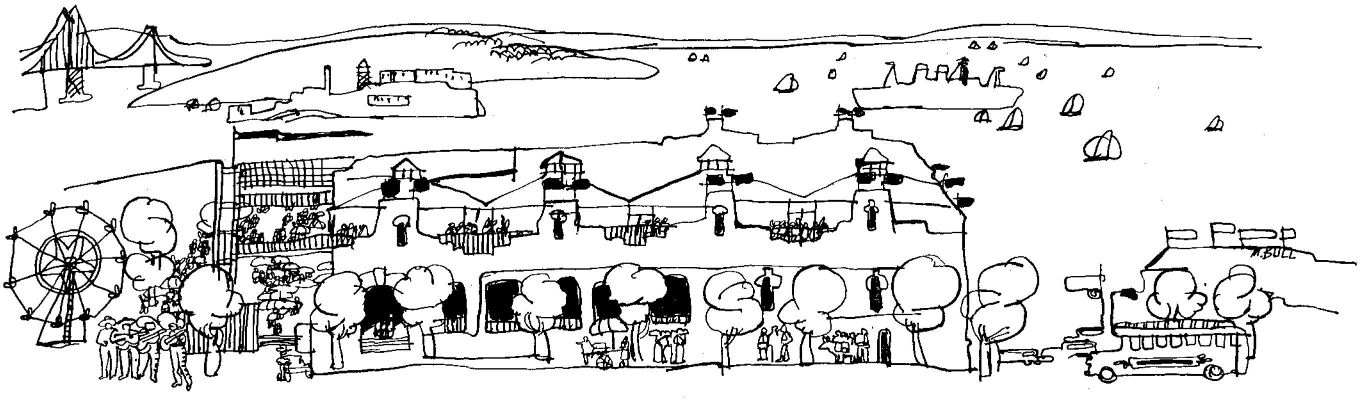
She demonstrated its versatility by hanging it on a wall where it became suddenly decorative, then rearranged its linkages so that it was something of a sculpture and finally, to everyone's pleasure, wore it herself.

We had the feeling this was an unusually compelling Anatolian dog collar, but neglected to learn in which store it was available, and have not been able to find out since.

If you are wondering what on Earth we would want with such a thing, and a store which sells it, we should point out that on his previous trip Mr. Martin bought Albyn Hall's famous Long Gallery (which was completed in 1609) together with a Jacobean stairway and two Elizabethan rooms.

He also acquired a double decker 5th Avenue bus, and in another city he obtained, somehow, an entire troupe of performing penguins.

We still seek a ferris wheel, but only one which has a number of spokes divisible by five instead of six (so that it will match The Cannery emblem) and if you happen to know of one such, we would be grateful for news of its whereabouts.



The first acquisition was The Cannery itself, at Fisherman's Wharf, once the world's largest for the canning of peaches.

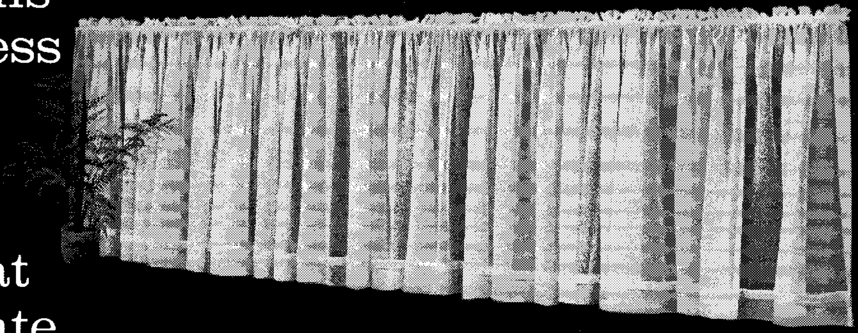
Even given the rarity of a pre-earthquake facade, The Cannery was almost razed some years ago to make way for apartment buildings which would have become something of a Berlin Wall between the city and the sea. So Mr. Martin purchased the property and with architect Joseph Esherick, has cleaned the outside while creating inside a magical environment for browsing, dining, shopping and amusing oneself.

(One street between two of the buildings, formerly used to unload railway cars of their peaches, will become a market-place—vendors in stalls selling everything from fresh fish to fresh flowers—San Francisco's celebration of the markets of Europe and Mexico.)

The remainder of The Cannery's 150,000 square feet will house shops (famous and otherwise), restaurants of every description, galleries, workshops, and Albyn's, now become a pub.

Prior to opening in late spring, we would like to see a few more stores—ones which do or sell anything, but well. We have heard, for example, of a store in New York selling a glorious cloth called khanga, printed with Swahili, and still another which somehow does or did import extraordinary jewelry from Outer Mongolia. You may also know one, and if so please write us about it. For more information on The Cannery, do likewise.

Bloomcraft's Tergal® sheer voile. Why it's worth bringing all the way from France.

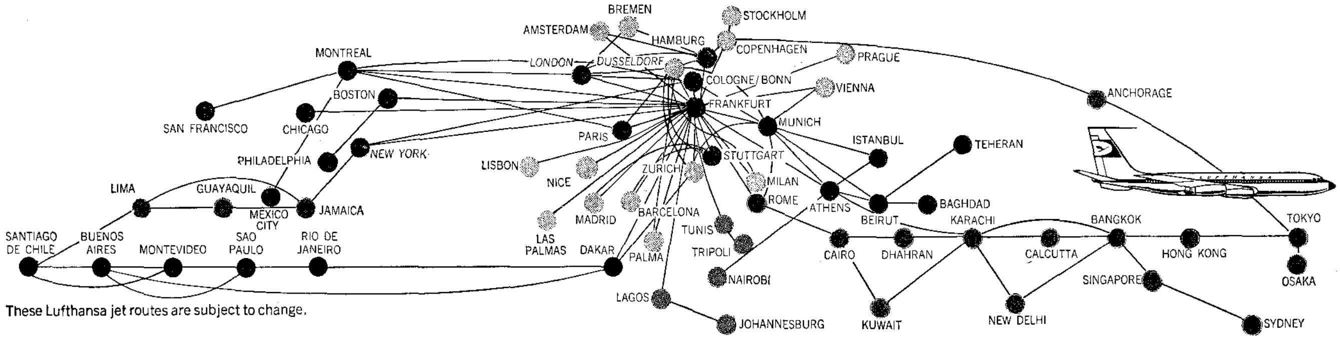


You have to admire FRANCE-VOILES® for the way their looms make a faultless sheer voile of 100% Tergal® polyester. For something that looks so delicate and sheer, Tergal is fantastically strong and stable. Enough so that it can hang in either direction (up and down, or sideways).
Picture what all this means if you want to cover a big picture window...or even cover a whole wall with fabric. Instead of having to seam many widths together (as you do with other fabrics) you can have Tergal seamless draperies any width! To finish the picture, consider that Tergal won't shrink, won't stretch, launders beautifully, never sags.
Tergal...it's sheer magic.

Bloomcraft®

Write to Dept. NY1 for free handsome brochure and name of nearest dealer.
Charles Bloom, Inc., 15 East 26th Street, New York City 10010

Drapery, Slipcover and Upholstery Fabrics...Bedspreads...Decorative Pillows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These Lufthansa jet routes are subject to change.

How far can an airline go for you?

"...The service never stops! The Lufthansa flight was over, but your people bent over backwards to help us make our connection with another airline!"

Extra effort is second nature to Lufthansa, but Mr. & Mrs. W. E. Moser were astonished at its extent.

"We happened to mention to our Lufthansa stewardess that we would have less than 15 minutes to get our baggage, go through customs, travel across O'Hare Field and check in at American. She told the captain, he radioed ahead, and Lufthansa people in Chicago were standing by. They swept into action, took care of everything, even drove us to our connecting flight—as a result of which we made a connection for which I had abandoned hope!"

Your Travel Agent will agree that such professionalism makes Lufthansa one of the top 4 airlines to Europe; an international favorite. Is it any wonder that the Mosers marvel at *"so much efficiency"*? Fly Lufthansa—and see!

Lufthansa
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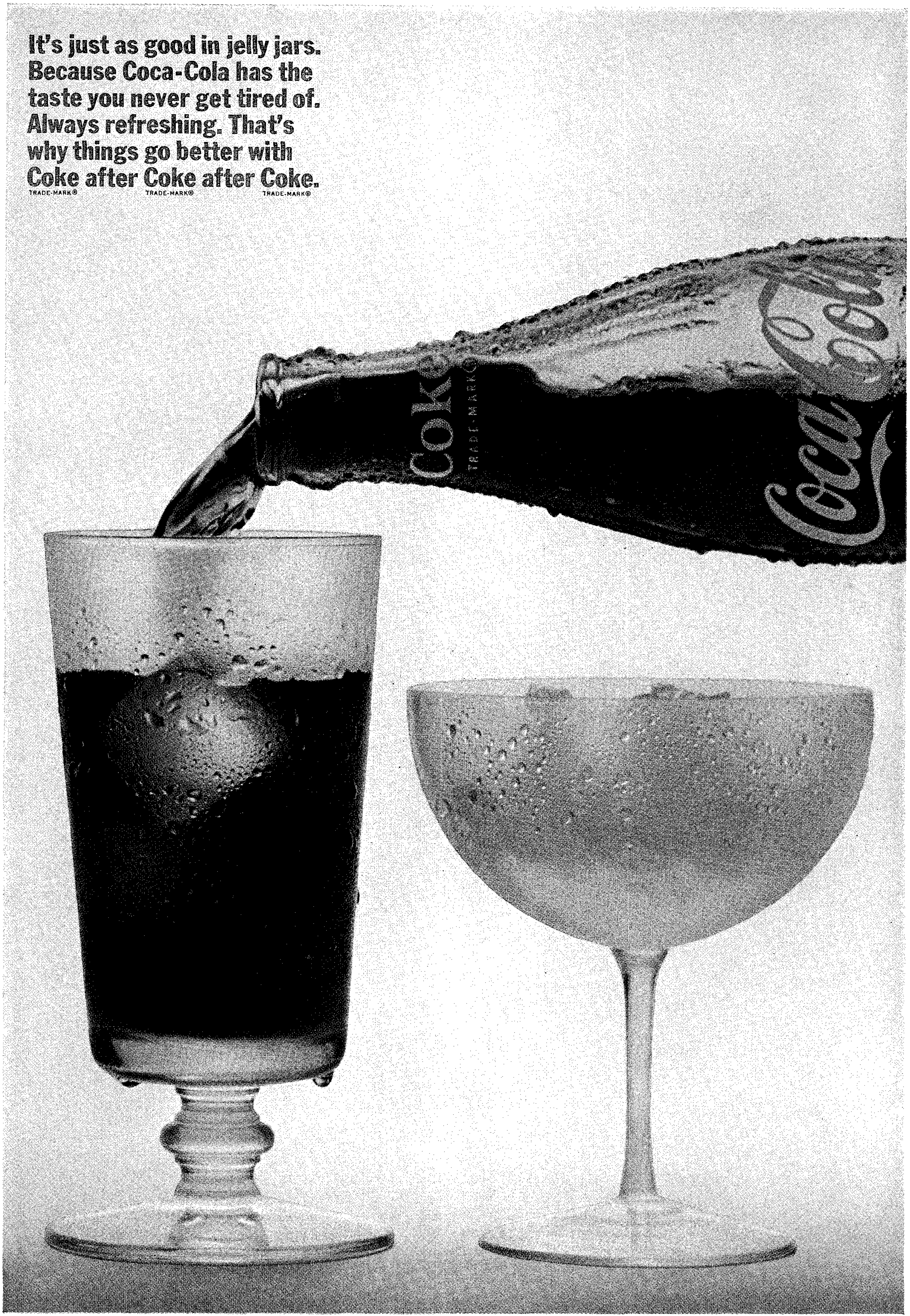
Lufthansa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Because Coca-Cola has the
taste you never get tired of.
Always refreshing. That's
why things go better with
Coke after Coke after Coke.
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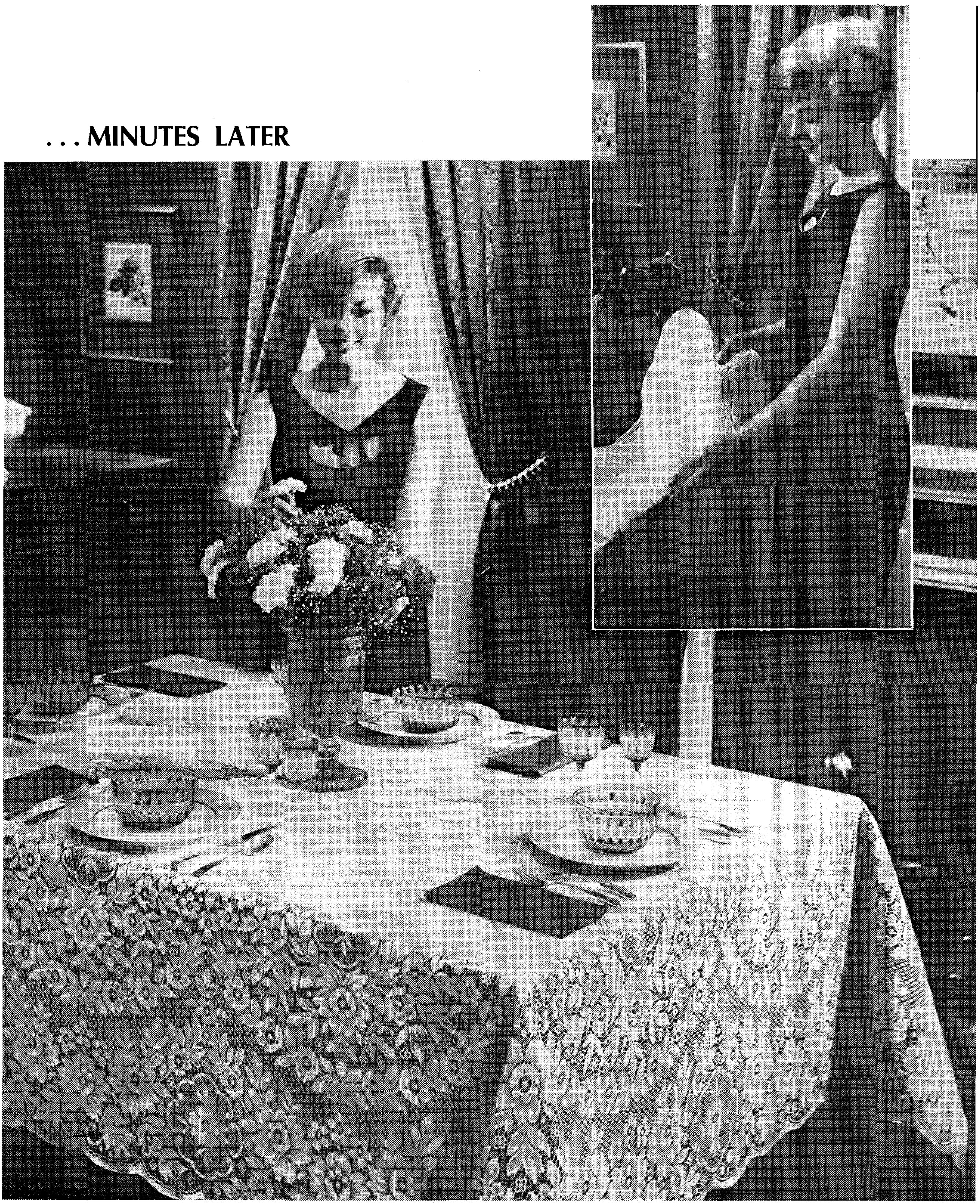


NO CREASES IN THE TABLECLOTH. This is the disciplined tablecloth. Use directly from drawer or dryer . . . lies perfectly smooth . . . no creases, ridges or fold-marks. A flattering foil for your fine china, crystal and sterling. Permanent Press means just what it says . . . and it's stain-protected by *Scotchgard.

The House of Quaker

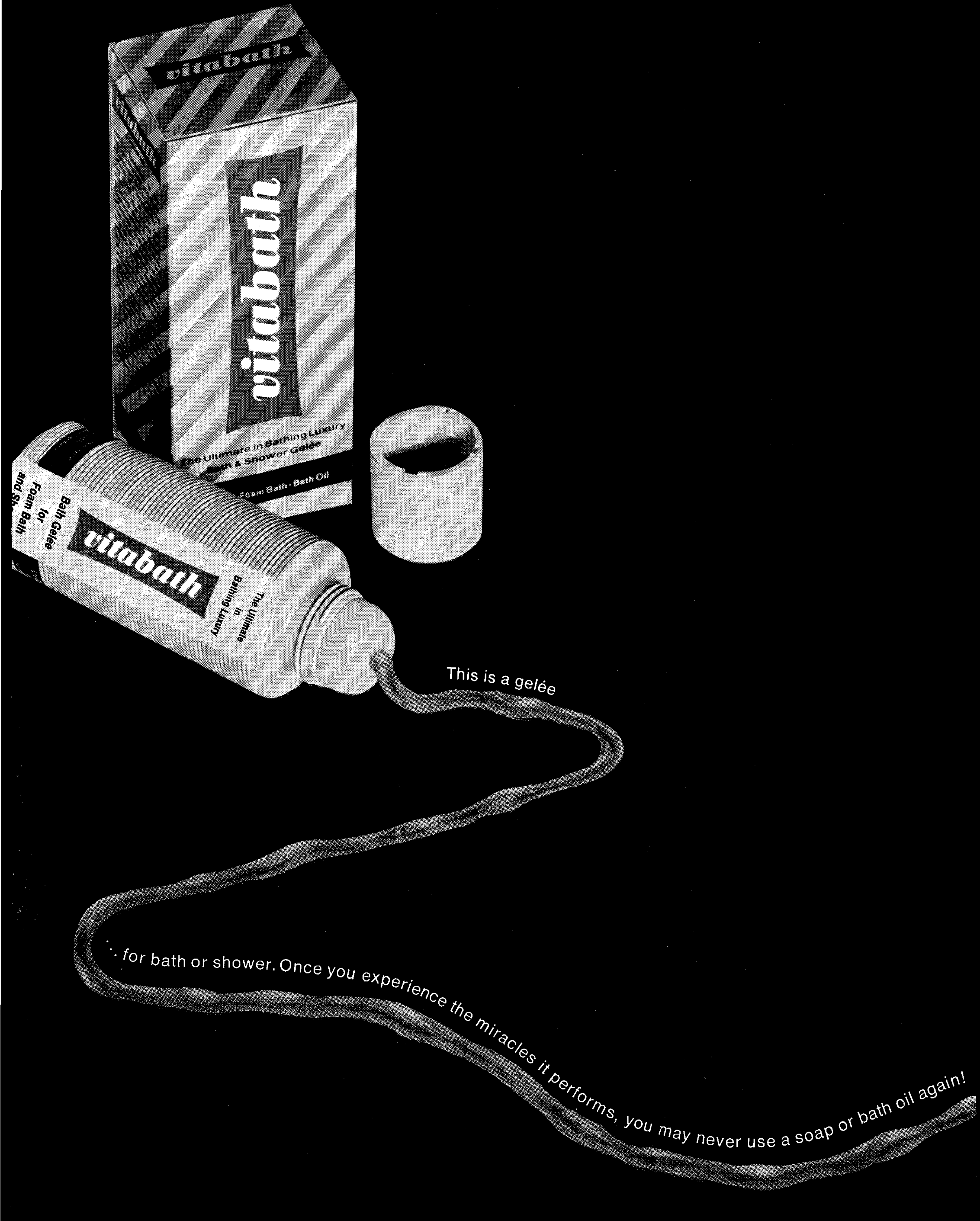
Quaker Lace Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

*Scotchgard TM

WE'VE GOT THIS CANAL HIDEAWAY YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE.

There have been those who have painstakingly attempted to duplicate a Promenade knit. Some even come to Venice to try to learn the secrets of our kind of perfection. Yes, we've seen them hovering in the shadows of our canal, stopping our mannequins, whispering to our seamstresses. But it's all in vain. We have techniques of construction, beauty of design, special yarns, and rare dyes that they simply can't duplicate. But *you* can touch, buy, yes even own a Promenade knit, but never by another name. Look for the Promenade label at fine stores, only in America.

PROMENADE LTD. / VENICE
In New York at 498 Seventh Avenue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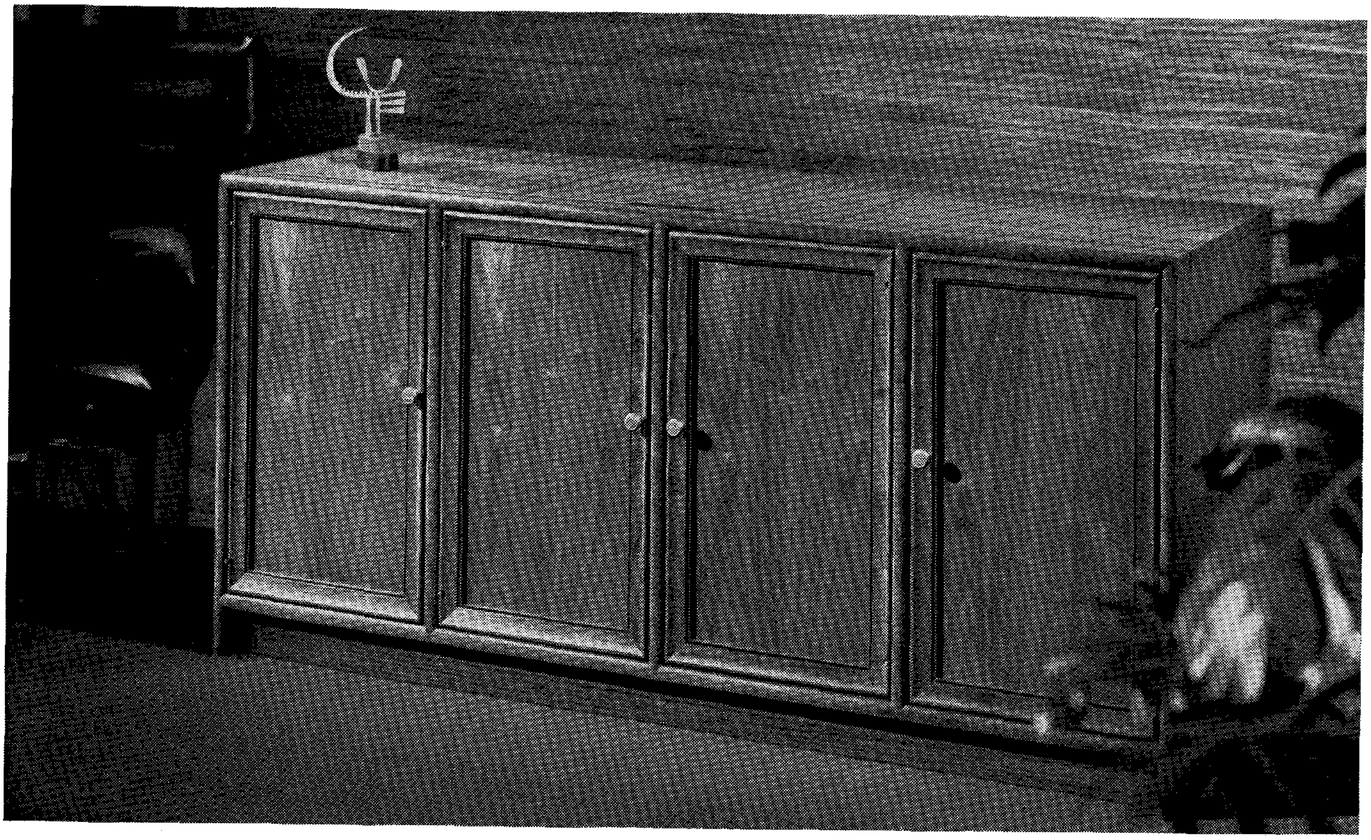
This is a gelée
. . . for bath or shower. Once you experience the miracles it performs, you may never use a soap or bath oil again!

If you travelled the Continent you'll remember seeing it as famous Badedas . . . the beauty bath Europe's most glamorous women and ageless men, simply can't live without. In the States we call it Vitabath . . . it's easier to pronounce. Like magic, it turns your tub into liquid ecstasy and keeps your skin looking and feeling younger than you are. Try it once . . . you'll be a Vitabather (or showerer) for life! Available at most fine drug and department stores.

Risk 25¢. Send for a generous Vitabath sample.
Vitabath, Inc., Dept. R, 425 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022



From Drexel's Declaration grouping—a Motorola exclusive in solid state stereo

The first really fresh idea in stereo since solid state stereo?

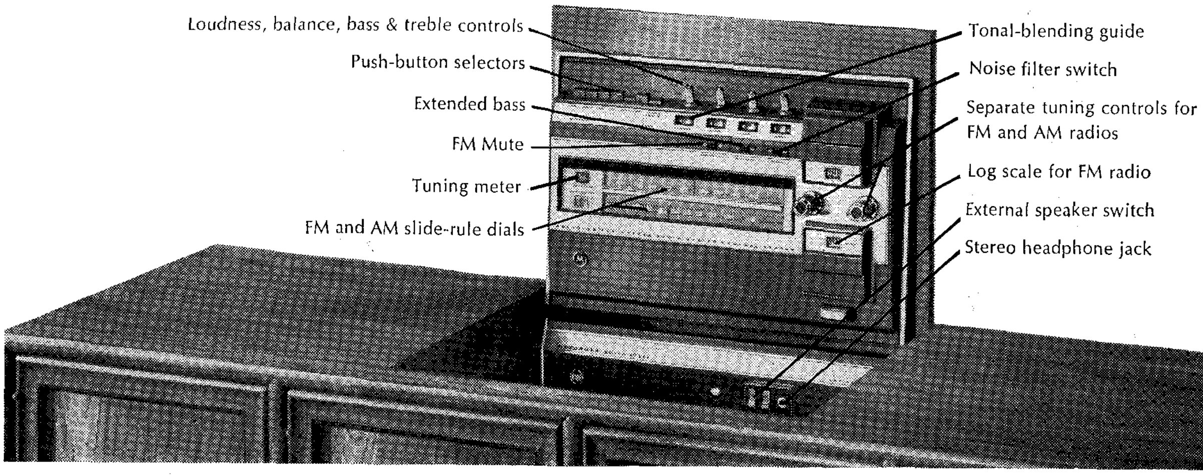
It could be. Motorola has taken full advantage of solid state miniaturized components by putting all tuning controls *inside the lid* Where they're up high. Easy to get at. Then, we've carefully matched these solid state components with others, throughout the system, for remarkably clear audio response. And, engineered in other great Motorola ideas—like a solid state cartridge with a "see-thru" head; solid state drivers for the exponential horns, sealed sound chambers; and solid state amplifiers with 300 watts of instantaneous peak power output, 150 watts EIA music power. We've created extras, too, like a separate, solid state cartridge, for playing those priceless old 78's. And topped it off with this full year guarantee. All parts are guaranteed for one full year from defects in materials and workmanship. Motorola Inc.'s guarantee covers free exchange or repair of any component proven defective in normal usage. Arranged through selling dealer. Labor extra. See X300 Stereo, at your Motorola Dealer's now.

MOTOROLA

Moving ahead through excellence in electronics

Award of Excellence

From the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce for the design of this Audio Master Control Center


Loudness, balance, bass & treble controls
Push-button selectors
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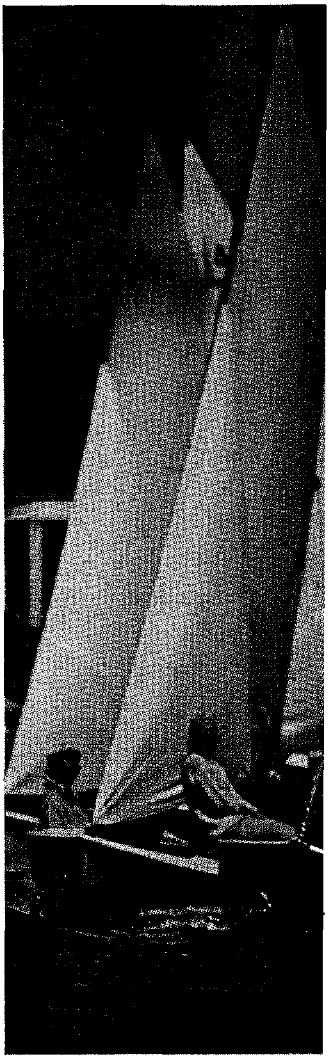
FM Mute
Tuning meter
FM and AM slide-rule dials
Tonal-blending guide
Noise filter switch
Separate tuning controls for FM and AM radios
Log scale for FM radio
External speaker switch
Stereo headphone jack

...for fans of Brassy Bands

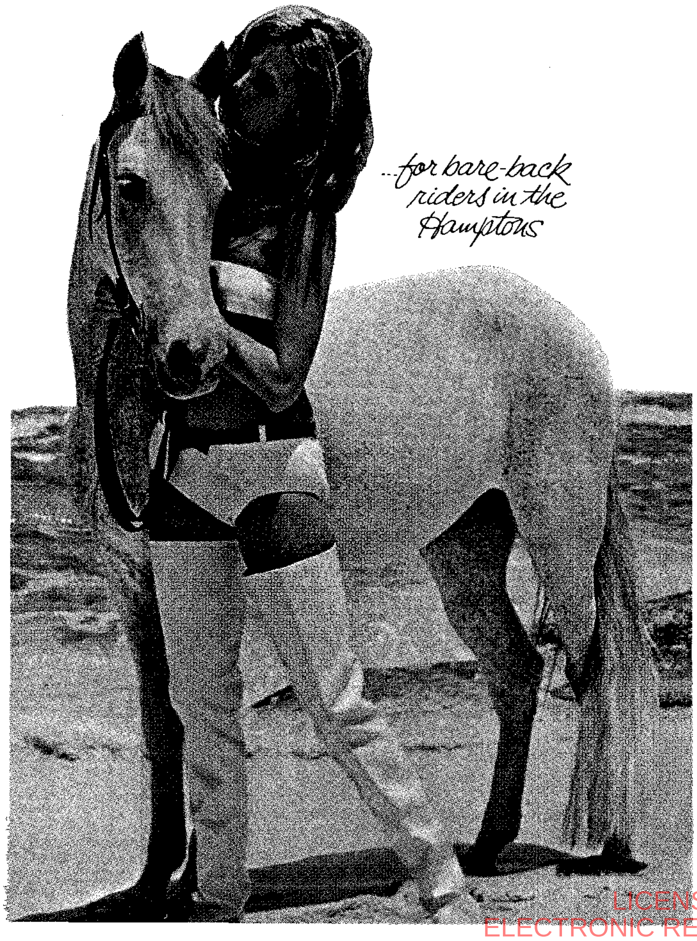
...for sojourners in Sardinia

...for Castle-hoppers in Austria

...for Jet-away weekenders



...for savvy sailors in Saint John



...for bare-back riders in the Hamptons

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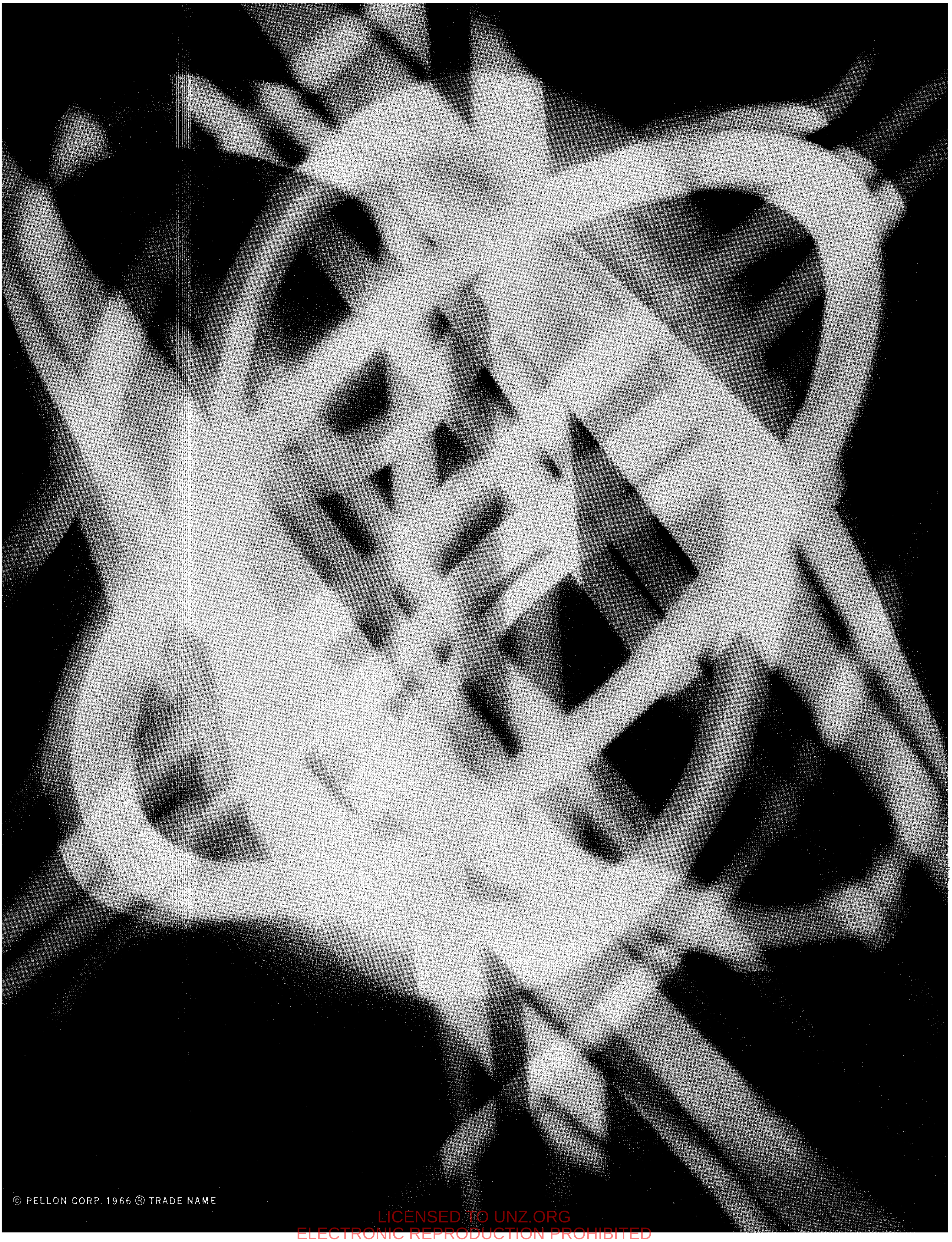

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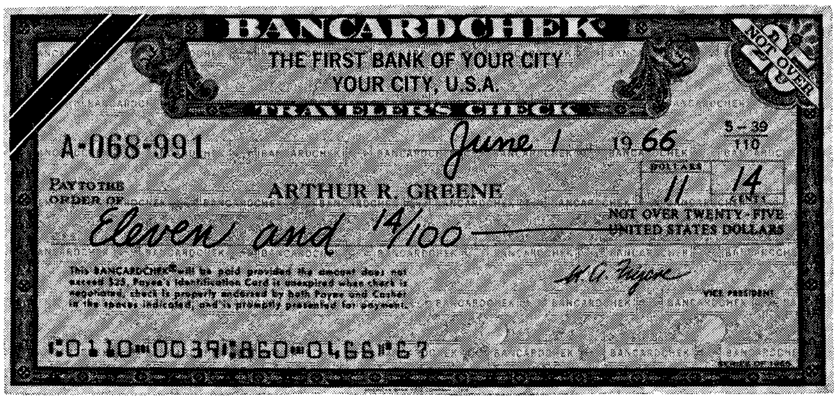

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Please send me full information.

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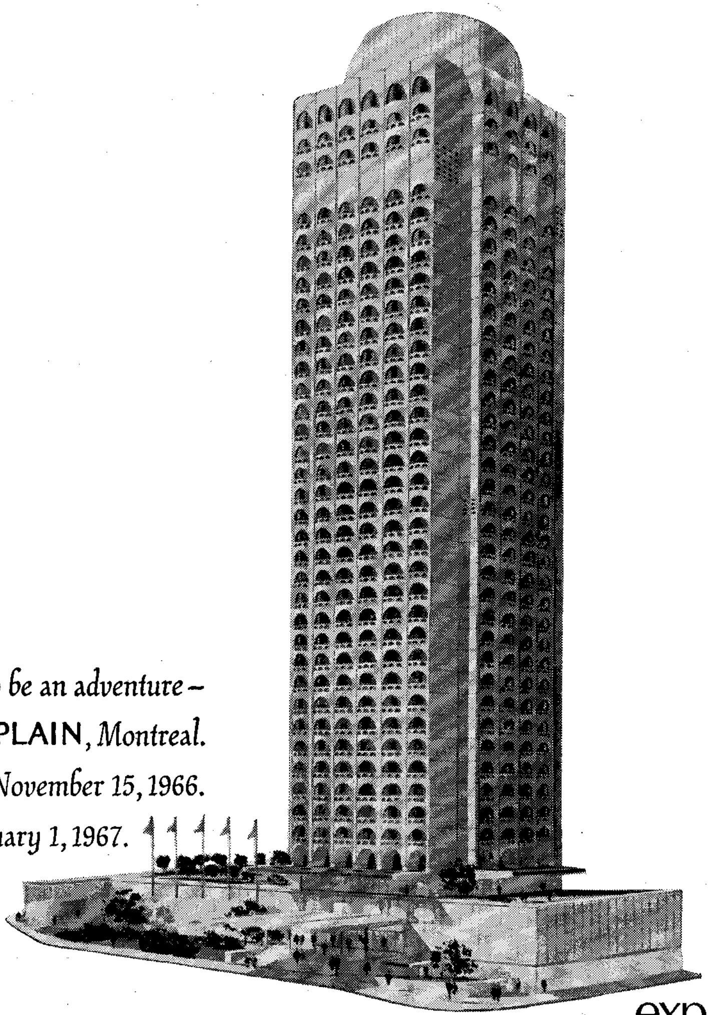
Le Château Champlain . . . destined to be one of the world's finest hotels with cosmopolitan atmosphere, serving Montreal's international clientele. Reservations are being taken now.



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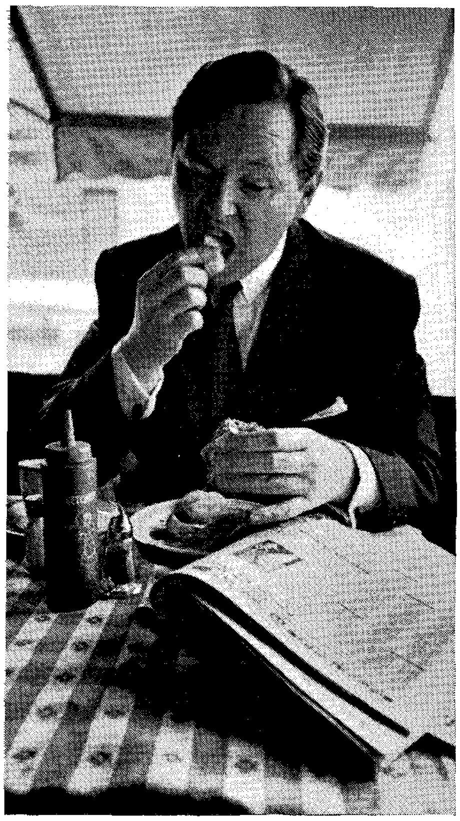
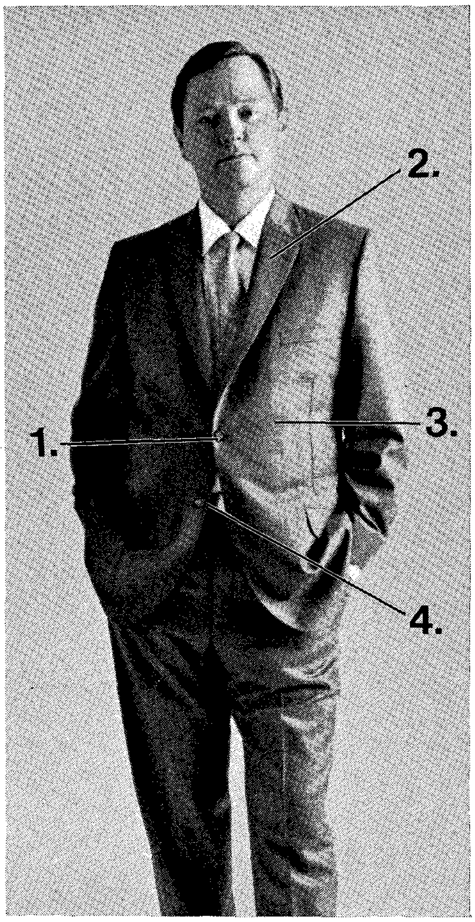
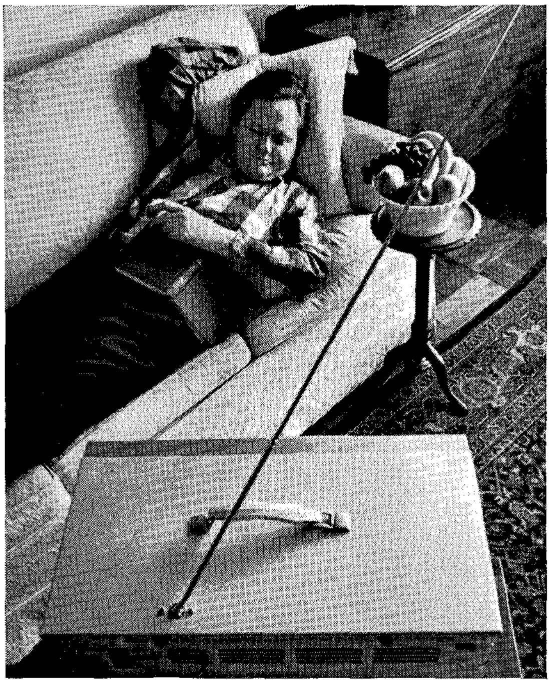






This is a fitted suit. Fine for some—but not for you.

1. Buttons are too high.

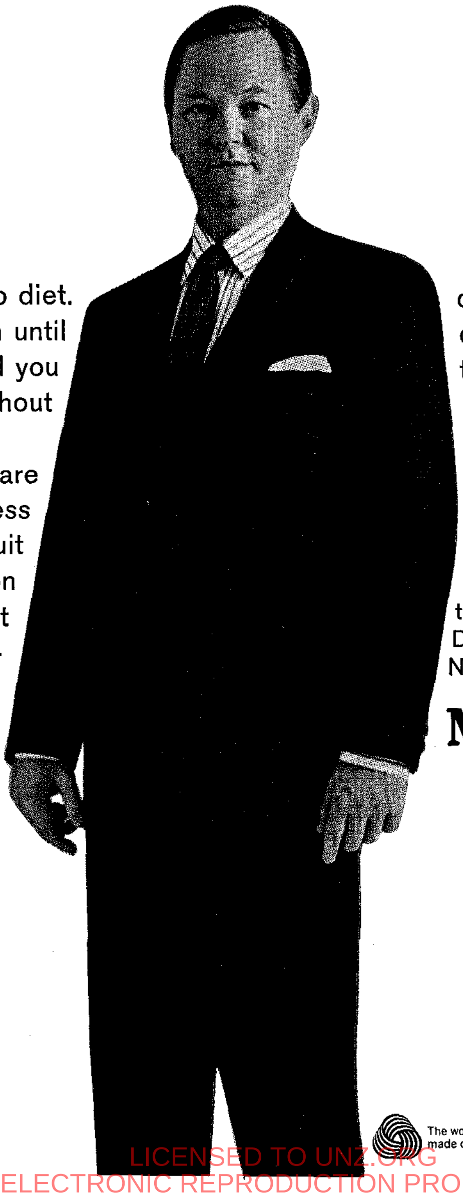
2. Lapels are too wide. They make you look chunky.

3. You haven't the figure for a close-fitted waist and chest. See that pulling at the button?

4. Front is too cut-away. You need straighter lines.

See below for transformation.

You are an endomorph



You are if you love food too much to diet. You are if you believe in lying down until the urge to exercise goes away. And you are if you can sleep sixteen hours without batting an eye.

Great. But it shows, fellows. Here are some clothing tips to make it look less obvious. Michaels/Stern invented a suit style just for you. It's the two-button model shown due right. See what it does for the belly? Almost a disappearing act. That's because of the cut. Straight up-and-down lines. No sharp curves. And no fattening patterns. If you insist on a pattern, make it a stripe. Otherwise stick to solid colors—they needn't be dull.

What's dull about this Courier Cloth blue suit by Michaels/Stern?

Michaels/Stern isn't asking you to change your ways. Just your clothes. Try one of our suits. We understand you.

Michaels/Stern suits are priced from $80 to $125. For the names of stores nearest you, write to Michaels/Stern, Department 10A, 87 Clinton Avenue North, Rochester, N.Y. 14602. Also available in Canada and Australia.

MICHAELS/STERN

The wool mark is awarded to quality-tested products made of the world's best . . . Pure Virgin Wool

You've ridden the Pampas?

Meet what you've missed!

The wide open spaces begin just outside the Desert Inn

You've galloped into one of our desert dawns? Now what's your pleasure? You'll find it here—in one of the world's truly abundant hotels. Join the beautiful people.

Wilbur Clark's **DESERT INN** and Country Club, Las Vegas

Dacron®... a man's way to look great, stay neat

Varsity-Town's new silk-look suit... a man's way to show his style.

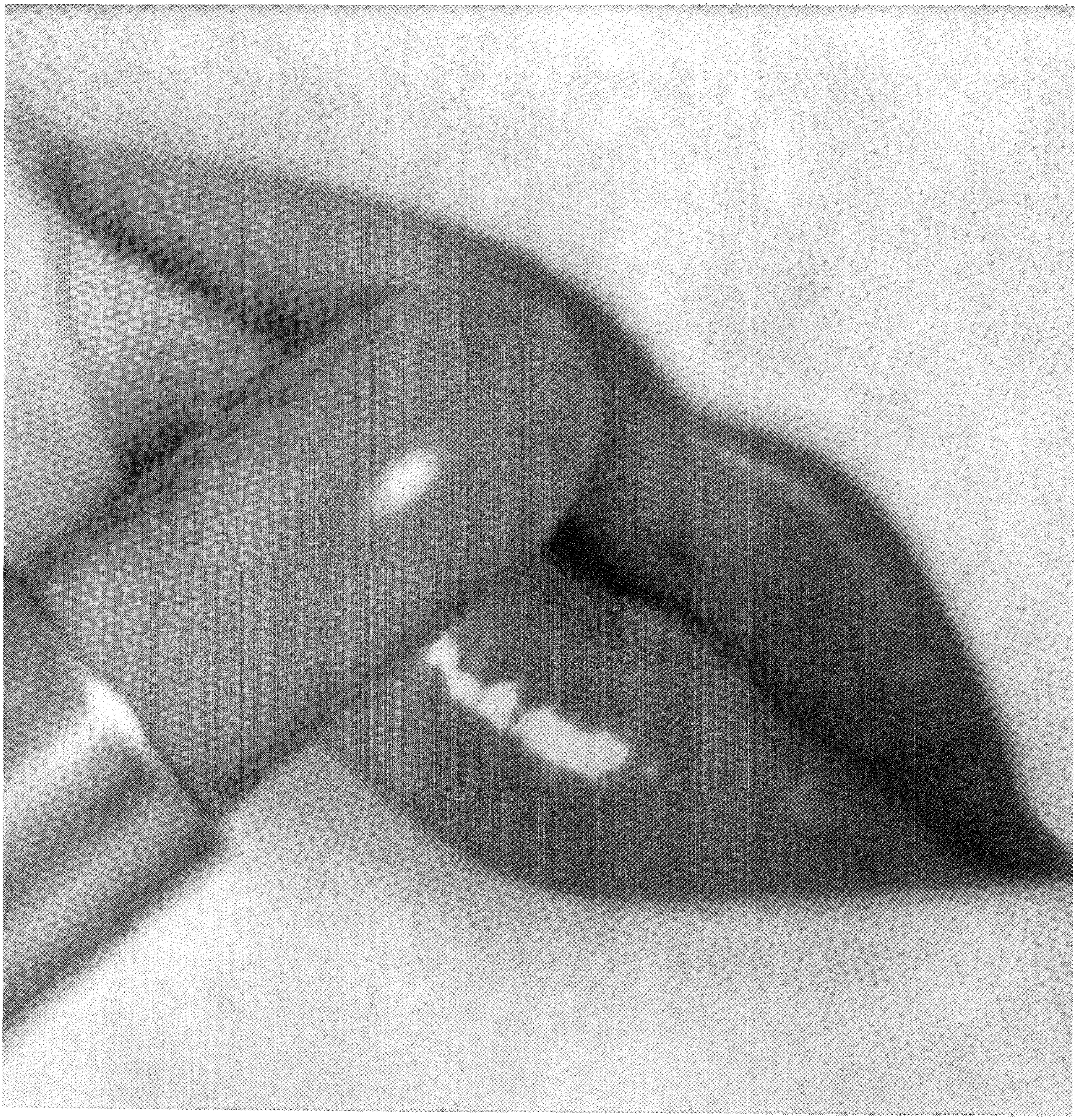
The look of silk is no longer only a summertime thing. Here it is in a luxurious new fall-weight blend of 60% Dacron* polyester, 40% worsted wool. Which means its trim good looks will survive the most taxing days. Styling's right up to the minute, too: hand-needled edges, new L-shaped lapels, side vents, slanted pockets —and your choice of one- or two-button models.

Fine stores everywhere have it in great fall colors. Ask for a Varsity-Town suit with "Dacron".

*Du Pont's registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Better Things for Better Living
. . . *through Chemistry*



Germaine Monteil Sees Red

They've been a long time in coming to the fashion picture. Now they're here . . . bolder, more real than ever before. Germaine Monteil introduces The New Reds . . . French Red, American Red, Spanish Red . . . dewy SUPER-MOIST Lipsticks. They're as vibrant and dazzling as real reds should be. Try them and you'll see red light up your complexion with new brilliance.

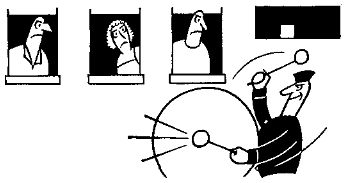
Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

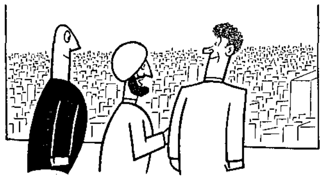
Notes and Comment

New York City owes a debt of gratitude, we believe, to its recent guests the Veterans of Foreign Wars. They have provided this city—and, indeed, this country and the world—with something that has long been needed; namely, a simple and infallible test for un-Americanism. A man is un-American, we gather from their organization, if he objects to the din of a V.F.W. parade outside his windows at midnight. The test is certainly straightforward, and the V.F.W., with its thousands of posts around the country, is in an excellent position to settle for all time the vexed question of which Americans are Americans. A full-dress parade is not necessary. Let each post send a man with a big bass drum into a residential quarter at midnight. Let the drum be well and truly banged, and when the householders begin to appear at the windows, let the drummer shout, "How do you like *them* razzberries, buddy boy!" With observers from each post taking careful note of the replies, the test will be complete. The V.F.W. has already made a good beginning, having established to its own entire satisfaction that the residents of Fifth Avenue are un-American. Just *why* they are un-American was not made clear by the organization's first fine roar of indignation. A member named Chester J. Koch, of Cleveland, Ohio, said he hoped that Mayor Lindsay would "reprimand the non-sleepers," which sounds very much as if the depth of a man's slumber were the measure of his patriotism. Still, a testy Fifth Avenue un-American might reply that it almost borders upon the unreasonable to rebuke a man for failing to sleep through an uproar of brass and drums. A distinctly different view was put forward by Vice Admiral Leland P. Lovett (Ret.). He pointed out that Julia Ward Howe was awakened by the march of federal troops through Washington during the Civil War, and that she did not complain to City Hall; instead, "she was inspired to write the lyrics to 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.' " One cannot help feeling, however, that his parallel between a marching army and a V.F.W. convention is not quite exact, although, as a Navy man, he might not be expected to notice the discrepancy. The confusion over the relationship between noise and patriotism was perhaps most nearly clarified by the commander-in-chief of the V.F.W., Mr. Andy Borg, of Superior, Wisconsin. By way of rebuking the sleepless, Mr. Borg very ingeniously proposed—though here we are haunted by the feeling that the quip did not originate with him—that anyone who didn't like this country should leave, and he suggested chartering a large ship for the purpose. In view of his position as a guest of New York City, Mr. Borg's declaration is breathtaking in its spaciousness. The residents of Fifth Avenue might be pardoned for likening themselves to a householder whose guest serenely plants his shoes on the coffee table and begins whittling the arm of the chair. At a word of reproach, the guest coolly replies, "If you don't like the way we do things in this house, get out."



Pop. 6,000,000,000

Demography is the statistical study of populations. By the year 2000, when there will be six billion people on the earth, demography may be such a well-known subject that no one will need to define it. With the turn of the century a comfortable thirty-three years away, we dropped by the United Nations for a chat with Miloš Macura, the director of the Population Division of the Bureau of Social Affairs of the Secretariat. Mr. Macura, who has a heavy thatch of brown hair and a sturdy Slavic face, ushered us into his office, on the thirty-first floor of the Secretariat Building, and there introduced us to a colleague of his, Mr. Inderjit Singh, a bearded young Indian who is Associate Social Affairs Officer in the Population Division. Mr. Macura wore a brown suit and a blue shirt, and Mr. Singh was dressed in a brown suit, too, topped off by a neatly folded brown turban. Mr. Macura has only just come from Yugoslavia, where he was head of its Federal Institute for Statistics. His office has a handsome view of Manhattan, which is one of the few areas in the world whose population is on the wane. From his windows, the jumble of overlapping buildings becomes taller toward the center of the island, culminating in the great gray slab of the Pan Am Building. Mr. Singh observed that the view reminded him of the Brave New World. "If the population keeps on expanding at the same rate, the whole world will look like this," he said. A red-white-and-blue helicopter rose from the roof of the Pan Am Building—loaded, presumably, with dutiful Alpha-type workers, to be rewarded with a day in the country. "Buckminster Fuller said once that the whole world would become jammed in like a gigantic cocktail party," Mr. Singh went on. "I wouldn't want to be around for the hangover." Mr. Macura said that he doubted whether matters would ever be quite as bad as that.



We asked Mr. Macura for a few

"Money! Money!"

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statistics, and he obliged, with some assists from Mr. Singh. "Let me see, now," he said. "What is the population of the world today?" He leaned back in his chair while Mr. Singh riffled through some charts on a table. Soon Mr. Singh reported that in mid-1963 the population of the world had been three billion one hundred and sixty million, and in the past three years the world's population had increased by almost the amount of the population of the United States; therefore, he concluded, the world's population today was about three billion three hundred and thirty million, give or take a few hundred thousand. Even reasonably exact figures are hard to come by, Mr. Singh explained, because every day, taking both births and deaths into account, the world's population increases by about one hundred and sixty thousand, which is equivalent to the population of New Haven. Even so, according to Mr. Singh, the old saw that there are more people alive today than have lived in all of history is not true. The world acquired its first billion population in 1810, its second billion in 1930, and its third billion in 1960. According to the U.N.'s estimates, the fourth billion is due in 1975, the fifth in 1989, and the sixth ten years after that.

Mr. Macura didn't think matters would be unbearable by the year 2000, when the population would be twice what it is now. "Statistically, it will mean that people will be only half as far apart," he said.

Mr. Singh remarked that if the United States doubled in population, the density would be only sixty-six people per square mile. "The densest country in the world is the Netherlands, which today has five hundred and sixty-eight people per square mile, and the Netherlands is a pleasant place to be in," he said.

Mr. Macura said he thought the major problems in the year 2000 would be housing and employment, not food. There have been no major famines since 1920 that haven't been caused by war, though the population has almost doubled in that period. Mr. Macura thought that with new sources of food, such as ocean harvests, the world could safely double its population once again.

Mr. Singh and Mr. Macura fell silent to watch another helicopter shoot almost straight up from the Pan Am roof, its cargo of people teetering and lurching as if they were swinging at the end of a crane. Then Mr. Macura said it was unlikely that the population of the United States would double between now and the year 2000. Rather, he explained, the big population increases would occur in the large underdeveloped countries. He looked through some pages of figures that were presented last summer at the United Nations World Population Conference in Belgrade, and quoted some of them to us. It is expected that by the end of the century the population of mainland China will be more than a billion, and India and Pakistan will more than double their population, possibly topping China's. On the other hand, Europe (excluding Russia) is expected to move sedately from a present population of four hundred and twenty-five million to five hundred and twenty-seven million—a modest increase of less than twenty-five per cent. Therefore, Mr. Macura concluded, the size and composition of the world's population will be increasingly influenced by what happens to the underdeveloped countries. All told, the population of the more developed areas will increase by about fifty per cent before the end of the century, while the population of the underdeveloped areas, which are over twice as populous to begin with, will increase at five times that rate.

Mr. Macura and Mr. Singh again fell silent as a helicopter hovered over the Pan Am Building and then settled unsteadily down. "Every fifteen minutes, we have to stop everything and watch," Mr. Macura apologized. We used the interval for some quick calculations, and when all was secure in the brave new heliport, we asked if the population of the world would double again, to twelve billion, by about the year 2020, and double yet again, to twenty-four billion, by 2030. Mr. Macura said he didn't think it would, because as countries develop economically, their rate of population growth drops sharply, and the economies of the underdeveloped countries have no place to go but up. Over the past two decades, he said, those countries with an annual six- to eight-per-cent increase in national productivity had a drop in the rate of population growth amounting to one and a half per cent. "So the solution isn't merely to cut the birthrate but to increase economic growth as well," he went on. "Economics and population go hand in hand. As one goes up, the other comes down. It's difficult to predict economic trends. However, almost every country now has an economic-development program, and international economic coöperation will probably continue. On the basis of these factors, we're predicting that the rate of increase of the world's population will begin to drop by 1980. The ideal situation is balanced growth—population and economy keeping pace with each other—and at the moment we have anything but that, for rate of population growth is outstripping rate of economic growth. The two curves ought to begin coming closer together after 1980. Right now, we're just coming to know a bit about the trends, and that is the beginning of action."

We asked Mr. Macura to tell us something about Yugoslavia, which he took to mean something statistical about Yugoslavia.

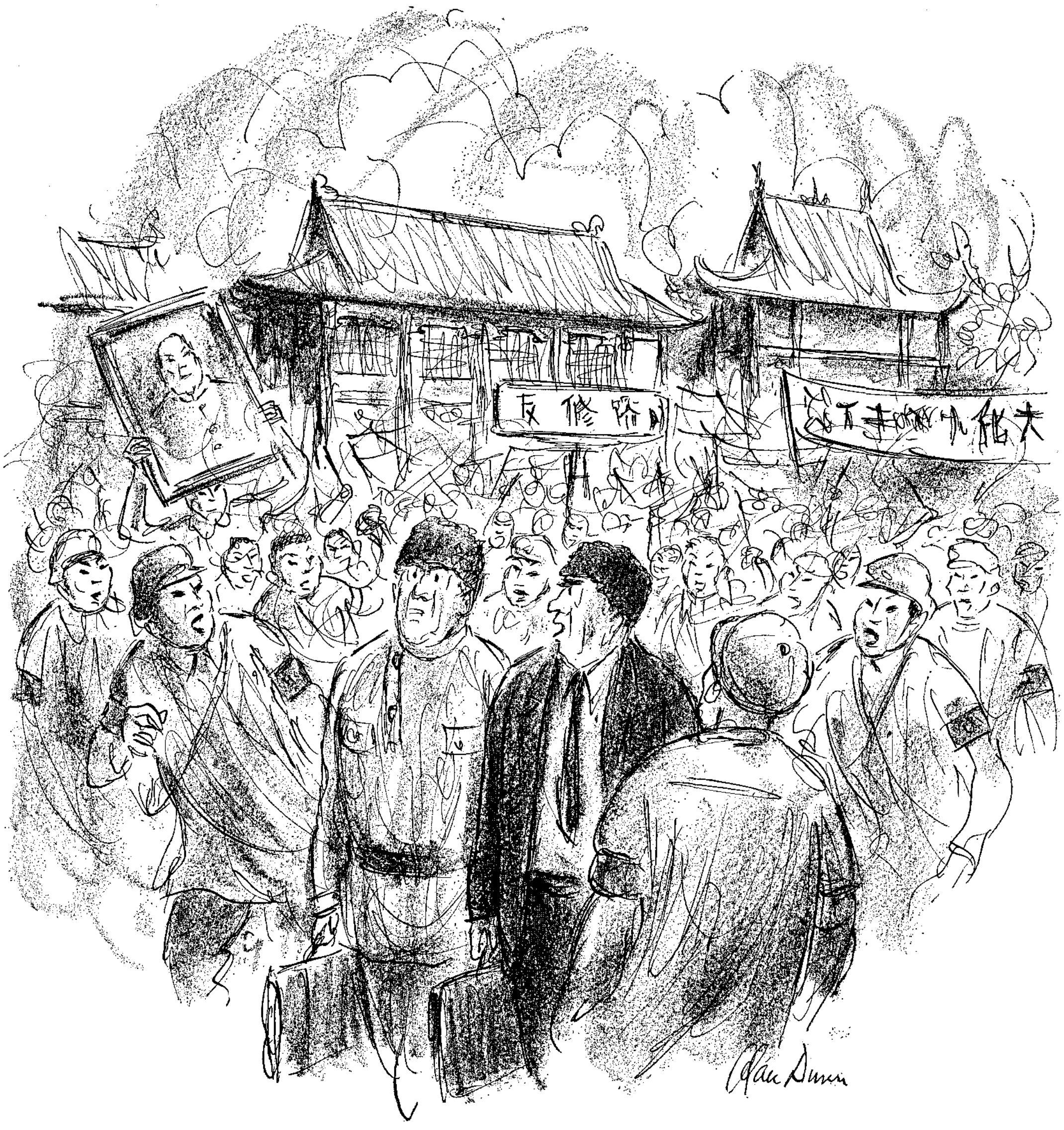
"Since 1945, we've become very prosperous indeed," he said. "We have three million six hundred and sixty-two thousand employed, and our national income is over five and a half billion dinars. At the same time, our rate of population growth has dropped from one point eight per cent a year to one point three. It is because of what has happened in Yugoslavia that I believe the world's population won't get out of hand."

Business

AN enterprising urchin in the Village has lately been augmenting his income by taking up a post outside a neighborhood stationery store on Sunday mornings and asking emerging customers the simple question "Help carry your *Times*?"

Eats

THE other afternoon, we walked over to the National Fancy Food & Confection Show, which was being held in the Coliseum. We found the ground floor piled high with groceries. At the booth of the Christo Poulos Company, we chatted with a woman who was selling reconstituted mangoes in their own juice. "We take a dried mango and add enough water to bring out the natural juice," she explained, unscrewing a jar. We ventured to remark that a dried mango in its own juice was something of a contradiction in terms, whereupon, to prove her statement, she maneuvered a mango—a slippery mass of orange fibres—out of the jar, onto a paper napkin, and into our mouth. "We also have reconstituted Turkish figs in their own natural juice," she said, reaching behind the counter, and we thanked her very much and hurried up the aisle to the booth of the H. G. Norton Company, where Mr. Norton himself held a spoon while we licked some Merrybrook Farm Chocolate Fudge Sauce Suprême off it. We then made our way to Reese Finer Foods, where we rested among piles of Reese Imported Danish Kippers, Reese Candied Cute-ies, and Reese Fluffy-Puffs, but were soon routed by a salesman, who led us to a steaming chafing dish and plied us with fish cakes in the shape of miniature hot dogs. Next, we headed for the House of Herbs, which imports spices from twenty-three countries, and markets eighteen herbs as well; some are blended, and sold as Danish Dill Dip, Pink Poppy Dip, Pepper Upper, and Tomato Teasoning. After declining a tiny pinch of each, we moved on to the exhibit of the Irish Export Board, at the other end of the hall, but not until we had dipped into a Tobler Chocolat Fondu that frothed, like a small volcano, on a trivet and effectively blocked our way. At the Irish Export booth, a young salesman named Patrick Jordan produced packages of Baby Blarney Cheese Wheels, McGrath's Tea, McCann's Irish Oatmeal, and Thompson's Irish Dundee Cake. "Thompson's Irish Dundee whiskey-flavored fruitcake is the richest in the world," he said, with an appropriate brogue, as he unwrapped some Blarney Cheese Wheels. Having nibbled a Blarney Cheese Wheel, we found sanctuary briefly with the purveyors of Poppycock, a candy-coated popcorn. The Poppycock people were out of Poppycock. "Oh, it's great stuff! It's gone as fast as we put it out," a crew-cut salesman said. We smiled at the salesman gratefully and made our way



"Damned Communists!"

to the booth of R. & W. Scott, Ltd., of Scotland, where we accepted a spoonful of Scotch-whiskey-flavored marmalade, fed us by Mr. James McGregor, a director of the company. "We brought out our whiskey-flavored marmalade two years ago," Mr. McGregor said, screwing the lid on the marmalade jar and opening a jar of jam. "This year, we're marketing a new plum jam, with a rum flavor." He ladled a dollop of the rum-plum jam into our mouth. "Next year, we're going to have more of this kind of product, but for the moment that's all I'm saying." His burr was almost as thick as his jam.

We moved next door, to the stand of John Wagner & Sons, purveyors of hard candy. "Tangerine-flavored and coffee-with-cream-flavored candies are most popular this year," the salesman there said, filling our pockets with small lozenge-shaped candies. "The old round sourballs seem to have disappeared," he continued. "The lozenge shape seems to be more popular." Sucking on a tangerine lozenge, we edged up to the booth of the Haram-Christensen Corporation, purveyors of Scandinavian food products. "Our newest import is reindeer meatballs from Norway," a salesman said, shoving a fork into our hand. We gulped down the lozenge and took a mouthful of reindeer meat. We then swallowed hard, fixing our eyes firmly on some cans high on a shelf—cans of Princess Astrid Mackerel, Princess Astrid Mussels, and King Oscar Cocktail Snacks. Very soon, we moved on to the booth of the Liberty Import Corporation, where we examined some cans of Ugma Escargots *au naturel.* An operative told us that in the case of snails, *au naturel* means that the snails come without their shells and in their own juice, and he showed us packages of snail shells that could be bought separately and used over and over. As we sampled an Ugma Escargot, we learned that the snail business in France depends on the wine business, because the best snails thrive on grapevines. We thanked our informant and went over to the Australian Government Trade Commission's display, where a salesman offered to serve us a can of kangaroo-tail soup. As he was reaching for a can opener, we got away.

Coincidence

A MAN we know opened his apartment door to gather up his mail one morning last week and found two postcards, one showing a color view of the Matterhorn and the other a color view of the Federal Railroad Station. The Matterhorn missive was addressed to another family in the same apartment building, and it read:

DEAR DAN AND MARION:

Switzerland is everything you said it would be. Having the time of our lives. See you soon.

Regards,
HELEN AND DAVE

The Basel card was addressed to our friend. It read:

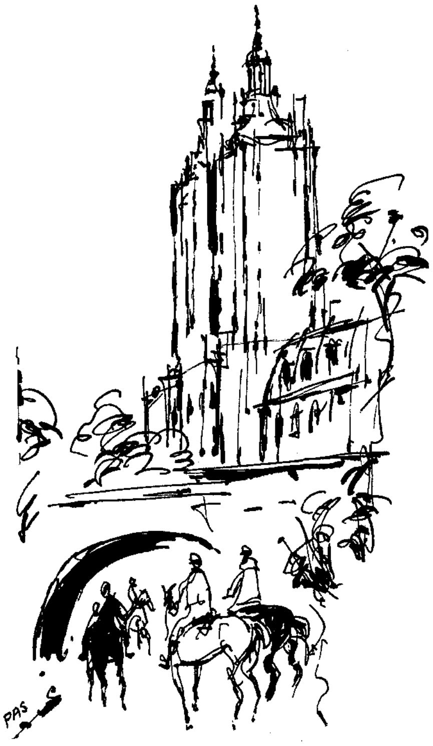
DEAR JOHN AND KATE:

Switzerland is everything you said it would be. Having the time of our lives. See you soon.

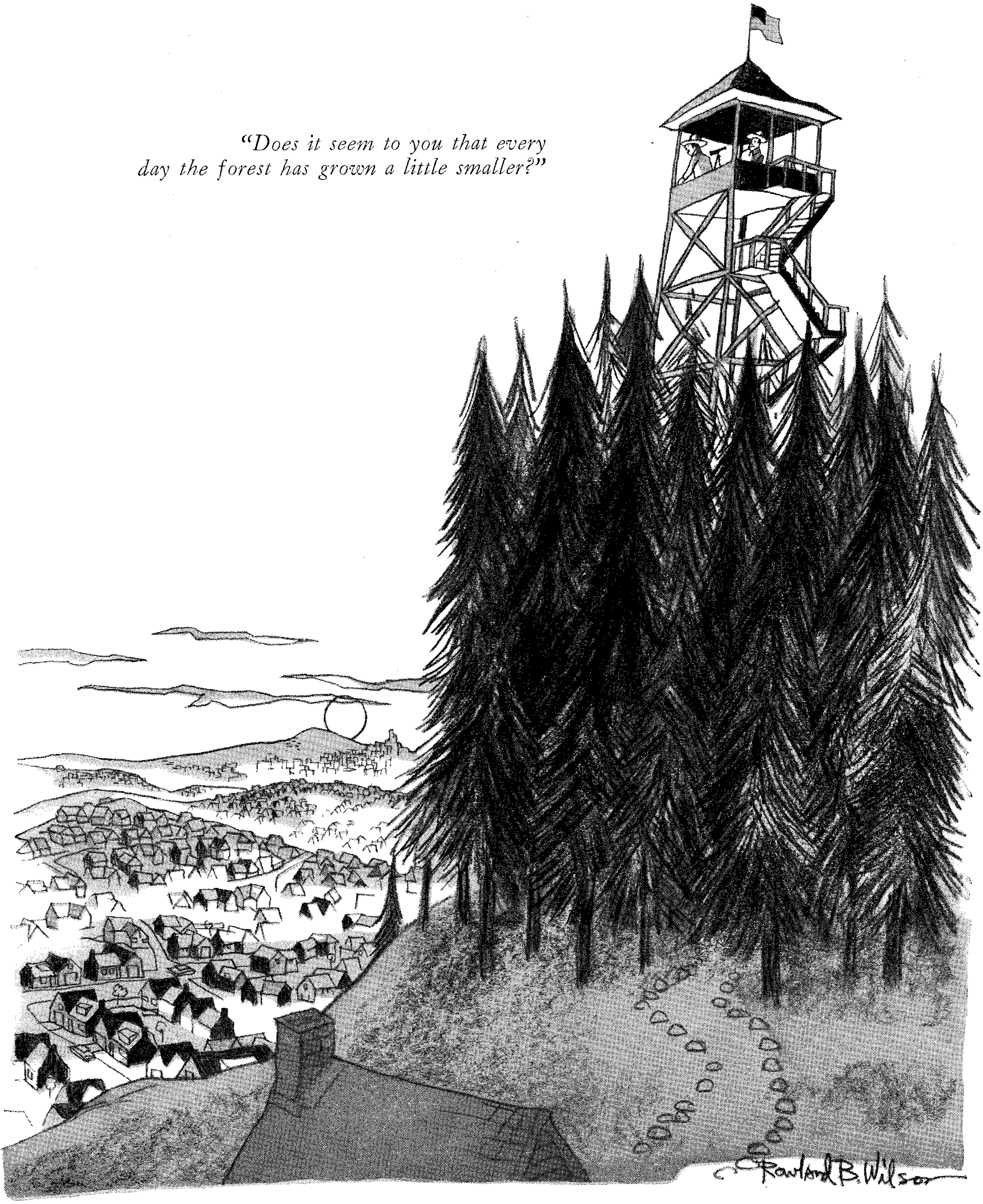
Regards,
HELEN AND DAVE

The Weather

IN the course of a stroll around Washington Square the other day—a day of pleasant, variable winds, bright-blue skies, and fairly low humidity—we came upon Dr. Frank Field, WNBC-TV's weatherman and science editor, busily taking Polaroid photographs of the newly shined-up Washington Arch. We've had a casual acquaintance with Dr. Field (his title, he told us once, derives from a degree he earned at the Massachusetts College of Optometry) ever since 1957, when he was the resident meteorologist for the Jones Beach Theatre—a job that involved calculating whether showers or threats of showers were serious enough to warrant cancellation of the open-air show. That assignment was a tough one. If he recommended that the show go on and it rained, the customers became sodden and sullen; if he recommended that the show be suspended and it didn't rain, the management took umbrage and accused him of trying to bankrupt the enterprise with false prophecies. But although he was harried, he was game, and from the looks of him when we encountered him in Washington Square he bears no scars as a result of his ordeal by prognostication at Jones Beach. On the contrary, he is full of bounce, and he paused while taking shots of the Arch to suggest that we stop calling him Doctor. "If anybody yelled 'Is there a doctor in the house,' and I responded," he remarked, "about all I could do for the patient would be to prescribe, nervously, a change of glasses." He clicked away for a while, informing us that he was taking pictures of the monument just to show his children what it was like on one of its best days. "Give the smog a chance to get at it again for a few months," he said sadly, "and it will probably be as smudged as something in a disaster area." Presently, we proposed to the Doctor (we decided, as we went along, to ignore his disclaimer of rank) that he take his ease with us on a nearby bench and talk about himself and the weather—an invitation he obviously found it impossible to refuse. Dr. Field, who is tall, even-featured, and rather professorial in manner, told us, as we relaxed on our bench, that, at forty-three, he is definitely committed to meteorology. "My interest in weather began when I joined the Army Air Forces during the Second World War," he said. "When I enlisted, I was majoring in geology at Brooklyn College, but the Air Forces' preoccupation with geology was nil, so after I got through cadet training, and became the oldest second lieutenant in the A.A.F., I pursued meteorology, flew reconnaissance missions out of France, and finally lectured on weather at various bases in the United States. Where my enthusiasm for science comes from I don't know—maybe being born in Queens, and near the schists of Manhattan, which scientists love, had something to do with it—but right now I'm up to my eyes in the subject, what with a nightly weather report, a weekly program called 'Research Project,' which tries to explain some of the medical terms and processes that Dr. Casey and Dr. Kildare baffle their public with, and a post as research fellow at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine. My re-



"Does it seem to you that every day the forest has grown a little smaller?"



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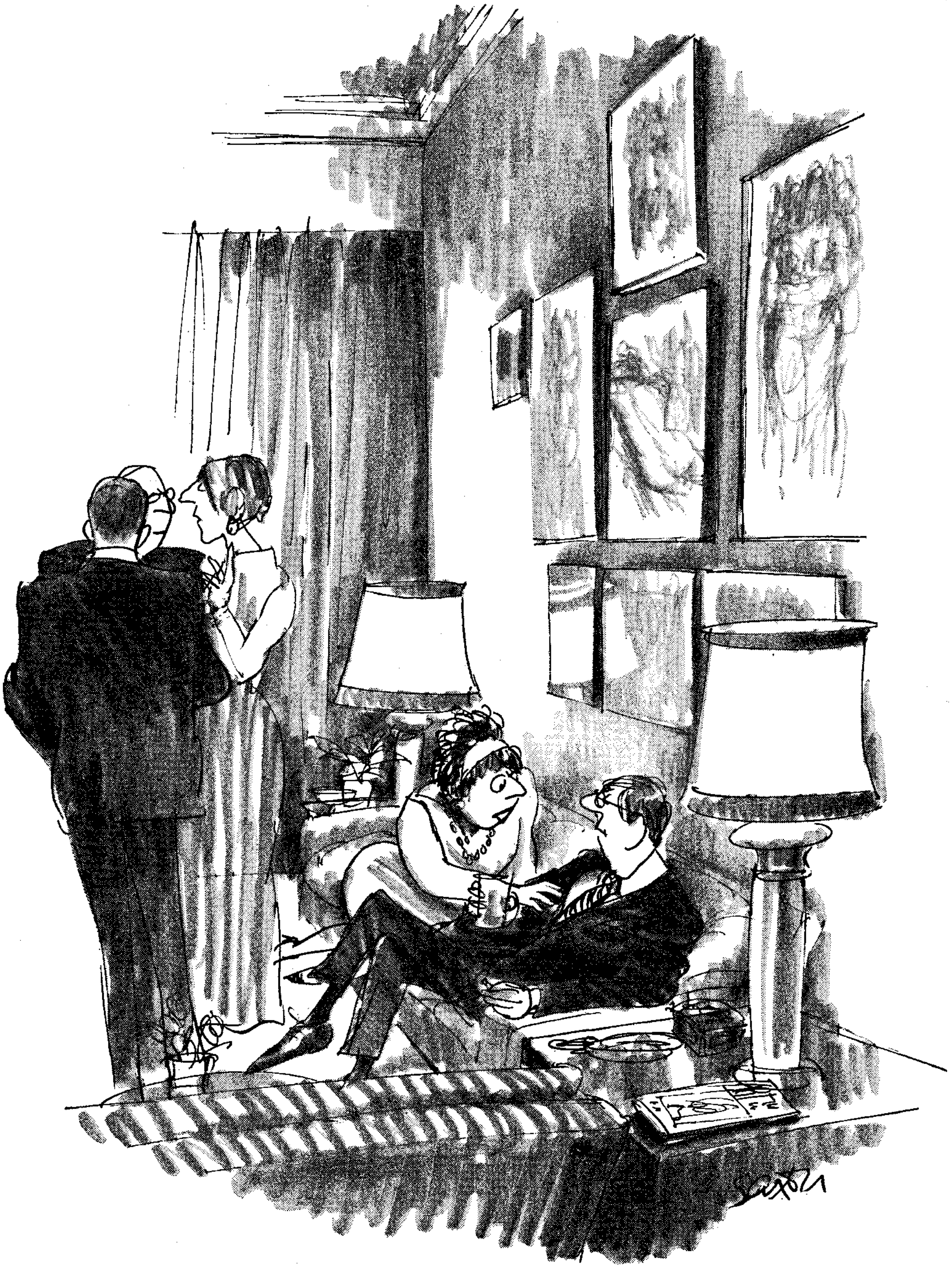
search at Einstein has to do with biometeorology, which simply means the study of the relationship between weather and health. It's a big field, and owing to the spatial and chronological variations it's practically impossible to do any controlled experiments. We know, for instance, that the death rate for people over sixty-five goes up during a heat wave and that air pollution is a menace to health, but without some kind of laboratory control any specific statements about such things are bound to be inconclusive and subject to all sorts of interpretations. Ah, well, if the frustrations of biometeorology tend to get me down, I can always find solace in the weather. I worked for the Weather Bureau, down on Battery Place, after the war, while I was studying optometric engineering at Columbia, and I must say meteorology was a hell of a sight chancier then than it is today. Our instruments seemed impressive at the time, and, of course, they are still handy to have around, but the advance made in weather forecasting since the advent of the weather satellites is incredible. Our knowledge of weather in a given area used to be extremely limited. Take it on a microscale. We meteorologists were more or less in the



"Would you do something for me? Would you repeat everything you just said to me in a letter to Senator Kennedy?"

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position of people sitting here and trying to find out what the weather was doing all the way up to, let us say, Yonkers. How many observers would it require? We would have to post somebody every few blocks. So it was almost impossible to cover any large areas accurately. But with the satellites we can view huge segments of the East Coast, or any other part of the country, with no trouble whatever. While I'm being lyrical on the subject of satellites, I might mention that a couple of years ago Hurricane Esther was lost by the air and surface craft keeping an eye on her, and then, fortunately, was spotted by a satellite seven hundred miles off the course she was presumed to be on. When you're covering the flights of astronauts from a weather standpoint, as I do for the National Broadcasting Company, it's not a bad idea to keep in mind the various ships in any vicinity where they may possibly set down. In the course of a flight last November, after all kinds of mixups, I managed to find out, by calling a Coast Guard ship named Victor, how the weather was in a Pacific area where the astronauts were unexpectedly making a landing. I sometimes have my troubles with radar. The radar receiver for the weather bureau in Central Park is on the roof of the R.C.A. Building, which houses the studio where I do my weather reports. We tap a line to bring its findings onto a radarscope in the studio, and usually the results are satisfactory. But the receiver, while it can get a beam coming from a distance, can't pick up anything right overhead, and so we have no way of knowing inside—the studio has no windows—just how things are going in our immediate vicinity. All I can do before I face the cameras is say a prayer, remember the way the sky looked when I last saw it, and plunge ahead."

We asked Dr. Field how he got into the television business, and he told us that he had once managed an outfit called the Foto-Cast Corporation, which supplied newspapers with weather charts, and that later on he had organized the International Weather Corporation, to supply meteorological information to anybody who wanted it. "This led eventually to my becoming an advisory backstop to weather girls on N.B.C. and C.B.S. television," he said. "You know, weather forecasting used to be in a class with reporting real-estate transactions for a newspaper. The networks figured it had to be all jazzed up with pretty girls and other gimmicks. The first televised weather program in the country, incidentally, was put on around 1941 by WNBT, which is what WNBC-TV was called then, and it featured a woolly lamb (the sponsor was Botany Mills), which gambolled about while a voice gave you vague hints about the weather. Finally, George Heinemann, who had charge of a Saturday-night news show for WNBC-TV, asked me to step in as a weather commentator, and so here I am."

The sight of a passing policeman diverted Dr. Field's thoughts into another channel. "I'm occasionally called upon to testify in court, in both criminal and civil actions," he said. "I don't like to do it, because it takes up so much time, but you can readily see how testimony on weather might be important in legal actions. If a witness in a criminal case, for instance, says it was raining at the scene of the crime, and I can demonstrate that it wasn't, that makes a big difference to either the defense or the prosecution, and in civil suits—boats foundering, people slipping on pavements, and so on—it can also be extremely pertinent."

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SIGN observed outside a Washington, D.C., discothèque:

APPEARING NIGHTLY
THE BELOVED 4
FORMERLY
THE COCKROACHES

THE ABSENCE

HER husband having gone away on his long visit, Bonnie Richards settled down to a stack of books. They were all about science, about which she knew little, and designed for the popular reader. She was alone in the house except for the dog, who took to looking at her curiously. She thought he only missed his master and wanted to ask about him, but nonetheless his large, beseeching eyes could be disquieting. She read the science books at night and became more disquieted than ever. Matter was made of atoms, as she already knew, but the behavior and organization of these small active objects were extremely uncertain. No one knew just what matter was. No instrument was delicate enough to observe atoms without making a grave impact, which altered their habits. They thus enjoyed an unbreakable privacy. Some scientists had seriously conjectured that particles within atoms were not compelled to behave as they did but could choose what they felt like doing. All conclusions seemed open to doubt.

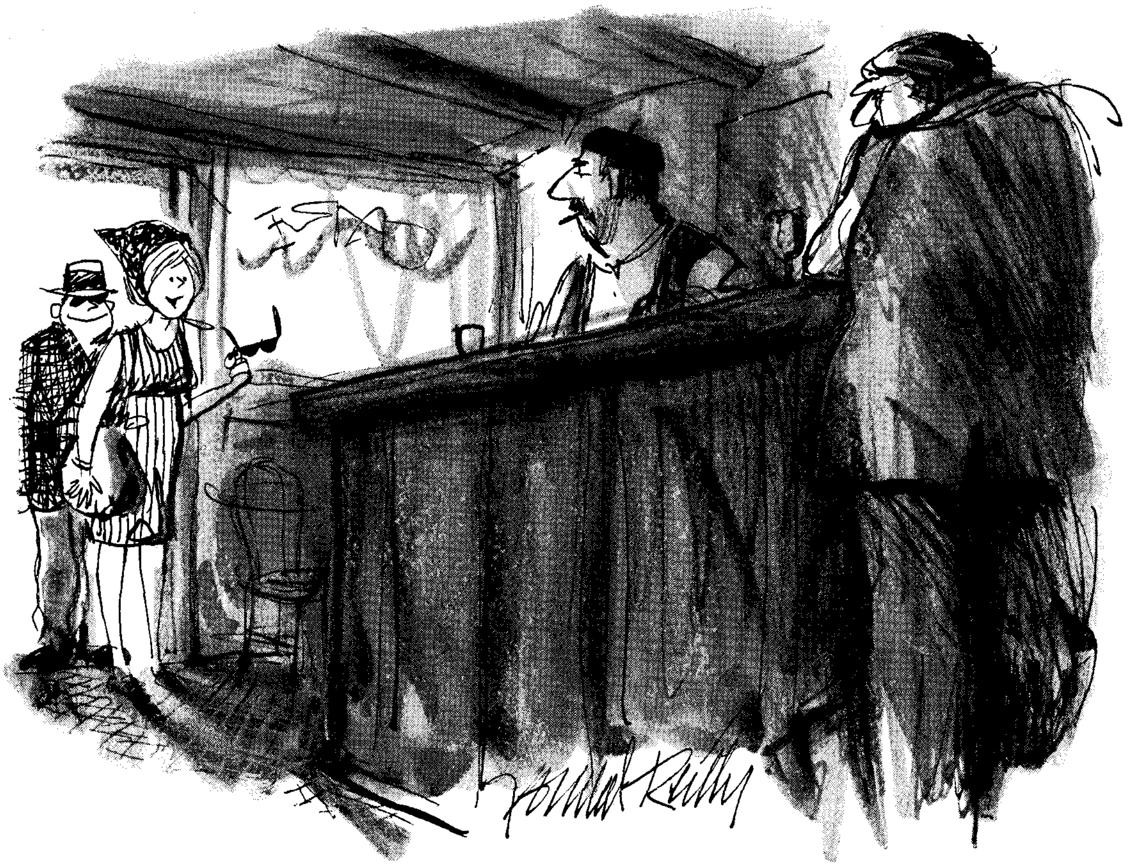
Space she had to quit reading about, early on. It was unthinkably gigantic, yet finite, was exploding outward, had already burst at points. There was no up or down; we were like creatures placed on the round surface of an expanding balloon, and all she had remembered from high-school geometry, which had to do with flat surfaces, was no use, because nothing was flat. The moon used to be so near the earth that tides three miles high went shooting up to meet it, out in the Pacific. It was difficult not to see this awesome spectacle, in the mind's eye. When she took the dog walking in the evening, she avoided looking at the sky. Mystery books were out, for the ones she liked always unfolded in creaky old houses where dogs started barking for no reason. Her house was not old, but occasionally it creaked at night.

Bonnie was not a visitor of neighbors; most of the Richards' friends were scattered out. They had her come to dinner or for drinks, and once she drank too much and skinned her knee on the front steps when she came home. The hall light had burnt out and the dog was asleep under the bed in the guest room. There was a peculiar smell in the basement, like an oil leak, but no oil was visible.

Days, she went to the grocery, and once she went to the ballet, standing at intermission in the thickly carpeted foyer, feeling elegant and somewhat mysterious in her black pumps and gray silk. Another afternoon, she went to the movies in the rain, where, wearing her old raincoat, flat heels, and a scarf, she began to feel as she had back in college. She got the house painter to come and redecorate the living room, and had such a fine time with him over coffee that she stayed in love with him for two days. He was aware of this, it was obvious, when he came the next time. She was trying to reason her way either out of it or into it, when his ladder slipped (he had grown somewhat nervous) and he broke a large window. By the time the details of repairing it were ironed out, she was simply impatient with him. He was ignorant, and when they went to the hardware store to have new glass cut, he tried to explain to her, on observing some bad reproductions of modern painting, that there was really nothing to Picasso.

The weather grew warmer, and she took out her dissatisfaction on the flower beds, planting salvia and portulaca, lobelia and marigolds, weeding the day lilies and wrecking her hands. Her husband wrote that he was having a splendid time and that his parents' health had improved since his arrival. She went to the library on quite a warm day—the warmest so far—and read for a time before large windows opening on a small park, where red cannas, freshly set out, were beginning to unscroll. Birds splashed in a rough ornamental crater filled with water. Sometimes, when they tilted up for their steep ascent, water fell from their serrated wing tips in splashes bright as mercury. She did not know what she was reading.

It was coming over her gradually what she wished to be—something she had never consciously thought of before. She wished to be a person, a being, who appeared and disappeared. She would have liked, conveniently, to have the power to disappear even from herself, to put herself away like something folded in a drawer, or simply not to be when there was nothing to be for. If not in a drawer, then better still to go



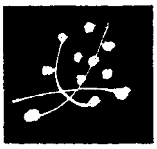
"Bonjour. Nous sommes américains."

outward as a color, soft and pleasing, or to be a bird's wing, or the water that the bird splashed in. She might even arrange to exist, to be in the regard, the very glance, of her husband or of those dear to her when they most or least looked for her—emerging into rooms or from around corners, coming toward them with a piece of news or a cup of coffee. The conception had started, she now realized, some time ago, back in the winter, when, coming in out of a sub-zero night, she had drawn herself close against her husband in bed and shivered for such a long time he said she should turn back into a rib, which was what wives had come from originally. She had rather fancied the idea, for her husband had a fine, practical way of carrying his body—shoulders, head, skin, bones, and all—in a manner rapid yet controlled, with a good deal of vitality and the definite promise of good things unfolding before him as he went along. He was invariably warm. She couldn't be better disposed of than in this fashion.

THE next day, the dog ran off but was eventually brought back home by a small girl named Doris, whose family had been living three doors down, in an apartment in one wing of a widow's house. Bonnie invited Doris in and gave her some cookies as a reward. Doris sat down quite amiably and talked away, eating cookies. She expressed a liking for "Batman" and "The Man from U.N.C.L.E.," and said she wanted to become a dancer in shows and night clubs. It seemed unlikely at the moment that she was very promising material for this career, being mousy and rather fat, but she said it so matter-of-factly that Bonnie was persuaded she would go straight to the goal, even becoming lithe and blond and beautiful at the appropriate moment. Every day thereafter, Doris came to look at TV, since her family did not have a set. One day, her mother came for her. She said it was time for Doris to come to dinner, and asked Bonnie as a special favor if she would cash a check for ten dollars, because she had to run to the grocery, and the grocer was notoriously reluctant to cash checks. Bonnie had one of her moments of definitely appearing, and gave the money quite happily. She heard herself already telling her husband, "They are not especially nice people, but I let the girl come to pass the time. I'll just say I'm busy or something if she begins to make it a habit."

Two days later, she went by the bank to cash the check. She then learned that Doris's family had moved away in the night, having given a number of worthless checks like her own before departing. The child herself had distributed some of them, though whether or not aware of what she was doing was not known. Nobody knew where they had gone.

That night, Bonnie did not sleep at all. Nothing has happened, she kept telling herself. What's ten dollars? Why is a bird's wing waterproof? What is an atom up to? How did the moon get as high as it is? What is the dog trying to say? If the smell in the basement is not oil, then what is it? What do I myself think of Batman? The dog whimpered, and jumped on the bed and lay close to her, and though she had never allowed this before, she let him stay.



HER husband materialized exactly on schedule, through the doors into the waiting room at the airport, which sprang open magically, even royally, when he approached them.

"Is everything O.K.?" she asked.

"Fine, fine, everything's fine. Nobody was seriously sick after all. You should have come. Why are you pale, why are you crying? Come on, let's get a drink."

He was walking rapidly, bag in one hand, hustling her along. He looked brown and happy. All her reasons for things came back. They sat down together in the airport bar. It was bright and friendly, the music familiar and gay.

"The neighbor's child writes checks that bounce," she told him, which was not quite true. She was laughing. "Oh, it's a long story. I'll tell you about it." And she told him.

"I don't see anything so long about it," he said. "And anyway, what's ten dollars?"

"I wondered that, too," she said.

—ELIZABETH SPENCER

IN WILLESDEN CHURCHYARD

The chemicals from various factories
Have bitten deep into the Portland stone
And streaked the white Carrara of the graves
Of many a Pooter and his Caroline
Long laid to rest among these dripping trees.
And that small heap of fast-decaying flowers
Marks Lupin Pooter lately gathered in.
And here at last is Laura Seymour's grave,
So long the loyal counsellor and friend
Of that Charles Reade whose coffin lies with hers.
Was she his mistress? Did he visit her
When coming down from Oxford by the coach?
Alighting at the turnpike, did he walk
These elmy lanes of Middlesex and climb
A stile or two across the dairy farms
Over to Harlesden by the Harrow Road
To find her waiting at the wicket gate?
Then the soft rigors of his Fellowship
Were tenderly relaxed. The sun would send
Last golden streaks of mild October light
On tarred and weather-boarded barn and shed;
Blue bonfire smoke would hang among the trees.
And in the little stucco hermitage
Did Laura gently stroke her lover's head?
And did her Charles look up into her eyes
To find loyal counsel there? I do not know.
Doubtless some pedant for his Ph.D.
Has ascertained the facts, or I myself
Might find them out in public libraries.
I only know that as we watched the grave,
My flesh, much nearer that of Charles Reade
Than yours, which is so milky white and soft,
Frightened me, though the Blessed Sacrament
Not ten yards off in Willesden parish church
Glowed with the everlastingness of God.

—JOHN BETJEMAN

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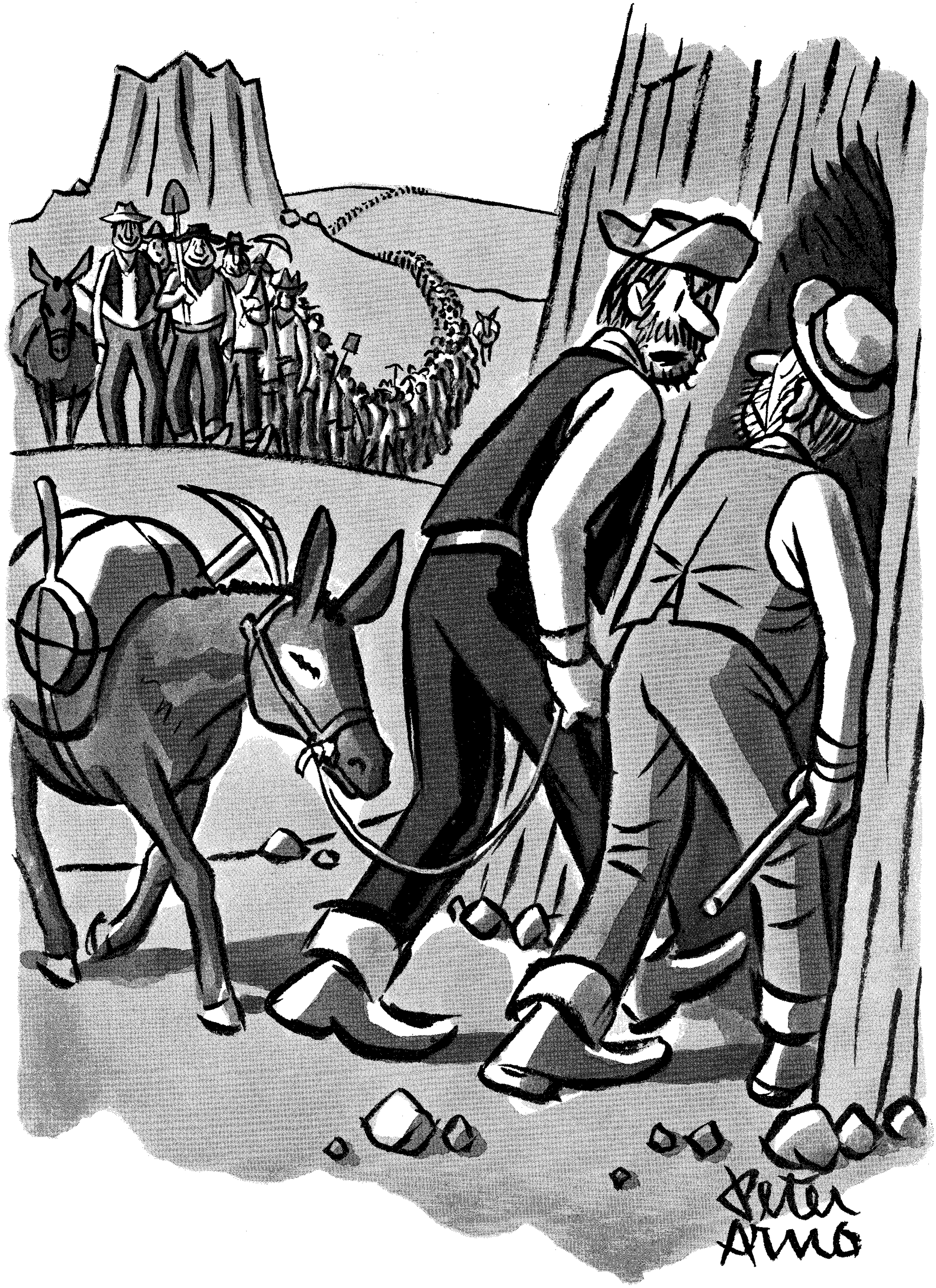


"You and your big mouth!"

THE VISITATION

FROM the time he was first able to remember, all the way back to when words were not words but colors and images of states of mind, the thing he remembered most of all was the quality of the stories his mother told at night. He would lie on his back, looking up at the circle of light cast on the ceiling by the lamp, and she would sit beside the lamp, her face in shadow, her lap flooded with light, her folded hands resting in her lap, and tell him about a time before he was born.

Her stories were as simple and as pure as the circle of light on the ceiling, and they seemed to become part of the light itself, distinct from him and even from her, so that when he turned on his side or on his stomach as she spoke, or when he turned to look at her, at her lips forming the words of the story, widening into a smile when there was a scene that pleased her, pursing in anger or indignation, relaxing and drooping at the corners when she was recalling sadness, even then the location of the story didn't change. Its source, its substance, its beginning and end was the circle of light.

She was only a medium through which a spirit was passing, and that spirit gathered itself on the ceiling and hung in the air above him, a life in itself, a form he could absorb or look at impassively but whose substance he could not ignore. Even when she left the room and shut off the light its presence stayed. He would breathe shallowly, feeling its heaviness above him, the heaviness of a mood or emotion more than anything particular she had said, and then, just as he was dropping off to sleep, he would feel it descend and pass into him. Here it became a part of his dreams.

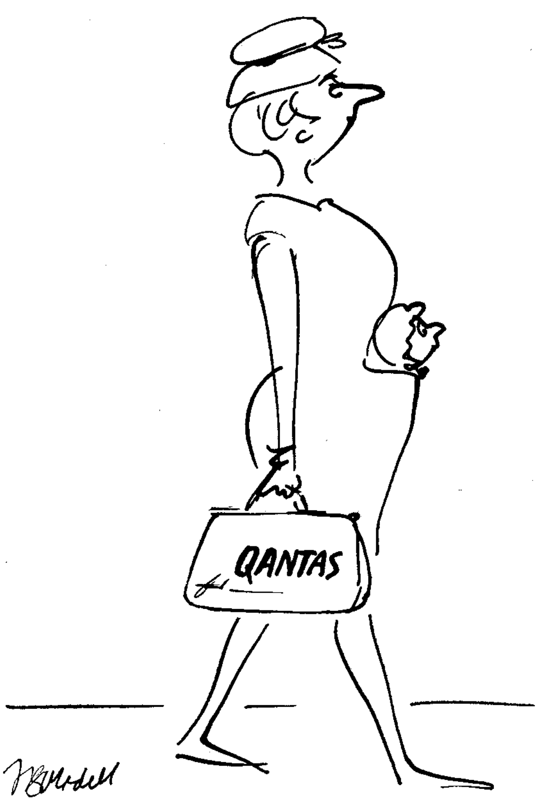
The mixture of colors, pictures, a phrase rising up from the center of a landscape, her voice; stories about her childhood, her mother and father, about the farm they lived on in central North Dakota when she was a child; stories that her grandfather, one of the first to homestead in the state, told her—of the grass fires, miles wide, coming toward him over the plain; of being snowed in for a week in a one-room shack, while drifts of snow rose closer and closer to the top of the stovepipe; of men wandering a couple of miles from their homesteading shacks and getting lost because the flat plain, with its russet covering of grass, looked the same in every direction.

With a note of amusement in her voice she would recall that her grandfather ended every story of his homesteading days with the same phrase: "Ya, sure, that was before they had windmills or trees." And there were the stories of her two brothers, Francis and Conrad. Francis, the eldest of the three children, was the prankster. He was the one who searched out a swallow's nest and a magpie's nest and then switched the two sets of eggs; the one who put a live baby mouse in his father's riding boot, and could have got away with it if he hadn't gone and bragged about it to Conrad, the youngest of the three. For the scare the mouse gave his father (he threw the boot across the room and broke out the glass door of the china cabinet), and for beating up Conrad, Francis lived for a week in the hayloft. He was also the one who unearthed a shovelful of arrowheads while he was breaking up a new piece of land with the horse plow, and had sense enough to dig deeper, thereby discovering the site of a Mandan Indian village, which was sold to the Historical Society of North Dakota, and was now a well-known landmark.

After reading a magazine article on crop rotation, Francis started telling his father how to run the farm, and was so persistent and condescending about it that the old man finally cracked him across the backside with his cane—so hard that the end of the cane broke off. Francis was the star of the high-school track team, and set the state record, still unbroken, in the hop, step, and jump. For touching up the statue of the Alma Mater with red barn paint and for other antics (these remained obscure) he was dropped from college in the middle of his first year. And then, after such an unpromising start, Francis surprised everybody by leaving the farm and becoming a prominent North Dakota businessman—the state distributor of Hart power tractors and farm machinery.

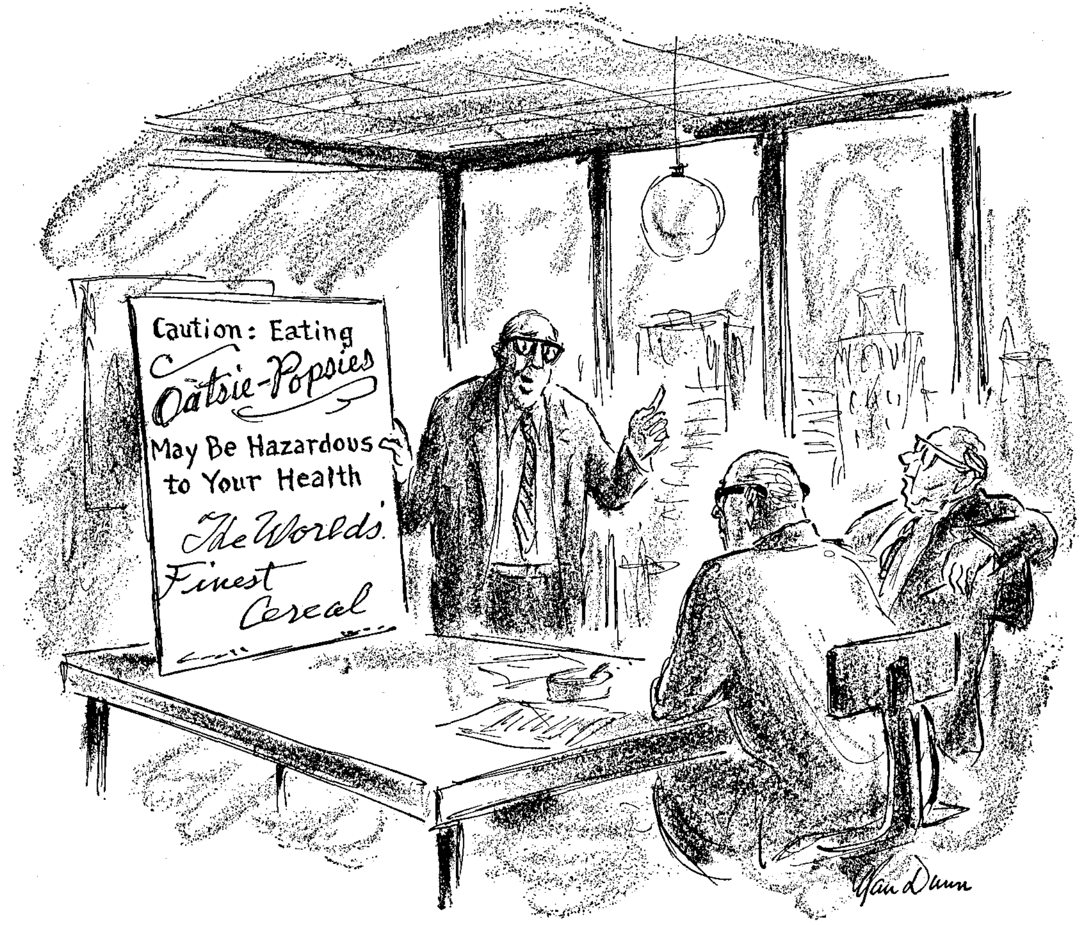
Conrad was accident-prone. He was the one who fell off the Shetland pony, Midge, so tame it was almost a house pet, and broke his collarbone, who fell through a hole in the hayloft and broke three ribs, who fell off the top of the corral and broke his wrist. He was the one who was chased around the barnyard by a turkey gobbler and, looking at it in horror over his shoulder, ran into the metal corner of the hayrack and cracked his head open. He was the quiet, retiring one, who seldom got angry, but when he did he picked up whatever was at hand—a branch, a length of pipe, a pitchfork—and chased Francis all the way up to the front porch and into the house with a look in his eyes like he meant to kill.

Conrad wanted a puppy from the time he could first speak. On his fifth birthday, his father gave him one—a black water spaniel only a few weeks old—and said, "If I ever see that thing in the house I'll take down the gun and shoot it." This was on a Monday, when his mother was doing the washing. Conrad named the dog Curly and carried it in his arms all morning and all afternoon. He wouldn't even come into the house at lunch time. In the late afternoon, however, he went in for a drink of water and, remembering his parent's warning, left the puppy on the porch in the safest place he could find—a basket of dirty clothes that was on the wash bench. During the few seconds Conrad was inside, the dog scrambled out of the basket and jumped onto the lid of an oval boiler sitting on the floor. The lid tipped up and the dog slipped into the scalding water. When Conrad's father heard its agonized crying and ran out to the porch, he saw Conrad trying to lift it out of the boiler with his bare hands.



In the end, his father had to shoot the dog after all, and he wouldn't believe Conrad hadn't put it in the boiler on purpose, because a few weeks earlier he had caught Conrad trying to drown a baby duck in the horse tank. From that time Conrad became even more shy, and more submissive to his father, and that was supposed to be the reason he never married and never left the farm.

Each of her stories about Conrad ended in the same way: "Your Uncle Conrad, I want you to know, has been terribly misunderstood his whole life." And there was a shading in her voice that implied, "I, too, have been misunderstood, and when you grow up you can expect the same thing."



"But think a moment! When they put it on cigarettes, their sales ***increased****."*

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And there were stories whose details the boy couldn't remember but whose moods he retained. The next day, or weeks later, as he was sitting in the sunlit alcove of the bay window, playing with the toys he had gathered there, one of the moods would rise up in him, and he would sit with a glassy, abstracted look in his eyes, testing the quality of what he felt, trying to decide whether the feeling came from a story he had heard or from an incident that was actually a part of his life. One afternoon, when he was sitting like this, looking past the windmill he had built out of Tinkertoys, conscious only of a hot brocade (the result of sunlight streaming through the lace curtains of the bay window) spread evenly over his cheek and ear, he heard, coming from the end of the hallway off the living room, the sound of his mother's voice, filled with surprise, the sound of other voices, and then a burst of laughter.

He stood up and the windmill tipped over and struck the hardwood floor. Looking down, he saw that one of the blades of its fan—a piece of violet paperboard—had come loose. The door to the hallway swung open, and the boy's mother walked into the living room with a broad, heavy-set man, a stranger, following behind her, bringing with him a cold draft, a fragrance of spring air from outdoors. The man saw the boy, smiled at him, and said, "And this must be Chuckie. It's hard to believe he's this big!"

The stranger walked to the bay window, the floor trembling under his heavy strides, and held out some pamphlets. "Here," he said. "I brought you these. Go ahead, take them! Don't be bashful." The boy looked at his mother to see if this was all right, and she frowned.

"Chuckie!" she said. "What's the matter with you? Don't you remember him? Don't you know who that is?"

The boy remembered a man with the smell of cold air clinging to him, a stranger who came to the house and gave him a package of Sen-Sen and then tickled him until he suddenly turned blue, couldn't catch his breath, and had to have a pan of water thrown in his face. Was this the man? He looked to his mother for confirmation.

"Shame on you!" she said. "That's your Uncle Francis!"

The boy's eyes widened. This was Francis? Could the Francis of his mother's stories be standing before him, a real person, that old and that fat?

"Here," Francis said, and held out the pamphlets again. "They're yours." The boy took them. Francis took off his hat, placed his hands on his knees, and bent down until his face was only a few inches from the boy's face. "What's the matter?" he asked. Francis's blond hair, cut close to his skull, sparkled in the sunlight, and his long prominent ears glowed a deep orange, making him look almost luminous, which made him seem all the more unreal to the boy. "You're not scared of your Uncle Francis, are you? You're not an old fraidycat, are you?"

"He's probably just bashful," a very deep masculine voice said. The boy looked up in surprise. Another man came through the doorway and stood behind the boy's mother. He was so tall that not only his face, tanned walnut brown up to the hatline (the rest of his high forehead was pure white), but his broad shoulders, too, showed above the top of her head. Sensing the boy's confusion, she said, "Well, if you don't remember Francis, who's been to see you once before, you certainly don't remember *him*. That's Conrad."

"How do you do," Conrad said in his deep bass voice. "I'm Conrad."

The boy looked down at the pamphlets in his hand. On the cover of the top one there was a picture in color of a tractor with a man sitting on it, and some printing under the wheels. The picture seemed important. Somehow it related the phantoms that made up the circle of light on the ceiling, the

Francis and Conrad of his mother's stories, to the Francis and Conrad who stood before him in the flesh. If they were still there. The boy looked up. They stood smiling at him. They were real. He was standing in the same room with figures out of the past. Ghosts.

"If he's just going to stand there and not say a word, come on and sit down," she said.

The three of them went over to the davenport on the other side of the room, and sat facing the boy.

"This is too good to be true," the boy's mother said. "I was just talking about you last night!"

"The hell," Francis said.

"I was telling Chuckie about the time you went over to the Metzler place to bring back those sheep that got out—"

"And traded a lamb for old man Metzler's .22?" Francis asked. "That time?"

She nodded.

"Dad whaled the daylights out of me. I thought he wouldn't miss the lamb, but I'll be damned if I knew how to account for the rifle. You told him that story?"

She nodded again, more energetically this time, and Francis turned to the boy. "Don't believe a word of it," he said. "I wasn't ever that dumb."

The three adults laughed quietly, intimately, in a way that excluded the boy but at the same time made him feel relieved; he was free to do what he wanted. He sat down on the floor and began paging through one of the illustrated pamphlets.

"Why in the world did you stop by on today of all days?" she asked.

"Well," Francis said, "to tell you the truth, it was almost by accident. The concatenations of circumstance, you might say." He looked askance at them, but they both continued to study him with an unchanged expression of affection and interest; they expected to be dazzled by him. "I had to make the drive over from Bismarck to Valley anyway," he said, setting his hat on his knee, "to see my district representative there, and since I'm breaking in my new car and wanted to get some extra miles on it, what I did was first I swung up north to home to say hello to the folks, and when Brother here saw the new Pontiac and heard I was tired of driving it—you can't take it above forty miles an hour and, God, that gets on my nerves—he offered to drive all the way into Valley for me. And since—"

"You're driving his new car?" she asked.

The grin Conrad gave in reply—with his teeth and the whites of his eyes in striking contrast to his dark tan—indicated that nothing could get between him and his pleasure as long as he knew he'd soon be back behind that wheel.

"Well, you be careful with it!" she said. "You hear?"

Still the grin, growing broader and broader.

"And since he's been wanting to go to Valley for months now," Francis went on, "but can never seem to get away, so he tells me, this was convenient for the both of us. Well, he was driving along, happy as can be, until we got down around Bordulac. Then he mentioned that he hadn't ever seen Chuckie, or your new place here, and he wondered if maybe we couldn't make a little side trip and see you. So I said, 'Sure! Why not!' "

"I can't understand why you haven't done it sooner," she said. "It's been almost two years."

"Oh, it can't be *that* long!"

"It most certainly is!" she said. "You were just mentioning how big Chuckie is. He'll soon be five. He was only three years old the last time you were here."

"Really? That was two years ago?"

"Two years this June."

"I'll be damned. Two years is a *long time*. By God, it's a good thing Brother was with me this trip or I most likely wouldn't be here now!"

"It's plain to see that he cares about others and you don't."

"Oh, now . . ."

There was a distant rumbling sound, as of someone moving furniture in an upstairs room, which was so faint and short-lived that when they listened to make sure they had heard right the sound had stopped. The boy put aside one pamphlet and began leafing through another, trying to attract as little attention to himself as possible.

"Chuckie!" Francis said. "Chuckie, you want to ride my pony?" He lifted his hat and patted his knee where he expected the boy to sit. "Pony boy, pony boy, won't you be my pony boy!" he sang, jogging his knee in time to the

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PHILATELIC LESSONS: THE GERMAN COLLECTION

The Zollverein was hardly neutral. One recalls
The brick-towered walls of Hamburg (puce and green)
And all the feuding marches that lay between
Mecklenburg-Strelitz and the Rhine River falls;
Or that in cold Nassau at the War of Sixty-six
Grand Duke Adolf, kinsman to the Dutch king,
Slept in his uniform to dramatize the *Ding*
An Sich of discipline; or that the *Rix-*
Thaler dropped out of use there soon after
This altercation. What follows are petty points
Affixed with glue and hinges at the creaky joints
Of stiff confederations to provoke our laughter,
While further still, if one patiently collates
Bavarian pre-cancels, one will usually find
Variations in the ink and casts in the blind
Stare of Prince Luitpold—he mocked the fates
That pull taxes and imposts from each page.
But to get on (the map was always wrong):
Red post horns blow a tinny kind of song
About the borders like an antique rage,
While in Saxony the one-*Groschen* stamp
Shows John the First within a rose medallion
Pointing his chin at some corpulent battalion,
The watermark faint and his gummed backside damp.
The colors begin to run and odd shapes perhaps
Tire the eye more than we know or care
To know. I have learned Henry of Reuss lacked hair;
The Prussian boundaries were drawn by Polish chaps.

—LAWRENCE P. SPINGARN

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beat—"Don't say no, here we go . . ." The boy continued to stare at the pamphlets, and a look of uneasiness and perplexity came over Francis's face. "Can he read?" he asked.

"Very little. He won't start school till next year."

"How are the pictures?" Francis asked.

The boy looked up and smiled shyly, honored that he was being spoken to like an adult. But since he didn't know how to respond to the honor he was at the same time embarrassed.

"Can't you talk?" his mother said. "Do you like them or don't you?"

"Yes."

"We got a word out of him!" Francis said. "That's something! When strangers come to our place, my kids run and hide in the bathroom!"

"But you're not strangers," she said. "And if he doesn't know how to behave with his own uncles, he can sit there like a dunce. Don't pay any attention to him any more. He'll be sorry when you leave."

"I know how he feels," Conrad said. "I was the same way once."

"Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly, turning to Conrad. "Do you remember the time you saw those nuns? Mother had taken you into town, into the department store, and she was looking through the linens and white things. You didn't know it, but the reason she had you with her was to buy you a new jacket for your birthday. Two nuns came into the store. You had never seen a nun in your life, and when you turned around and saw them standing there, right behind you, you pointed your finger at them and started screaming, 'The black ones! The black ones! The black ones!' "

She and Francis both laughed, and Conrad's forehead turned bright red. He lowered his face and murmured, "I vaguely remember."

"Talk about being scared!" Francis said. "Remember the night the folks went over to the Metzlers' to play pinochle and left the three of us at home alone? We were wondering what we could do, without getting into a whole lot of trouble, when one of you—I think it was you, Elaine—brought me this book and asked me to read a story in it, and we all sat down on the couch, just like this, one of you on the either side of me. What kind of a guy wrote that story is what I'd like to know! It was about a man that stabbed his sister, tied her in chains, and as if that wasn't enough, buried her in the basement. And then this friend of his comes to visit him, and the sister revives or rises from the dead and decides to get even, so, sure enough, while they're upstairs talking, up she gets out of the coffin, blood all over her and everything, up the stairs she comes, and walks into the room where they are. Well, just as I got to that part, there was this big boom on the front porch. None of us could move. Much as I wanted to close up that damn book, I couldn't. There was all kinds of scratching and pattering out there, too—*chains! chains!* is what I thought, but I suppose it was just a chicken—and I swear I even heard the doorknob turn and the front door open and close. So I sat there, scarcely able to breathe, thinking, Any second now, we're going to have a corpse coming in that door. We sat like that for a half hour."

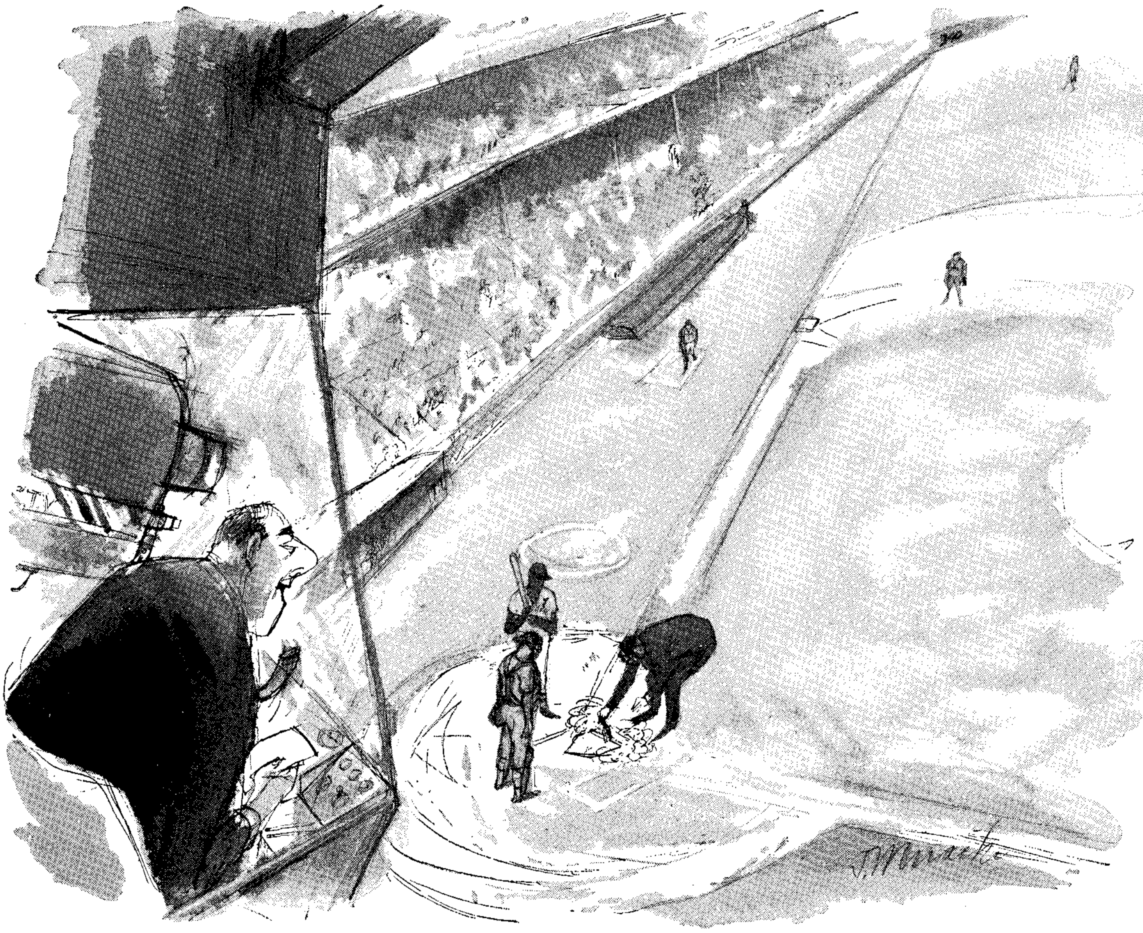
"A half hour at the least!" she said. "When the folks came back we were still sitting there! They figured we must have done something awful, we were so quiet. We never did tell them, did we? I think we were ashamed to admit we were that scared."

"Ashamed?" Francis said. "My Christ, I was in my teens!"

"I was nine then," Conrad said. "I remember."

"There was an old man who lived across the road from us," she said. "In the little shack beside the granaries. Do you remember him? The old man with the long mustaches who poured his coffee out in a saucer before he drank it. What was his real name? Who was he? We called him 'Uncle,' but I know he wasn't our uncle. Was he actually related?"

"I think he was *Dad's* uncle," Francis said. "He spoke some foreign tongue. Finnish, I think. But I don't know what ever happened to him or why we



"Now Umpire Rodino is dusting off the plate. Incidentally, fans, this is the eighth time Rodino has dusted off the plate in this game, raising his total for the season to sixteen hundred and twenty-two!"

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never heard about it. One day he was just gone. Wasn't somebody else living there with him?"

"Some woman," she said. "But I don't think they were married."

"Sounds like Dad's uncle," Francis said.

"Do you remember seeing the buffalo wolves?" she asked.

"Remember! Didn't I take a shot at them with that ill-fated .22?"

"Or the time Dad got in a barroom brawl?"

"Somebody hit him over the head with a bottle of gin," Francis said. "A full one. You could smell him a mile off."

"Do you remember the sheep dog, the collie who ate cigarette butts?"

"Duke," Conrad said.

"Do you remember—"

"Whoa!" Francis said, and held up his hand. "Right here's where we stop. This happens to me all the time—going over the past—even when I'm away from the two of you. Especially when I'm alone. Every time it happens, it's like I'm stepping out of what I don't want to be into what I really am. And that's bad. It scares me. It's not who I really am, not *really*. I'm me. That person's gone. I have to stop myself and say, 'No, no, no, that's all over! Here's where you stand now. Look around you. You're grown up. You have a wife and kids. You have an important job to do.' That's what I say, and sometimes it helps, but it doesn't change things much. The Metzlers still mean more to me than any millionaire client. The smallest detail from then is clearer in my mind than what I did last year, or yesterday, or the day before that. And the older I grow and the farther I get from those days, the clearer and more important the details seem. Will the present ever be like that? I don't know. I'd hate to think something has to be dead and gone before you can appreciate it. That's why I don't like to think about the past or even talk about it much. It either makes me feel like a fool or makes me feel my heart's going to break. Those days are gone and that's it! . . . Well! Now I've made a fool of myself for talking so much! You mustn't misunderstand me, though. I don't believe in going backwards. A person has to go forwards. He's got to do what he's got to do and he's got to grow up. But it does seem a shame that the things I remember the best and feel the strongest about aren't here any more. By God, it *is* a shame. It's not right. It's a crime! That's the way I feel about it and that's the way everybody else feels, too!" He listened for a moment to their silence, and then said, "Isn't it?"

"Well, if—" she began.

"Oh, yes!" Conrad interrupted. "Those days were beautiful. They were full of life. I keep going over them again and again, over them and over them, just like they were the only part of my life I ever really lived. And, you know, it doesn't make any difference how many times I go over them. They never get tiresome, and I never run out of things to think about. Oh, I couldn't begin to tell you half of it. The hay fields, the grain fields, the old silo, the way the sun was then, the way the people were, the way we were. There's been so many times I've wanted . . ."

Tears filled the rims of his eyes and he bowed his head. There was a strained moment between them, and then Francis said, "Why, look! If we were separated then for as much as a day, we started a small rebellion, and now just look, now we've been apart for two years, for two whole years, and none of us has even noticed it."

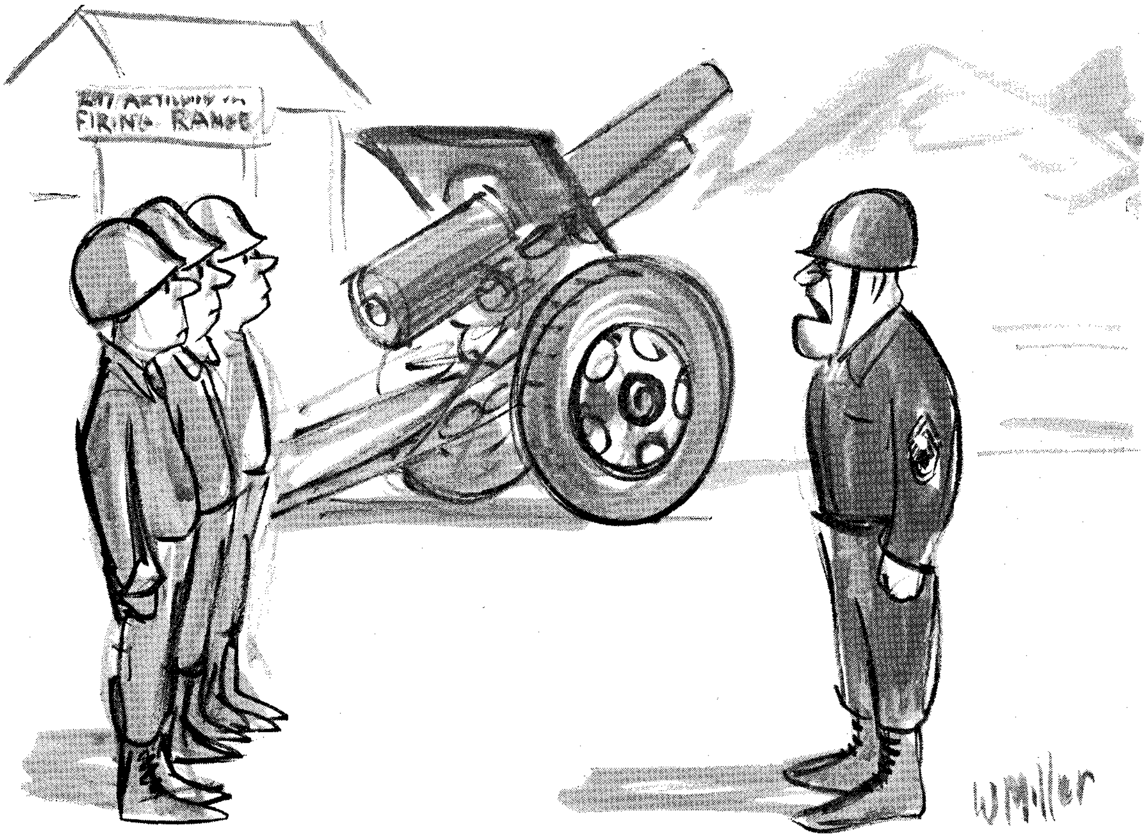
"Maybe you didn't," she said. "But I did. I've missed you both. I missed you."

"Oh, I'm sure you have," Francis said. "I know you have. And I've missed you too. But it's a different *kind* of missing. We don't throw fits like we used to, or sneak off to one another's bedrooms, or drop everything and run off to make sure one of the other ones is where we think he is, doing what we think he's doing. Hell, we get by. We get by somehow, and that's the worst part of it—that we get by."

"Yes," Conrad said, his bass voice blending with the rumbling sound that had begun again. "Yes, and every year it gets worse."

The bay window darkened and it started to rain. She looked at the boy with a frown, as though he were responsible. Conrad and Francis, taken by surprise, glanced at one another and

"I could do with a little something myself."



"Now, you guys be real careful! I don't want no shells landing in Nyack or Poughkeepsie!"

then turned toward the window. The boy got up and went to the curtains and listened to the sound of rain falling onto the roof, falling onto the sidewalk, onto the lawn and the leaves of the lilac trees. And then, without a warning flash of light, the first clap of thunder came and made the loose panes of the window rattle. The boy lowered the curtain, went to his windmill, and sat down on the floor beside it.

"He might be afraid of his uncles," Francis said. "But he's not scared a bit by the wrath of God. That's good!"

Looking out at the black sky, Conrad said, "I was thinking I heard some thunder before. Well, it'll be good for the crops."

"But not for driving," she said. "I don't suppose you can stay on for the night?"

"Oh, no!" Francis said. "No, I have to be into Valley by supper. No, just the roads from here to Bordulac are bad. After that, we'll be fine."

"Was there a thunderstorm predicted?" she asked.

"Not that I know of," Francis said.

"I wondered," she said. "I didn't hear anything on the radio."

"This isn't a thunderstorm," Francis corrected her. "This is a cloudburst."

"Maybe," Conrad said. "But it's not going to let up just right yet."

"How do you know?" Francis asked.

"I can feel it in my knee."

"I thought that meant trouble."

"Most of the time. Sometimes it means a good hard rain."

"You knew it was going to rain?"

"I figured it might," Conrad said.

Nervously, they all three turned their attention to the boy, and, for the first time since they had seen one another, a silence, which contained in it only the sound of rain and the sound of water running off the eaves, fell over the room and spread through the house.

"I'm glad I got to see him," Conrad murmured.

The boy didn't hear. He was trying to reinsert the trapezoid-shaped violet blade back into the slit at the end of the Tinkertoy stick. The piece of thin paperboard had been used a lot. Its edges were frayed. He wiggled it at the top of the stick. It wouldn't go in. He examined the end of the stick, and then placed it against a top incisor and pushed up on it gently, trying to flare the slit. The warm, buzzing sensation at the roof of his mouth reminded him of attempting that one other time, of splitting the stick and jabbing the pointed end into the roof of his mouth. Rubbing his tongue along the ridged skin of his palate (it was itching now), he removed the stick from his mouth and looked at the violet blade. He put it between his lips, compressed them, drew it out, put it there again, drew it out, and repeated this several times, copying what he had seen his mother do with thread before she speared the eye of a needle. He aligned the dampened edge of the blade with the slit in the stick, stopped, and looked up.

All three of them were staring at him. They shifted their weight on the davenport and looked at him uneasily, as if to say, *Go on with it. Please. If you get it together, we'll be back on the right track. Go on. We're counting on you. Go on.* He felt responsible for causing their conversation to stop, and he wanted to fix his windmill so they could pick up where they left off, but as long as they were looking at him like that he couldn't move.

Then the three of them locked into place—making it seem he was staring at a photograph that had been snapped of them at that moment—and began receding into the depths of his mind, growing smaller and smaller and more faint, retreating from him as though they were spirits he had taken by surprise (as indeed they were; that same afternoon brochures and pamphlets for Hart power farm machinery were scattered in the wet grass from an unmarked railroad crossing all the way down the tracks for a hundred yards to where the train—dragging with it a Pontiac that held the remnants of two dead men—finally came to a stop; and five years later his mother died in childbirth) until the three of them disappeared from his mind completely, and the boy, encumbered with the full weight of his twenty-seven years, now an interne, finds himself sitting under lamplight in the small sleeping room that will be his home for the next year, staring at a pamphlet in his lap opened to the first page:

Emergency Room Procedures,
Garfield Park Hospital,
Chicago, Illinois.

—L. Woiwode

A REPORTER AT LARGE

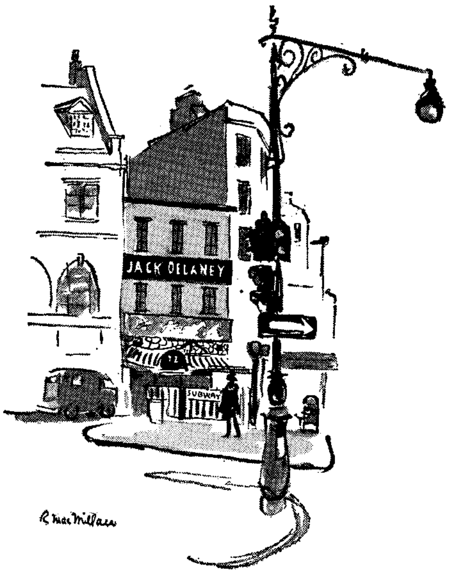
THE ENEMY

NGUYEN NGOC VINH, as he will be known here, is a North Vietnamese soldier. He was drafted into the People's Army of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam in April, 1962. After serving in the North for three years, Vinh volunteered to go south to fight, and he infiltrated into South Vietnam in the summer of 1965. At the end of January, 1966, during a skirmish with some South Vietnamese troops, he was hit in both arms by rifle bullets and taken prisoner. Vinh is now being held at an interrogation center in Saigon, along with forty other North Vietnamese soldiers of the four hundred who have been captured since the war began. He is a tough young man, sturdy for a Vietnamese, with a nervous twitch in his eyes, a ready smile, and a forthright manner.

Vinh was born in February, 1938, in a hamlet in Thanh Hoa Province. His parents died when he was about five years old, and he does not remember them. He has been told that they were poor peasants, who cultivated a tiny patch of riceland they owned. Vinh's father also collected wood to help support his family. Vinh's father served in the French Colonial Army many years ago, but in the nineteen-thirties he joined the Indo-Chinese Communist Party, which in 1941 initiated the formation of the Vietminh—the coalition of anti-French forces. His activities in the underground resistance were discovered by the French, and he spent three years in prison not long before his death. After his parents died, Vinh, an older brother, and an older sister—there were only the three children in the family—went to stay with aunts and uncles who lived in the same hamlet. The three helped out with their relatives' children, animals, and household chores. When Vinh was thirteen, his older brother married, and he went to live with his brother and started working in the rice fields of one of the prosperous peasants in the hamlet.

While Vinh was growing up, land in what is now North Vietnam was privately owned. Most peasants in the North owned the small pieces of land they tilled, but there were also some relatively wealthy landowners, who had fifty or sixty acres, and some very poor peasants, who were landless. (Land was much more unevenly distributed in the Mekong Delta area of what is now South Vietnam, where two and a half per cent of the landowners held forty-five per cent of the arable land.) In late 1953, the Vietnamese Communist Party announced a Land Reform Campaign. The real objective of the campaign was not a more equitable distribution of land; it was the destruction of the traditional Vietnamese rural society. The great majority of Vietnamese lived in the countryside (and still do), and the Communists were intent on creating a new rural society, amenable to their rule. The land question was the vehicle whereby this revolutionary process was to be achieved.

Early in 1954, during the first stage of the Land Reform Campaign, Party cadres divided villagers into categories; the peasants were classified as very poor (landless), poor, middle, and rich, and the landlords occupied a category by themselves. In many villages, there were no actual landlords, and in these some of the more prosperous landowning peasants were simply called landlords. Any who attempted to escape this designation by giving their land to the state were not allowed to do so. They were forced to remain landlords, because their existence was the excuse for the entire process. At first, the landlords—the richest, and therefore the most "reactionary," residents of the village—were simply made to pay heavy fines for excess rents they were said to have charged their tenant farmers in the past. At the same time, the poorest peasants in the village were indoctrinated by special Land Reform cadres, some of whom had been trained in Communist China, where land reform had been carried out a few years earlier. These peasants were made to attend a special course in Crimes Committed by the Landowning Class, in which they were taught how the landlords had, over the years, exploited, cheated, and oppressed them. The peasants subsequently charged the landlords with assorted "crimes" at well-staged denunciation sessions. That many of the charges—for example, landlords' having poisoned wells, raped women, and drowned children—were demonstrably untrue, and that many of the accused were not actually landlords, was irrelevant. The denounced landlords were then judged by Special People's Tribunals. A minimum number of death sentences per village had been fixed by the Party in advance, and some landlords were publicly shot; others were sentenced to long terms at hard labor in prison camps.



The second stage of the Land Reform Campaign, which began late in 1954—after the Communist Party had extended its authority over all of North Vietnam, as a result of the Geneva agreements—was more severe than the first in every respect. Having eliminated the larger landowners and the other people whom it deemed most likely to resist its rule, the Party widened the attack to complete the forcible dismantling of the village society. The population was reclassified, and many persons who had previously been designated as middle or rich peasants were now called landlords and were treated accordingly. Landlords were not merely fined; their land and most of their belongings were confiscated and redistributed among the landless peasants. The Party quotas of death sentences and prison terms for landlords were raised to five times what they had been. By mid-1956, the Land Reform Campaign had developed into a purge on a national scale. The arbitrary trials, the indignities heaped on selected victims, and the brutal executions had created an atmosphere of insecurity and civil disorder in the villages. There was growing hostility toward the Party and its cadres. Many of the people who had been shot or imprisoned as landlords were members of prosperous peasant families who had joined the Party from motives of patriotism or political ambition in the early years of the struggle against the French; as part of the general effort to establish a proletarian dictatorship in the countryside, the Party leadership was intent on ousting these old mem-

“But, damn it, I heard you say you’d *bring the transistor.”*

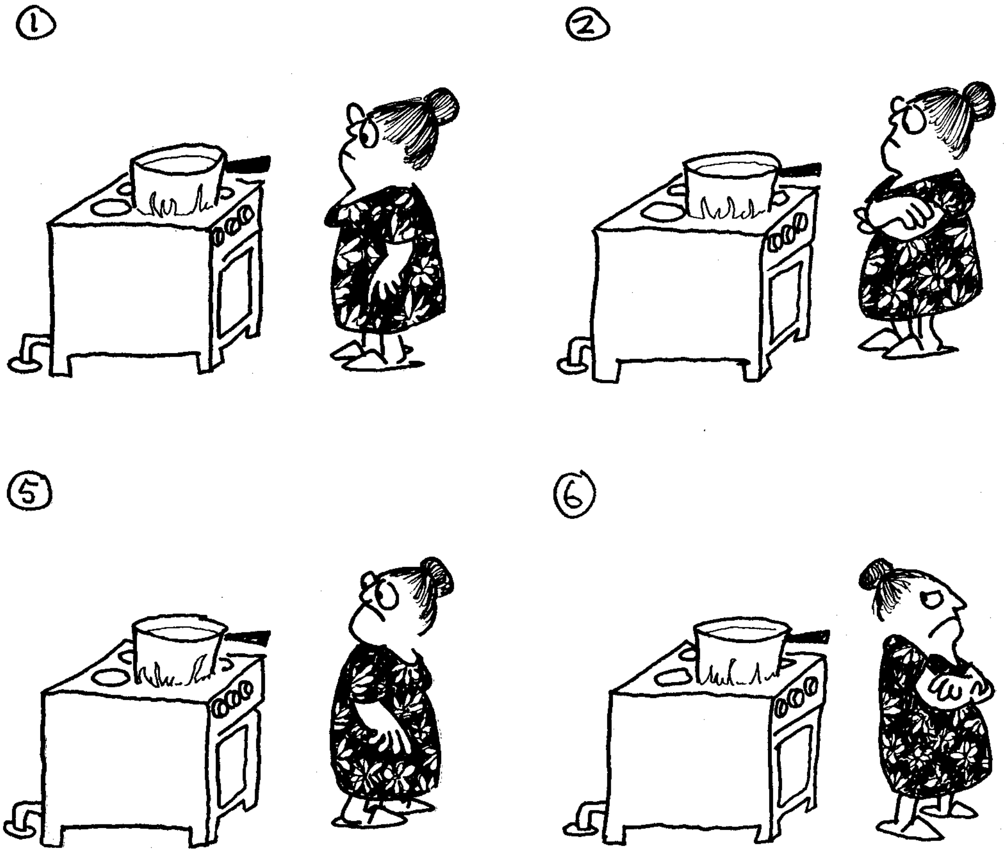
• •

bers and creating a new hard core of village cadres, drawn from the landless peasantry.

In August, 1956, Ho Chi Minh announced that “errors” had been committed in the Land Reform Campaign, and promised that they would be rectified. The terror had deliberately been allowed to reach excessive proportions in order to insure the rending of the village social fabric, and now the Party leadership, having decided that the campaign had gone far enough, was eager to dispel the animosity that it had aroused and to restore an atmosphere of normality to the villages. In the Rectification of Errors Campaign that followed, thousands of persons who had been sent to prison because of purported “misclassification,” including twelve thousand former Party members, were released and allowed to return home. These and other measures, however, were not enough to avert violence in the aftermath of the Land Reform Campaign. In many villages, the newly released prisoners clashed with the people who had been responsible for their imprisonment, and there were widespread instances of murder and assault. A number of peasant revolts against the Communist authorities broke out. Ironically, the biggest revolt took place in Ho Chi Minh’s native province, Nghe An, not far from his birthplace. In early November, 1956, a well-armed division of North Vietnamese troops fought twenty thousand peasants of Nghe An, who were armed with sharpened staves and other crude weapons. Six thousand peasants were killed or were deported to remote areas, and soldiers were billeted in dissident villages. In an effort to transfer the peasants’ hatred from the Party to its individual cadres, the Party as a whole made scapegoats of certain Land Reform Campaign officials.

When the peasant revolts had been suppressed and some sense of calm had been more or less restored to the countryside, the Party began the final stage of the Land Reform Campaign—the progressive abolition of private ownership. The landless peasants who had received the land and possessions of the people designated as landlords were now taxed severely as a demonstration that private ownership was no longer feasible in the new society. By 1958, much of the land in North Vietnam had been quietly collectivized, and agricultural coöperatives had been established. At first, the coöperatives were small. As their membership grew, thanks to the prohibitive taxation of privately owned plots, to intensive political indoctrination, and to other pressures, they merged. In Vinh’s village—each village contains three or more hamlets—there are now two coöperatives; in some villages there is only one. About ninety per cent of North Vietnam’s rural population belongs to coöperatives.

Estimates of the number of persons who died during the Land Reform Campaign—including those who were shot, those who died in prisons and labor camps as a result of bad conditions, those who committed suicide, and members of landlords’ families (mostly small children) who died of starvation as a result of ostracism by the villagers—range from fifty thousand to five hundred thousand. Vinh was too young to play an active role in the Land Reform Campaign, but he witnessed the landlord-denunciation sessions in his village and the shooting of two landlords. “Both landlords deserved to be shot, from what I heard,” he says. “One was not only a landlord but also



a bad official, and the other was charged with being a spy for the French." Vinh does not know that many people were condemned as French spies simply because someone testified they had once been seen waving at a French airplane. Vinh and his relatives were classified as poor peasants, and so were in no danger during the campaign. He is unaware that many thousands of people in his country were killed in the campaign, because he doesn't know what went on outside his district. Travel in North Vietnam has long been restricted—anyone who wants to spend the night in another village or go to another province must have a pass—and the newspapers print only what the regime decides will enlighten the public. For the same reasons, Vinh does not know of the uprising in Nghe An; he has heard only vague reports of small rebellions in a few scattered areas. He thinks of the Land Reform Campaign and its repercussions as ancient history. "After the Rectification of Errors Campaign, no one had any grievances," he says. "The policy was right. The Party's policy is never wrong. Only the people in charge of carrying it out were bad. The Rectification of Errors Campaign made everything fine." Vinh himself is opposed to the use of terrorism. "We've learned from our mistakes," he says. "As soon as we liberate the South, we'll carry out land reform, but no landlords will be killed. We'll try to reëducate them." Vinh says he has never been given any information about the Vietcong. In reply to allegations that they practice terrorism in the South, and in the past nine years have assassinated thousands of government officials, schoolteachers, medical personnel, social workers, and peasants who have opposed them, he says merely, "I'm not in a position to know such things."

VINH belonged to one of his village coöperatives before he was drafted, and all his relatives at home belong to one. At the end of every working day in the rice fields, the members of the coöperative are graded by the cadres according to how well they have worked. There are two rice harvests a year, and after each one the members are paid, in rice, on the basis of the marks they have received. Good workers may receive more rice than they need to feed their families, and they are permitted to sell the surplus. The few people who have not joined a coöperative, preferring to till their own land, usually earn more than any of the members do, but have to pay higher prices for some items in the government stores. "People in the coöperatives and people outside them come out the same materially, but members of the coöperatives have certain advantages," Vinh says. "The people outside them have to fend for themselves all the time. The people in them are taken care of—even during the bad months just before the harvest is in, when they've run out of rice. They can borrow from the coöperative. They also have a sense of comradeship and of collective achievement. There are still a few people who haven't reconciled themselves to the idea of coöperatives, but there are fewer all the time, because the government has made it clear that free enterprise always leads to economic discrepancy and social injustice."

Rice and meat are rationed in North Vietnam, and many people must supplement their diets with sweet potatoes, corn, and cassava, the last being readily available but not very popular. Flower-printed cloth can be purchased in unlimited quantities, but Vietnamese peasants have little use for flowered cloth. The solid-color cloth that is used for everyday clothes is rationed to four or five metres a year per person. Coöperative members aren't allowed to own buffaloes and oxen; these essential means of production have been collectivized. They may use their free time, however, to raise and sell pigs and chickens, and thus earn additional cash income. With this money they can buy such unrationed items as domestic cigarettes, soft drinks, beer, Russian-made wristwatches, and Chinese-manufactured pens. "The standard of living in the North isn't ideal, but it's improving," Vinh says.

Most people in the countryside live in sparsely furnished thatched huts. Even simple furniture is rather expensive. As for calendars, which can be found on the walls of even the poorest peasant huts in South Vietnam, they are considered a real luxury in the North. Instead, pictures of Ho Chi Minh are hung in the majority of the Northern homes. "Calendars are more expensive than pictures of President Ho," Vinh says. "Anyway, it's better to have a picture of Ho Chi Minh than a calendar, because President Ho's picture has more meaning, and he's much more decorative than a calendar."

Vinh's major occupation before he became a soldier was working in the rice fields. When he was not in the fields, the cadres kept him and the other villagers busy with so-called col-

lective activities. Among these, at certain times of the year, was repair work on roads and dikes—compulsory, unpaid drudgery that was called *corvée* labor under the French colonial system but is now known by the pleasanter-sounding term of civilian labor. Vinh never went to school as a child. Before going into the Army, he learned to read and write by attending free adult literacy courses, and he also received fifteen months of medical training, qualifying him to work part time—and without pay—as a male nurse who was permitted to treat common ailments. He was a member of the youth organization, the coöperative organization, and the village militia. One important activity of each of these organizations was holding sessions of criticism and self-criticism. This fringe benefit of life in a Socialist society allowed Vinh and his fellow-villagers, while publicly denouncing their own faults, to castigate everyone else's, too. "In a criticism session, I am permitted to criticize anyone, no matter what his rank," Vinh says. "I'm free to criticize the board of directors of the coöperative, the village administrators, the police, and the political instructors, even though most of them are Party members." Vinh was once accused of giving a patient an overdose of medicine, and once criticized himself for occasionally using his work as a male nurse as a pretext to shirk less pleasant obligations. "In the French days, we had no political equality," Vinh says. "Officials tyrannized over the people, who were helpless, for they had no recourse to anyone. Now officials must act as the people's servants, not as their bosses. It's possible for us to ask for the dismissal of any official we don't like. Outside the criticism sessions, of course, we have to obey all our superiors, and we are not supposed to go around complaining about things."

The Vietminh gained control of Vinh's area in the fall of 1945, when he was seven years old, and they held it throughout the First Indo-China War. The French bombed the area heavily, but Vinh cannot remember ever seeing any French troops or administrators. He owes his ideas about political inequality under the French to another important activity of the organizations to which he belonged—"political-education" sessions. Each of the organizations held such sessions, and the evils of capitalism and imperialism were a favorite subject of all of them. Vinh was told that capitalists always tried to seize weak countries, in order to open new markets and to exploit natural resources for their own benefit. They never industrialized the invaded countries or raised their living standards; they wanted the people in those unfortunate places to remain enslaved forever. In the nineteen-forties and early nineteen-fifties, the political sessions dwelt exclusively on the Vietnamese experience under the French. Vinh has never heard a good word about the French. He considers his area lucky because no Frenchmen set foot in it during the First Indo-China War; he has seen children of mixed blood in other villages, and he is glad there are none in his own village.

Political education in North Vietnam, though repetitious, is not stagnant. After the defeat of the French and their withdrawal from Indo-China, the Americans became the capitalist-imperialist villains in Vinh's political-education sessions. Parallels were drawn between the French, who first came as traders and missionaries but later found pretexts for moving troops in and taking over Vietnam, and the Americans, who sent "military advisers" to South Vietnam in 1955 as a prelude to sending combat troops. "When the French pulled out, they gave way to the United States, which created a puppet government in the South," Vinh says. "The Americans, posing as advisers, pulled the strings of the government. They intended to get control of the South and use it as a springboard to attack the North. Eventually, finding that they couldn't take over the South that way, because of the heroic National Liberation Front, they came out in the open and brought in their troops. I have no doubt that their only motive is to take over the country. I can't imagine that the French and the Americans have different aims, because the Americans used to aid the French in Vietnam. The Americans surely aren't pouring their men and resources in here for nothing. Russia and China, on the other hand, are helping the North simply because they are brotherly Socialist countries. They've sent us weapons and advisers but no troops. I think this shows that they don't want to take over our country. If we asked for troops, Russia, China, Cuba, Poland, and many other Socialist countries would be glad to send them, but we won't need them. If the Americans could control the South, they wouldn't be

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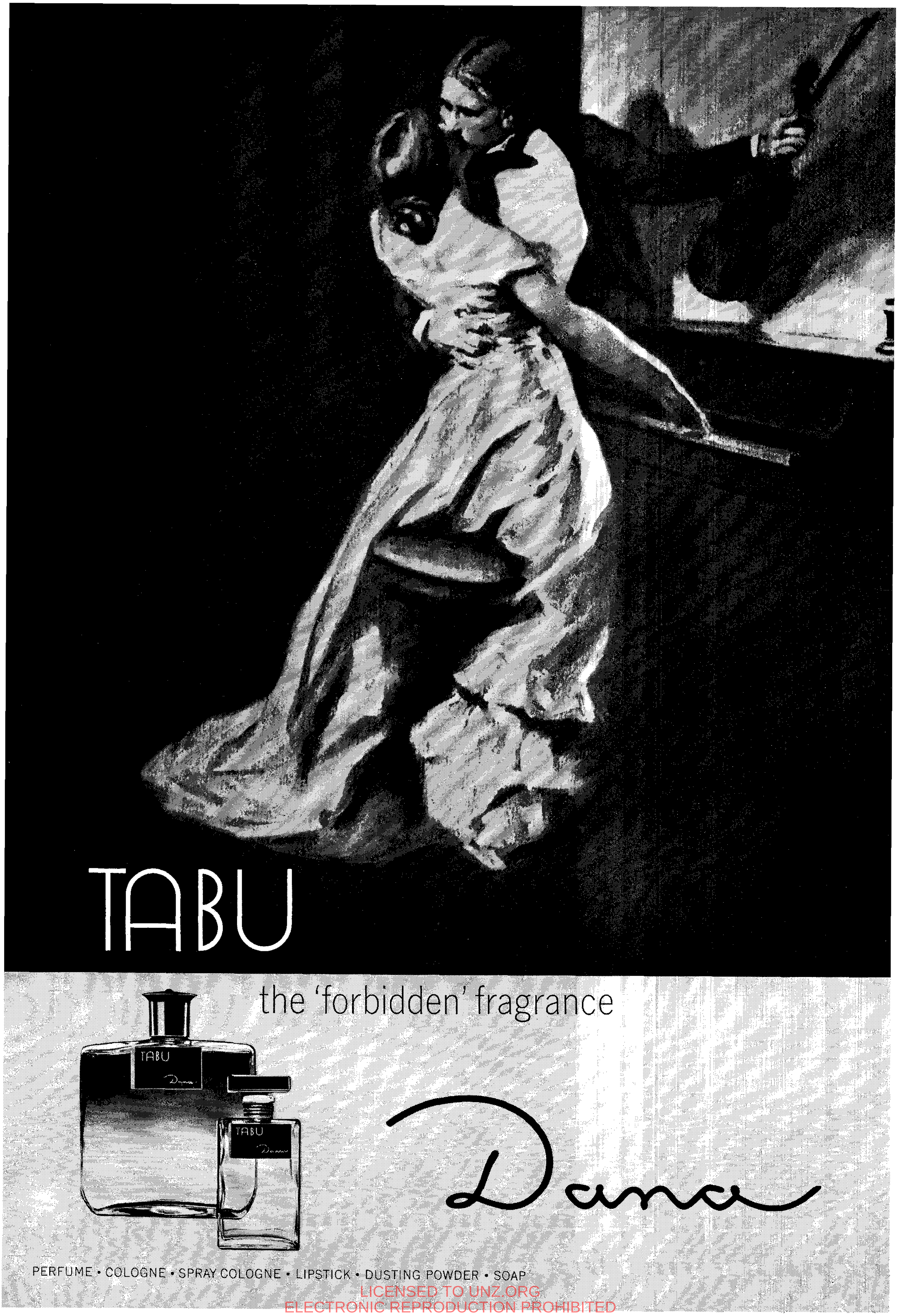
"Have they no shame?"

• •

satisfied. They would attack the North. We will succeed in liberating the South."

Although Vinh believes that the United States is a rich country, he has a low opinion of it. "From what I'm told," he says, "there are only a limited number of capitalists in the United States who are very rich, and the bulk of the population—the workers—lead a pretty miserable life compared to the capitalists. The workers, of course, aren't as badly off as workers elsewhere, because the living standard in the United States is higher than in most countries." Vinh's knowledge of the Soviet Union and China is also very limited. His political instructors told him that the Sino-Soviet ideological conflict began because Khrushchev started to deviate from the true Socialist ideology and the Chinese were obliged to point that out to him. "Socialist doctrine should be a little flexible, to conform with local conditions, so Khrushchev may have been right, considering the special circumstances in his country," Vinh says. "We think it's better to stick to the principles of Socialism quite closely, however. For that reason, the North adheres to the Chinese more than to the Russians." Vinh does not know whether the Soviet Union or China gives North Vietnam more aid, but he quotes a saying in the North that goes, "Anything China has we have, too." Vinh has heard that Khrushchev was ousted from power and is now a private citizen. He is familiar with the name of one of his successors—Kosygin, who visited North Vietnam. He has heard nothing about Brezhnev, who has stayed at home. He knows of Titov and Gagarin, the Russian cosmonauts; he has never been told that the Americans, too, have put men in space. Vinh knows the names of most of North Vietnam's leaders; of two Americans, President Kennedy and President Johnson ("Johnson is the more ambitious and warlike"); of a number of Chinese leaders; and of General de Gaulle and several French generals who were involved in the First Indo-China War, including Brigadier General Christian Marie de la Croix de Castries, who commanded at Dienbienphu. "I don't know whether the French morally support us in this war or not, but I don't think they support the United States," Vinh says. "They had a bad experience here, so they must want to stay away from this mess." Vinh also knows the name of every South Vietnamese leader who has come to power since the assassination of President Ngo Dinh Diem, on November 2, 1963. (Many South Vietnamese soldiers, having received far less political education in general, do not know the name of the current leader of their country, or of any of the previous ones, or even of their battalion commander.)

There is no electricity in the huts or houses in Vinh's hamlet. The only power line there operates two loudspeakers, over which Vinh and his neighbors received some of their political education. Radio Hanoi, the sole radio station in North Vietnam, is piped over the loudspeakers for two to three hours at a time, usually four times a day, at just those times when the peasants aren't working in the fields: early in the morning, before work; at lunch-and-siesta time; and twice in the evening, before and after organizations hold their meetings. Radio Hanoi presents news programs, special programs for workers, peasants, and young people, and music, but the music never includes love songs, which are the most popular kind of music in the South. "All our songs encourage production and the fighting spirit or celebrate the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achievements of Socialist countries," Vinh says. Occasionally, the Radio Hanoi programs are interrupted by speeches or announcements from the hamlet authorities. The two loudspeakers are situated on the edge of the hamlet—one on a dike, the other in an open field. Although the nearest houses are some fifty yards away, everyone gets the full benefit of the broadcasts, for the loudspeakers are turned very high and can be heard beyond the borders of the hamlet. People who live near the loudspeakers are, in fact, something of a captive audience. "It's difficult for them to talk to each other in normal voices," Vinh says. "They get used to having to shout. The loudspeakers disturb people a little, but they're for the good of the majority. They're not a big issue. They don't make people very angry." There are five or six portable radios in Vinh's hamlet, which has a population of four hundred people. Only someone who has distinguished himself on community projects and who is judged politically reliable is allowed to buy a radio, and batteries are scarce and expensive. One of Vinh's friends had a radio, and he and Vinh and a few other people got together secretly and picked up forbidden stations late at night. They listened to Liberation Radio, the clandestine voice of the Vietcong, and to Radio Saigon, the Voice of America, and the B.B.C.; they preferred the B.B.C. "It's all right in the countryside to listen to the programs you want to hear," Vinh says. "You can trust a few people." Once or twice a month, movies were shown in Vinh's hamlet. The technicians brought portable generators to run the projectors, and showed films that portrayed life in co-operatives, progress in other Communist countries, and scenes of the battle of Dienbienphu.

Vinh is a Buddhist by birth, but he has never gone to a pagoda to worship, and he took no part in religious activities at home. Though the population of his hamlet is entirely Buddhist, only the elderly residents go to the pagoda. Vinh has never been told not to believe in Buddha or not to go to a pagoda. "Nobody makes an issue of religion," he says. "Religion isn't formally forbidden. It's just not fashionable to be devout." Vinh knows that a majority of the Catholics in the North fled to the South during the three-hundred-day period of grace after the Geneva agreements. He doesn't know precisely why they left; someone once

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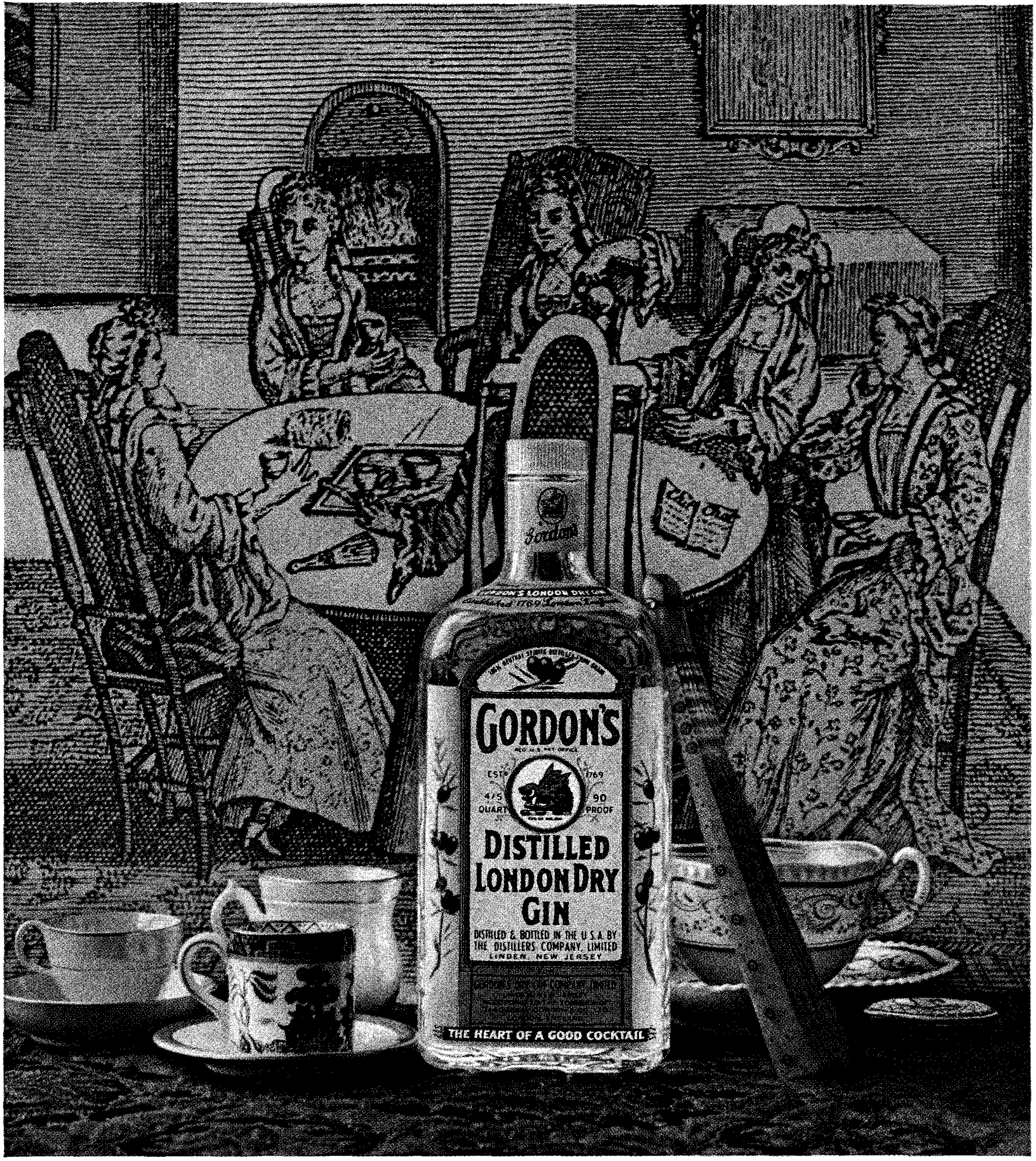
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told him that the Catholics believed their God had moved to the South. He senses that the Catholics who remained in the North still want to go to the South, but he doesn't know of any policy of discrimination against them. Vinh doesn't think that religion is disappearing in the North. "Buddhism is a pretty loose religion, so it doesn't matter much whether or not the young people go to the pagodas," he says. "Religion is really for elderly people. We'll go to the pagodas when we're older." Young people in the North are still studying to become priests and monks, and, as far as Vinh can judge, the regime doesn't plan to wipe out religion. He thinks that there will always be religions in the North, and that it would be a bad idea to have none. Vinh has never heard about anti-religious campaigns in other Communist countries, and he is not familiar with Karl Marx's famous dictum "Religion is the opium of the people." "Only getting drunk, gambling, and divorce are considered bad," he says.

Teen-age marriages are socially unacceptable in North Vietnam; except with special permission, young men are not allowed to marry before they are twenty. Boys and girls are not permitted to be alone together in the dark under any circumstances. In rural areas of South Vietnam, boys and girls who have scarcely met are often married as a result of arrangements by their parents. In the North, families no longer arrange marriages; young people choose their own marriage partners, and if they need any advice they receive it from one of the collective organizations. Vinh and the girl he married had known each other as children; they used to play with each other and fight with each other. A romance eventually flourished while they were working together in the youth organization. They were married in January, 1962, just three months before Vinh was drafted. Vinh didn't know at the time that he was about to go into the Army, but he would have got married even if he had known. "Marriage is something quite different from military service," he says. He and his bride lived with his brother in the brother's house until Vinh was drafted. Then his wife returned to her own home, and at present she is living with her widowed mother in the hamlet. She belongs to the coöperative organization, the youth organization, the women's organization, and the village militia, which now has more women than men in it, since so many of the men have been drafted. Vinh and his wife have no

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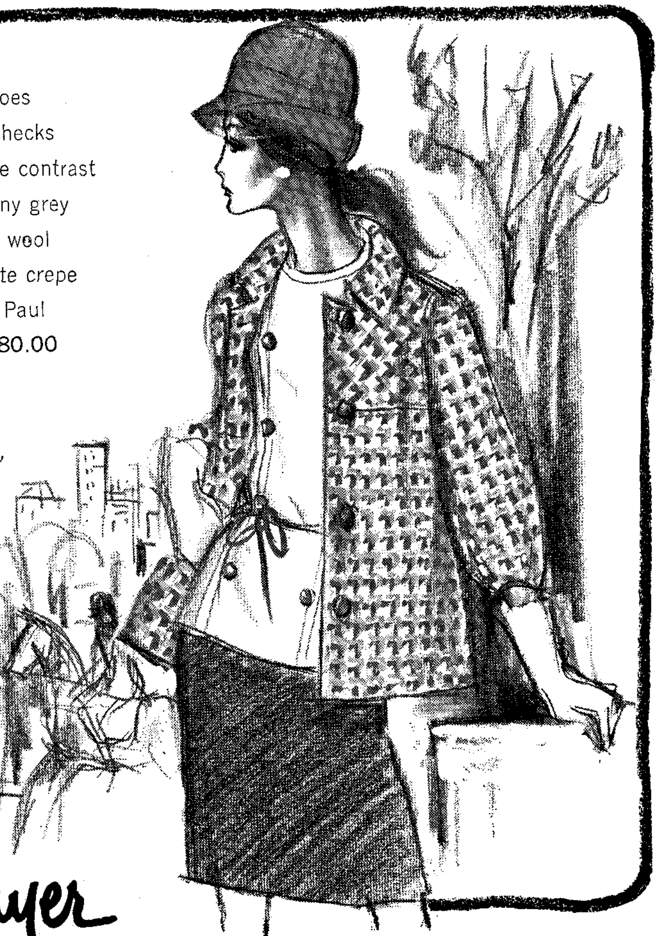

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children. They hope someday to have three or four—no more than that. "The government has never told us to produce many children or few children," Vinh says. "It has simply advised us to space our children reasonably, so that each of them can be well taken care of. The government does not give us any medical advice. We are just told to exercise caution. If a couple produced seven children in seven years, they wouldn't be formally criticized. The wife would probably get some advice from the women's organization, and her husband might get some advice from one of the organizations he belonged to."

Vinh is proud of his country's achievements. For the last twelve years, the country has been run by Vietnamese, not by foreigners, and many factories have been built in his province in those years. When Vinh was a child, there were only a few primary schools, and they were expensive; there is now a free primary school in virtually every village. Critics of Communist regimes are not as impressed as Vinh is by the increased literacy in the North. They believe that the regime has educated the population merely as a way of indoctrinating it more thoroughly. A typical mathematics problem that students in a North Vietnamese school are asked to solve goes, "In a battle in which the gallant National Liberation Front forces defeated the army of the American imperialists and their Vietnamese puppet troops, 840 enemy soldiers were killed. If $\frac{1}{4}$ of the dead were puppet troops and the rest of the dead were American imperialists, how many American imperialists were killed in the battle?" It will hardly occur to children brought up on lessons like this that they have political connotations, that the terms "American imperialists" and "puppet troops" are not objective, or that mathematics can be taught in terms of coconuts and bananas. The only thing that might surprise primary-school pupils in North Vietnam would be a mathematics problem that dealt with a defeat suffered by the Vietcong or the People's Army. They are never told of any such defeats.

Vinh thinks that most people in the North are happy with the regime, even though the citizens of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam are not free to do what they want. (Permission is required even for killing a pig.) "Collective work and a regimented life are matters of convenience," Vinh says. "People resent them at first, but after a time they realize the good they do for them. The government never forces

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the people to do anything without first convincing them of its usefulness. That's why we have political education. There are many people who have a few personal complaints to make about things in the North, but only landlords and other formerly privileged people would prefer the kind of life they lived before 1954. President Ho has given us a new way of life, which is not perfect but is quite acceptable. We have been told—and I believe what I have been told—that people should not be given complete freedom to do as they please. Freedom results in social injustices and economic inequality. If we had more freedom, there would once again be rich, idle landlords and poor peasants who had nothing but their shabby huts. We have absolute political equality in the North now, and economically everyone is in about the same position as everyone else. We will soon achieve absolute economic equality, and I think that will be a very good thing."

IN early March of 1962, there were thirty militiamen of draft age in Vinh's village, and they were all ordered to report to a nearby district town for a medical examination. On April 1st, Vinh learned that he and four other young men had been chosen to enter the Army immediately and were to serve two-year terms. The five draftees left their homes on April 10th and walked to the district town. There some officers of the 330th Independent Brigade, to which they had been assigned, met them and walked with them a few miles to one of the brigade's bases. The base was in a secluded area, and three battalions of men were stationed there, housed in large barracks. Arriving at the base late in the day, Vinh was given a good dinner and went to bed. The next morning, he was assigned to his battalion, company, platoon, and squad, and was issued two uniforms, two sets of underwear, two pairs of canvas boots, three pairs of socks, a helmet, a blanket, a mosquito net, a knapsack, a rice bowl, and a pair of chopsticks. Three days later, when the usual military paperwork was completed, Vinh's training began.

Six mornings a week, Vinh and the other recruits rose at five o'clock, did gymnastics, cleaned their quarters, washed, dressed, and ate breakfast. From six-thirty to eleven, they had military or political training, and this was followed by lunch and a siesta, further military or political training from two to five-thirty, dinner at six, and "cultural activities" (reading, sing-

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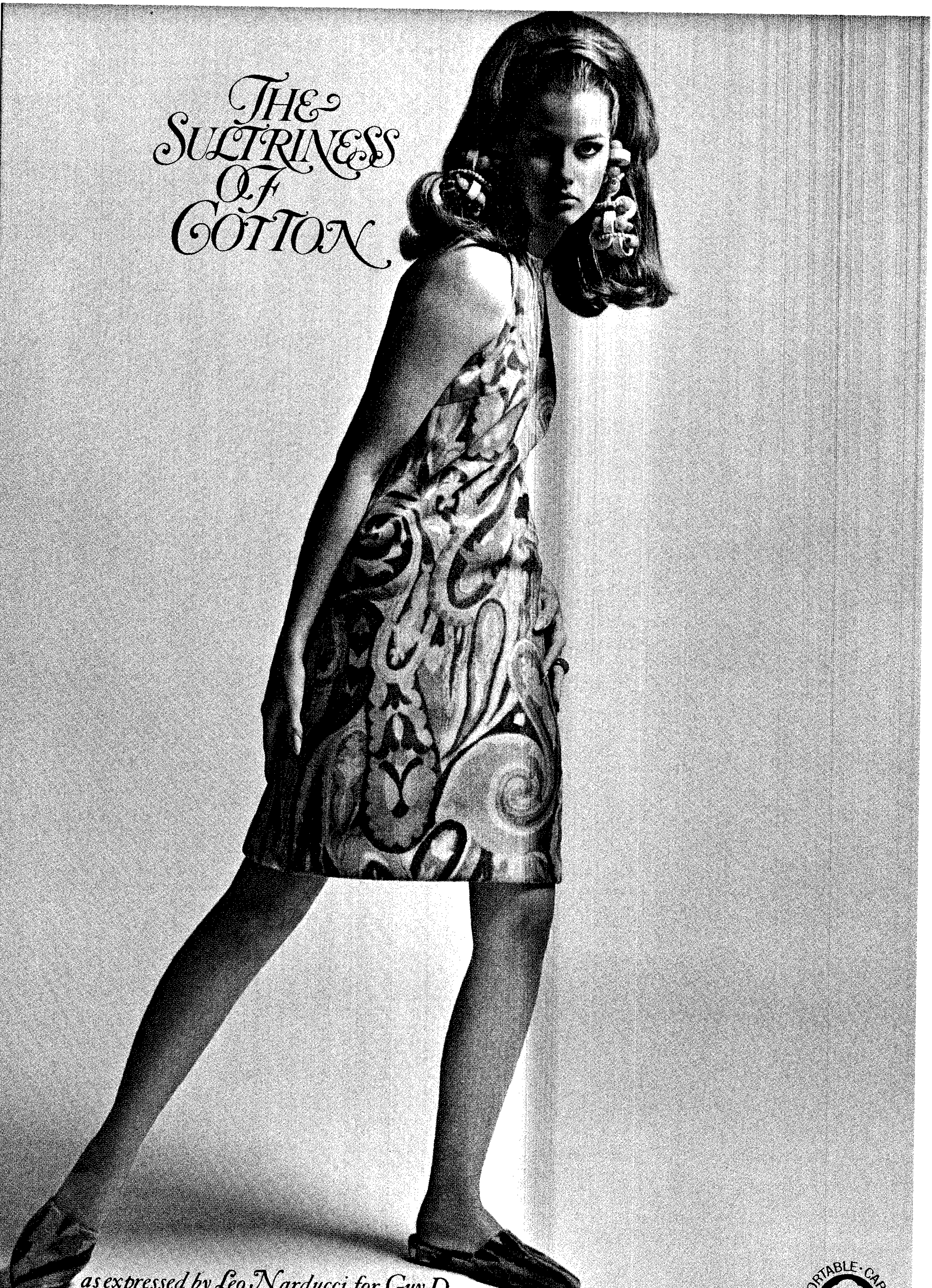

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ing, or meetings) from seven to nine. Bedtime was at nine-thirty, and the half hour before it was free. Sundays were entirely free, and a third of the soldiers were allowed to go home for the day. Vinh went home only once during his first four months in the Army. "It was impractical to go home," he says. "Most of the day was lost on the road. Anyway, it's not good to go home, because it only makes you miss your family more and keeps you from doing your job well." Vinh received military training four days a week, political training twice a week. During his military training, he learned how to march, run, crawl, throw grenades, and handle Soviet and Chinese rifles. During his political training, he learned the responsibilities and duties of a soldier in the P.A.V.N., or People's Army, and learned how Socialism functions, and more about the evils of capitalism and imperialism. Vinh did not prefer one form of training to the other, and was glad they alternated, because that way neither became monotonous.

Vinh followed this schedule at the base from April, 1962, until the beginning of August. Then he and eighty other recruits, who had shown leadership ability, were selected to attend a training course for noncommissioned officers. Being chosen was an honor that Vinh was reluctant to accept. "N.C.O.s have to stay in the Army a year longer than ordinary soldiers," he says. "I had hoped to go home after two years of military service. I didn't want to stay in for three years. I complained, but I was told I was needed." Vinh and the other N.C.O. candidates were sent a few miles by truck to a base in another district in Thanh Hoa. They learned to fire Soviet and Chinese submachine guns, to lead squads on scouting operations and in attacks, and to lay ambushes. In March, 1963, Vinh was promoted to corporal, and a month later he returned to his former station. Here he continued to receive political instruction from Army political commissars, but now he gave recruits the same military training he had been given when he went into the Army. Vinh hadn't gone home at all during the N.C.O. course. He was able to go home twice between April, 1963, and January, 1964, but then the three battalions of the 330th Brigade were transferred about sixty-five miles north to a seaside camp, in another province, where they were taught how to defend the coast. Except for the last three months of 1964, when Vinh's unit was sent to repair irrigation dikes in another province, he was at the seaside

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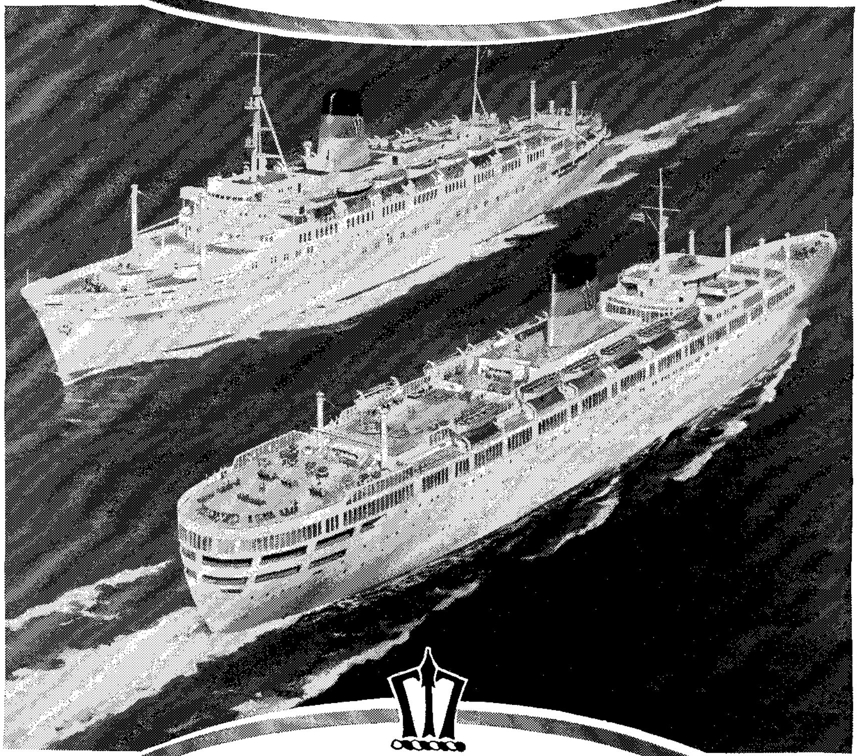

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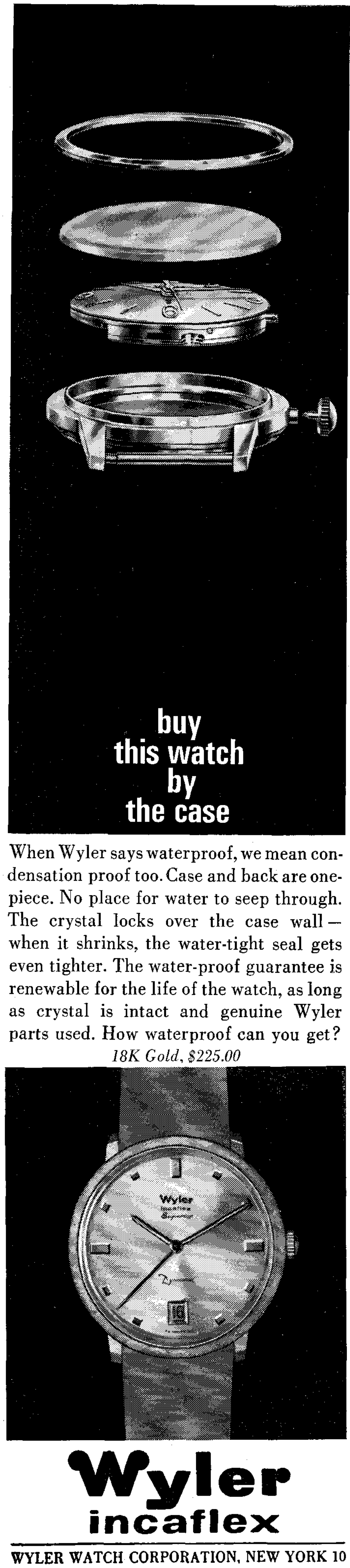

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camp until March, 1965. During this period, he decided to try to join the Communist Party—a complicated process, which involved being observed and investigated by the Party. "Party members watch you for a period of at least a year to see if you fulfill your responsibilities competently and with a light heart," Vinh says. "If you complain about anything, even in your free time, that's held against you. One day, the squad I commanded was ordered to repair a certain section of broken dike. Another squad had to do the same amount of work on a different section of the dike. My squad did well and the other squad did pretty badly. In a criticism session held that night, I didn't bring the issue up, out of consideration for the other squad leader, so I was criticized for being sentimental and not having enough competitive spirit." At the time Vinh was captured, no action had been taken on his application to join the Party. He thinks he wasn't accepted into the Party partly because he hadn't yet met its high admission standards and partly because an uncle of his had fought with the French and had then become a minor official, known to be very harsh with his subordinates; it is difficult for relatives of former reactionaries to get into the Party, Vinh says. He doesn't think he will make another attempt to join the Party, but he would be honored if he had a son who was admitted into the Party. "The Party makes policy, and if you belong to it you can really help your country," he says.

In August, 1964, Vinh was promoted to sergeant. Early in 1965, when he was looking forward to his discharge, his battalion was told that the National Liberation Front had appealed to North Vietnam for assistance. Most of the soldiers, including Vinh, volunteered to go to the South. "I volunteered because I really wanted to help liberate the South, and also as a matter of self-respect," Vinh says. "I wanted to keep up with my contemporaries. Many soldiers were under social pressure from their friends to volunteer, and they also feared that they or their families would get into trouble if they didn't file applications asking to be sent to the South."

Vinh's application to go to the South was accepted, and in April, 1965, he left the 330th Brigade with sixty-five other volunteers. They first proceeded northwest, on foot, by train, and by truck, to join a fledgling battalion of the 325th Division. The battalion's base was in the jungle, and the young men received a two-month training course in

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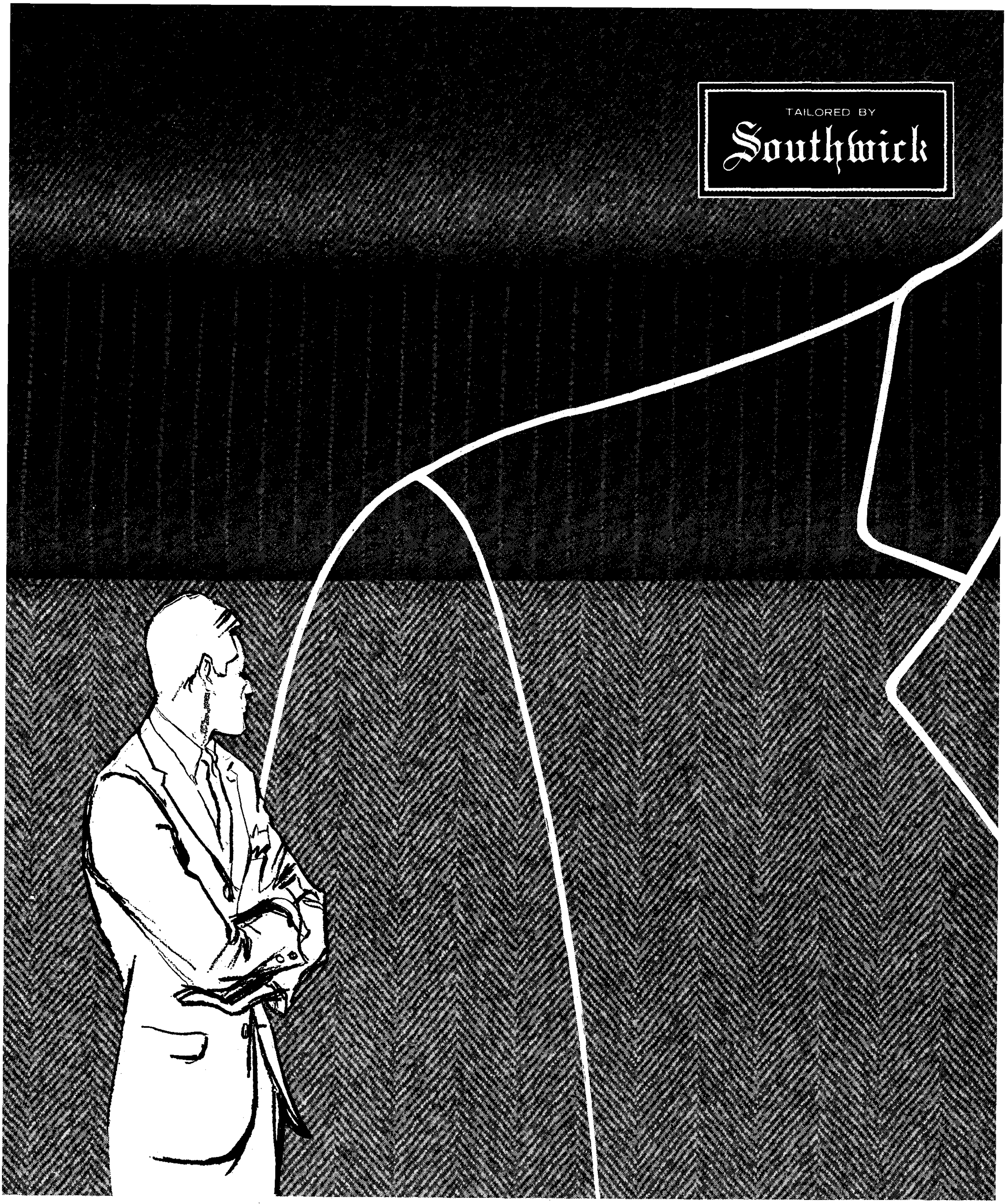

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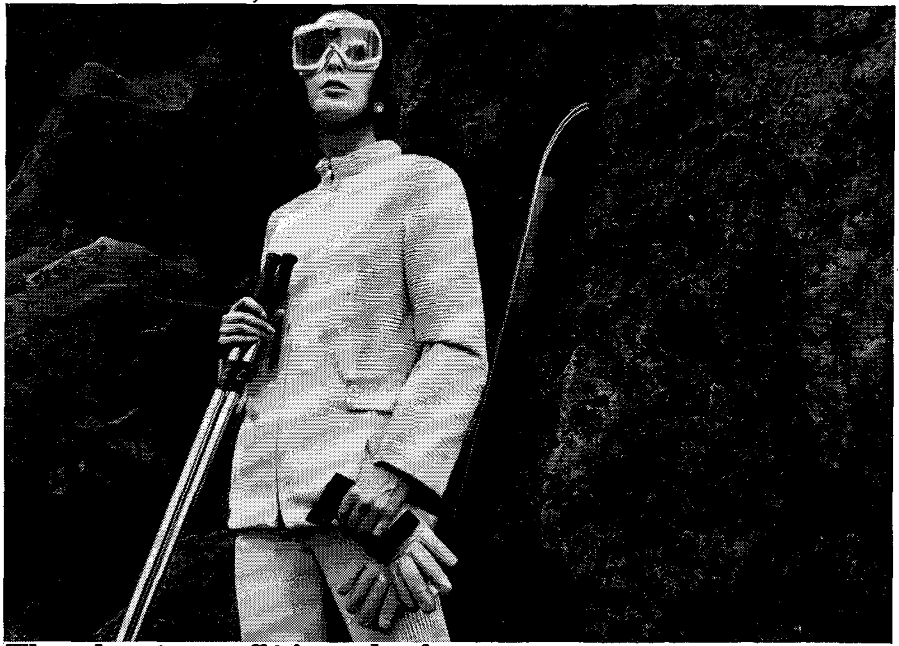

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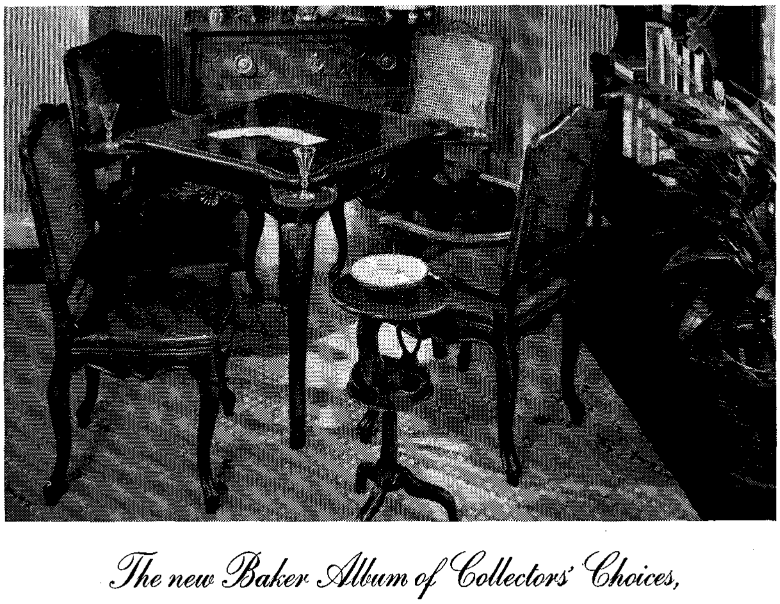

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jungle warfare. In May, Vinh was granted a ten-day leave to see his wife—the first time he had been home since late 1963. Vinh didn't tell his wife of his imminent trip to the South. "I was afraid she would ask me to stay with her," he says. "I told her I was going on a distant assignment."

During his trip northwest in April, and on his way home in May, Vinh saw the ruins of many roads and bridges that had been destroyed by American planes; the United States had begun bombing North Vietnam regularly on February 7th. "The officials in my village told the people to dig trenches," Vinh says. "They didn't have to teach the people how to dig them. They still remembered from the days of the French bombings. The people were angry about the bombings, because civilians were killed, and because the destruction of roads and bridges hampered traffic, interfering with their daily lives. I don't think they minded repairing the roads and bridges. The government asked them to do it for their own benefit. They were angry with those who did the bombing, not with the government. If the Americans eventually bomb Hanoi, it will make the people even angrier and more determined to fight." Vinh heard over Radio Hanoi of only two instances of civilians' being killed or wounded by bombs, but he gathered from people he talked with and from the sight of wrecked huts and houses near the demolished bridges that there had been many more. He thinks the radio did not report all the casualties, because such reports might have had a bad effect on morale. Before Vinh was captured, Radio Hanoi claimed that a thousand planes had been shot down over North Vietnam—five times as many as the United States was aware it had lost at that time. One plane, hit by anti-aircraft fire, crashed into a marketplace a few miles from Vinh's village, killing seventy people. Some of the downed planes were put on exhibition at various places, and people walked miles to see them. Once, in the course of his travels, Vinh saw a captured American pilot being paraded through a hamlet. "He wasn't handcuffed," Vinh says. "He didn't look either cheerful or unhappy. He appeared indifferent. I didn't have a chance to talk with him, so I never found out what he was doing there. I just happened to see him."

ON June 20th, Vinh's battalion, consisting of about four hundred men, set out for the South. Vinh's knapsack contained black pajamas, khaki

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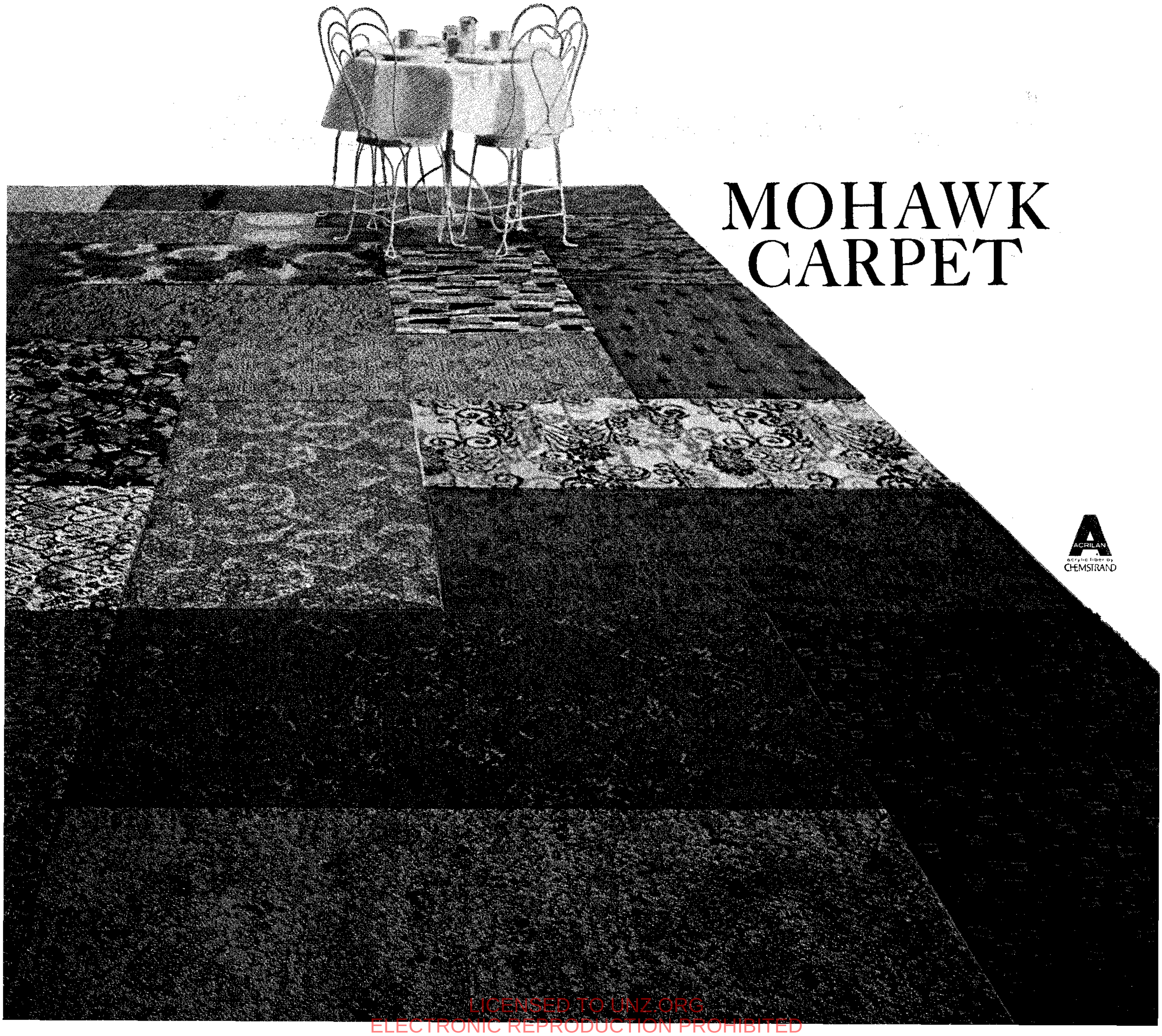

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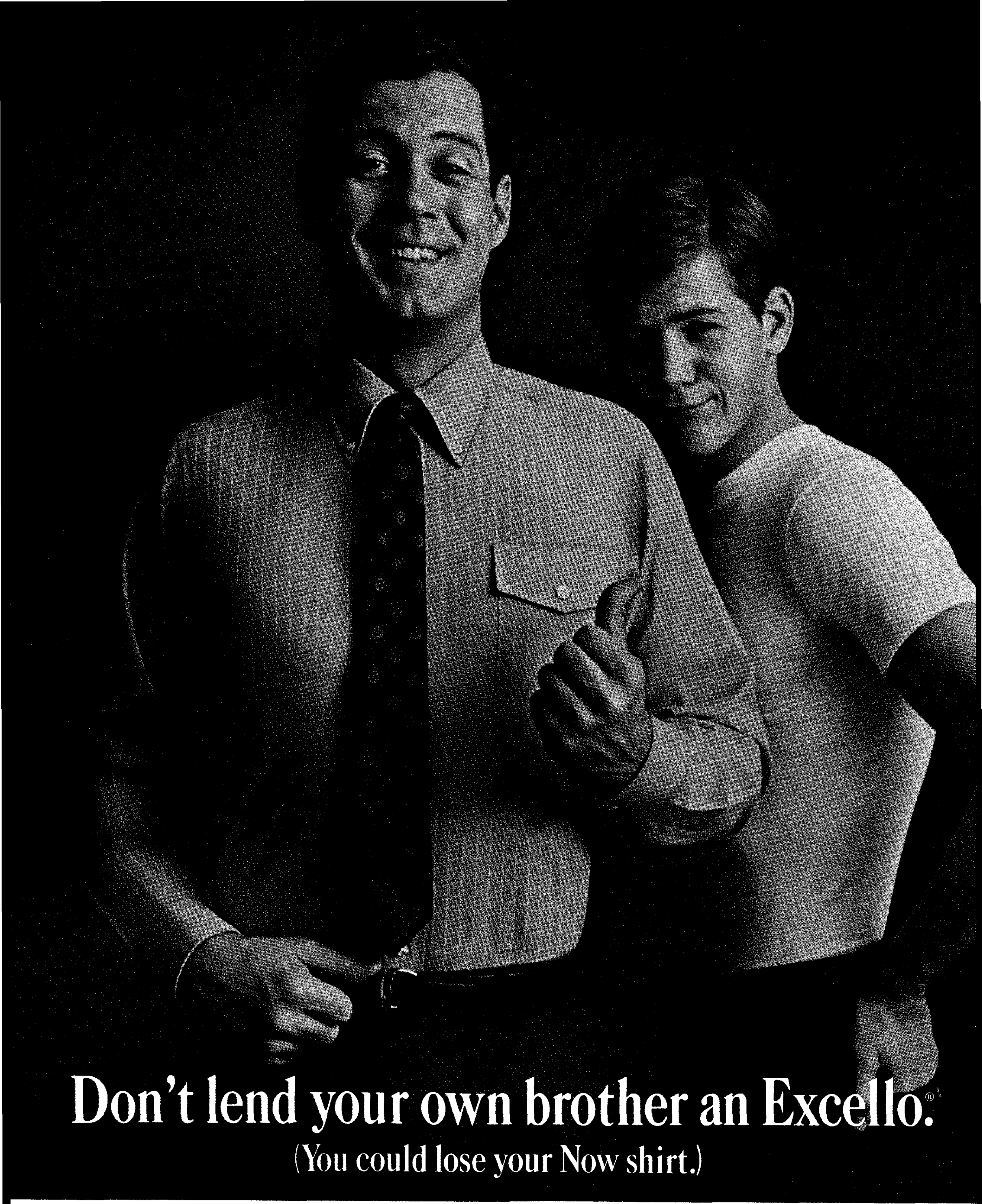
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uniforms, a hammock, a nylon sheet (to make a tent cover), some medicine, and some dried food. He also carried a canteen, a spade, a Chinese submachine gun, and a hundred rounds of ammunition. He wore sandals, because boots were unsuitable for the march south. While the battalion was still moving through the North, it marched at night, for security reasons, but mostly on main roads. On July 20, 1965, it crossed from Quang Binh, North Vietnam's southernmost province, into Laos.

The march south through Laos was arduous. Every day, Vinh's battalion walked from five in the morning until five in the afternoon, along trails, through dense jungle, and up and down mountains and steep hills; the jungle provided sufficient cover for daylight movement. Occasionally, the battalion crossed a road being built by North Vietnamese engineers through southern Laos to the South Vietnamese border. The soldiers rested for a few minutes every hour, and halted about one day a week. Many of them fell ill with malaria, and all of them sometimes went hungry. There were food stations set up from five to ten days' march apart, but if the men lost time crossing a stream or some other obstacle, they ran short of food. The battalion marched and slept spread out over a mile or two as a precautionary measure; the soldiers weren't bombed in Laos, but they saw the aftermath of a great deal of bombing—smashed huts, and patches of jungle burned or blasted bare by bombs and napalm. Every night, before climbing into their hammocks, slung between tree branches, they dug trenches for emergency shelter. The battalion had eleven political commissars along, but there was no political education during the march. "It's good to rest at night when you're tired," Vinh says.

At the end of August, the battalion crossed from Laos into the South Vietnamese province of Kontum, a mountainous, sparsely populated area in which the terrain was as difficult and travel as gruelling as they had been in Laos. Once during the march through Kontum, which took three and a half weeks, an advance unit of the battalion was bombed; two men were killed and one was wounded. The battalion reached its destination, Binh Dinh Province, in the last days of September. Most of Binh Dinh, a province that has mountains and jungles in the interior and a densely populated fertile delta along its coast, is controlled by the Vietcong; the government holds only the provincial capital, Qui Nhon, and its vicinity, some government outposts,

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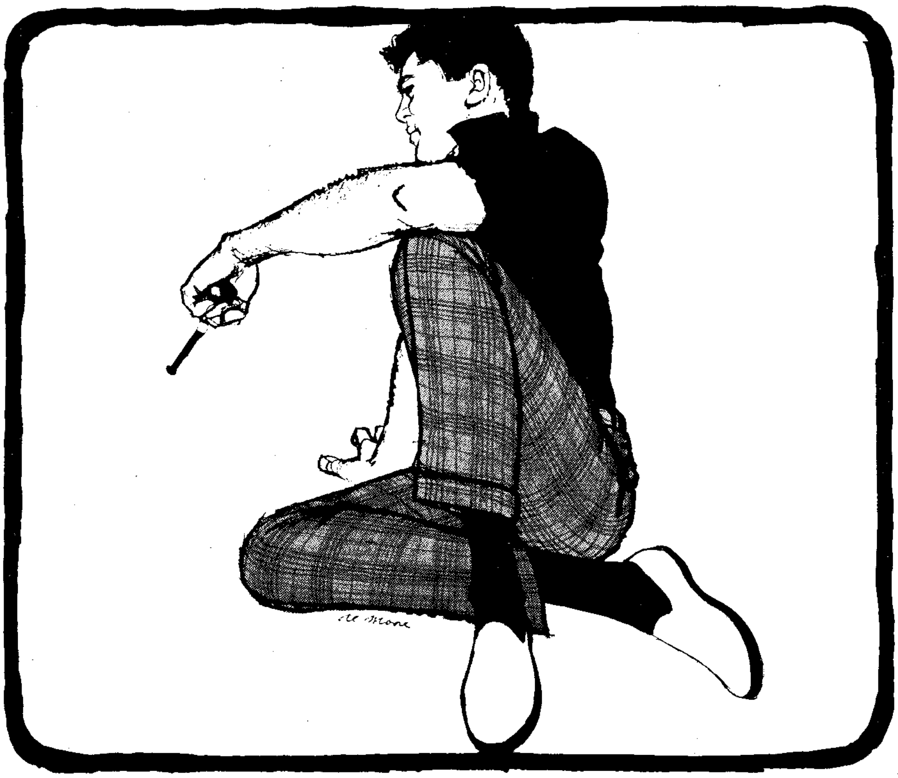

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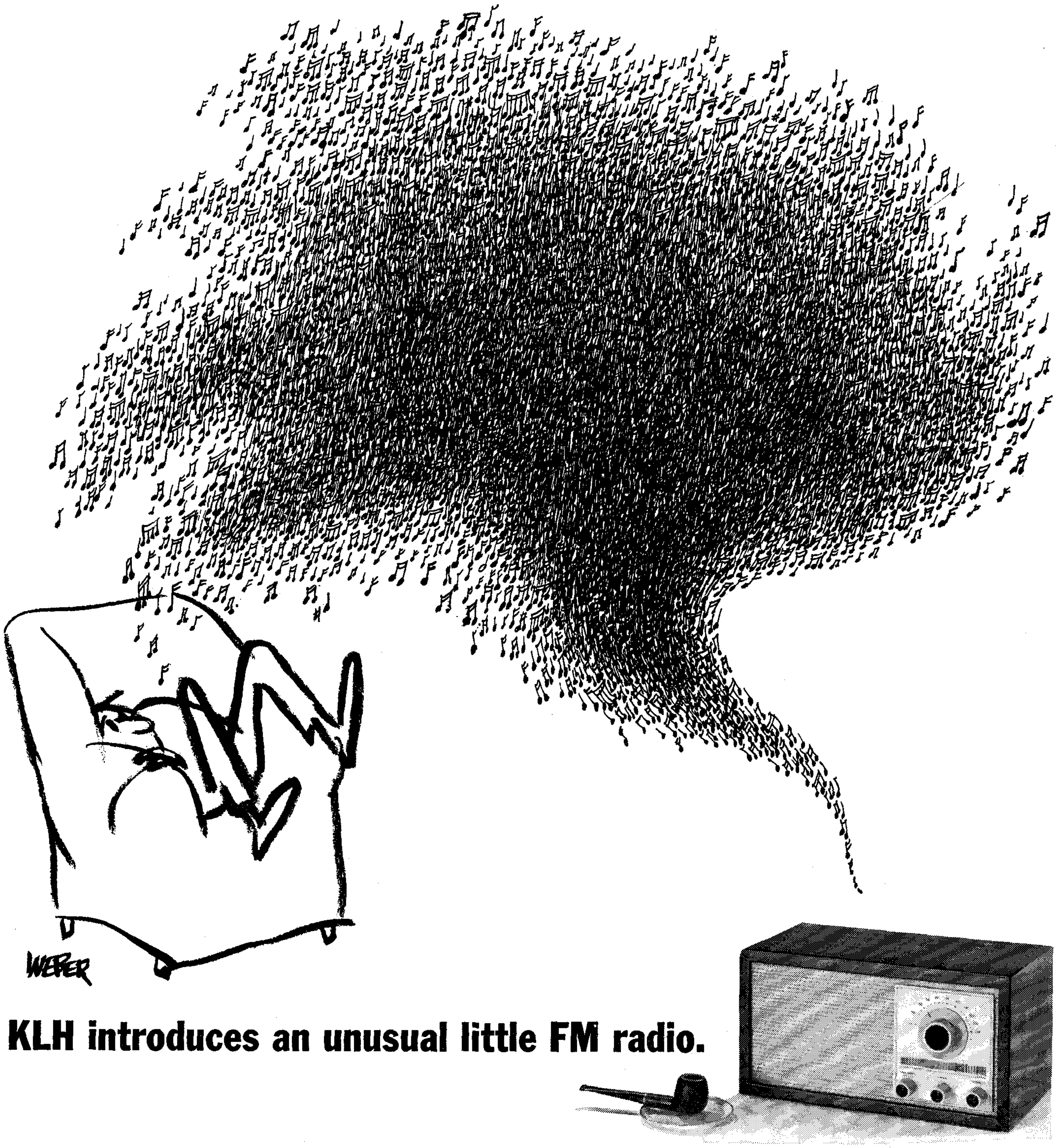
several district capitals, such as Bong Son, and a small number of villages. Vinh's battalion spent a month in Binh Dinh's patches of jungle, resting, receiving medical care, and getting accustomed to the terrain. Although the men moved a few miles every couple of days, to conceal their whereabouts, life in Binh Dinh was much easier than it had been on the way south. Rice was bought locally, and the soldiers occasionally spent some time in the Vietcong-held villages in their area.

At the end of October, the battalion moved to the province of Quang Ngai, which is immediately north of Binh Dinh and is similar to it geographically and militarily. The soldiers spent several weeks in the jungles of Quang Ngai, preparing for their first attack. The object of their attack was Thach Tru, one of three hamlets on the edge of the district capital of Mo Duc. According to their intelligence, Thach Tru was occupied by one company of South Vietnamese Ranger troops. One night in late November, three of the four companies in the battalion—Vinh's company was one of them—left their camps and set out separately for Thach Tru, where they planned to rendezvous and, taking it by surprise, overwhelm the hamlet with their superior forces. Several things went wrong. There were heavy rains that night, and the three companies lost touch with each other. Vinh's company reached Thach Tru slightly late; the two other companies were very late. Then, the South Vietnamese had somehow learned of the impending attack, and instead of finding just one Ranger company in Thach Tru the North Vietnamese found three; two companies of Rangers stationed in the two hamlets near Thach Tru had been brought in as reinforcements. The P.A.V.N. soldiers attacked at four o'clock in the morning—several hours later than had been planned. At seven, just as they had fought their way through part of the defensive perimeter, daylight came, and with it fighter-bombers; the P.A.V.N. troops had to withdraw into the jungle. Twenty-one members of the battalion had been killed and about eighteen wounded. Vinh estimates that his platoon killed thirty Rangers; he doesn't know how many Rangers the other P.A.V.N. troops killed. Vinh himself, who was in charge of a squad, hit three South Vietnamese soldiers with his Chinese submachine gun. Once the men were back in the jungle, a battle critique was held, to enable the P.A.V.N. soldiers to learn from their mistakes. The officers and political commissars told them that



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the attack plan hadn't been kept secret (no one knew how the news of the attack had leaked out, though), and that the planning hadn't been sound, because the troops had arrived late. "We have to foresee everything, including rain," Vinh says.

Between battles, life in the insect-ridden jungles of Binh Dinh and Quang Ngai was not very agreeable, but to Vinh the morale seemed good. "I didn't suspect anyone in my unit of wishing to defect," he says. "There was only one man who was afraid of fighting. He pretended to be sick all the time. That man was criticized—that coward." The pay that Vinh and the other P.A.V.N. soldiers had received in the North stopped when they volunteered to go south, and from April through November they were given no money. Then, starting in December, each of the soldiers received what amounted to a few cents a month—enough to buy some local tobacco, with which to roll their own cigarettes, or a few candies, or needles and thread for mending their clothes. They were warned against buying any American goods they found on sale, because these might be poisoned. When not engaged, the soldiers were in reserve, and they had little diversion from the tedious routine of camp life. Occasionally, a few Vietcong came and gave lectures on guerrilla fighting techniques. And occasionally, when there were no political commissars around, Vinh and his friends listened to the radio. "We weren't allowed to listen to the radio at all—not even Radio Hanoi or Liberation Radio," Vinh says. "The political commissars were afraid we would tune in to reactionary stations. They said you had to reach a certain stage of enlightenment so you could tell the difference between truth and falsehood. Apparently, we hadn't reached that stage yet. We sometimes listened to Radio Saigon anyway. It made a change, though the music they played didn't appeal to me. I've been educated to like instructive songs, so I didn't care for the love songs broadcast by Radio Saigon. We believed a few of Radio Saigon's news items, but not the reports that dealt with Thach Tru and other actions we'd taken part in, because they contradicted what we had seen with our own eyes. The radio tried to minimize the enemy's losses and exaggerate ours. Even Party members listened to the radio with us, and I wasn't afraid they'd betray us to the political commissars. We comrades-in-arms don't try to harm each other."

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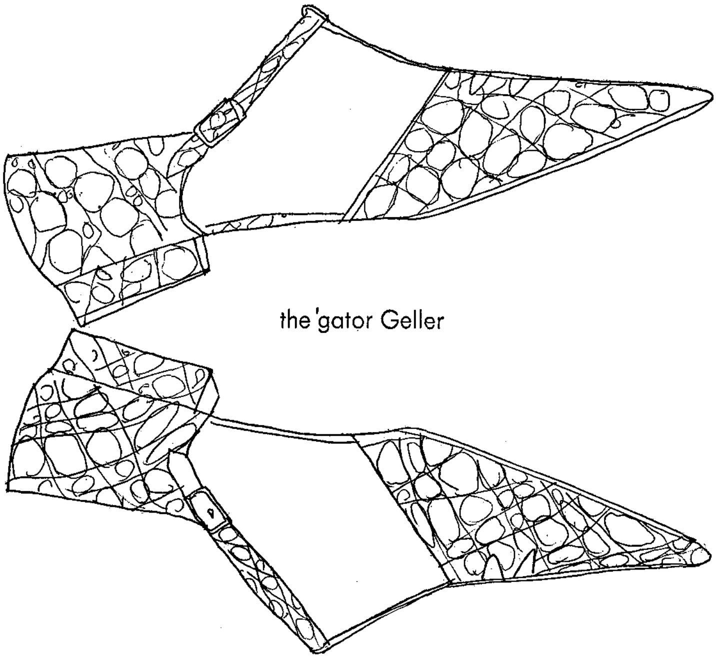

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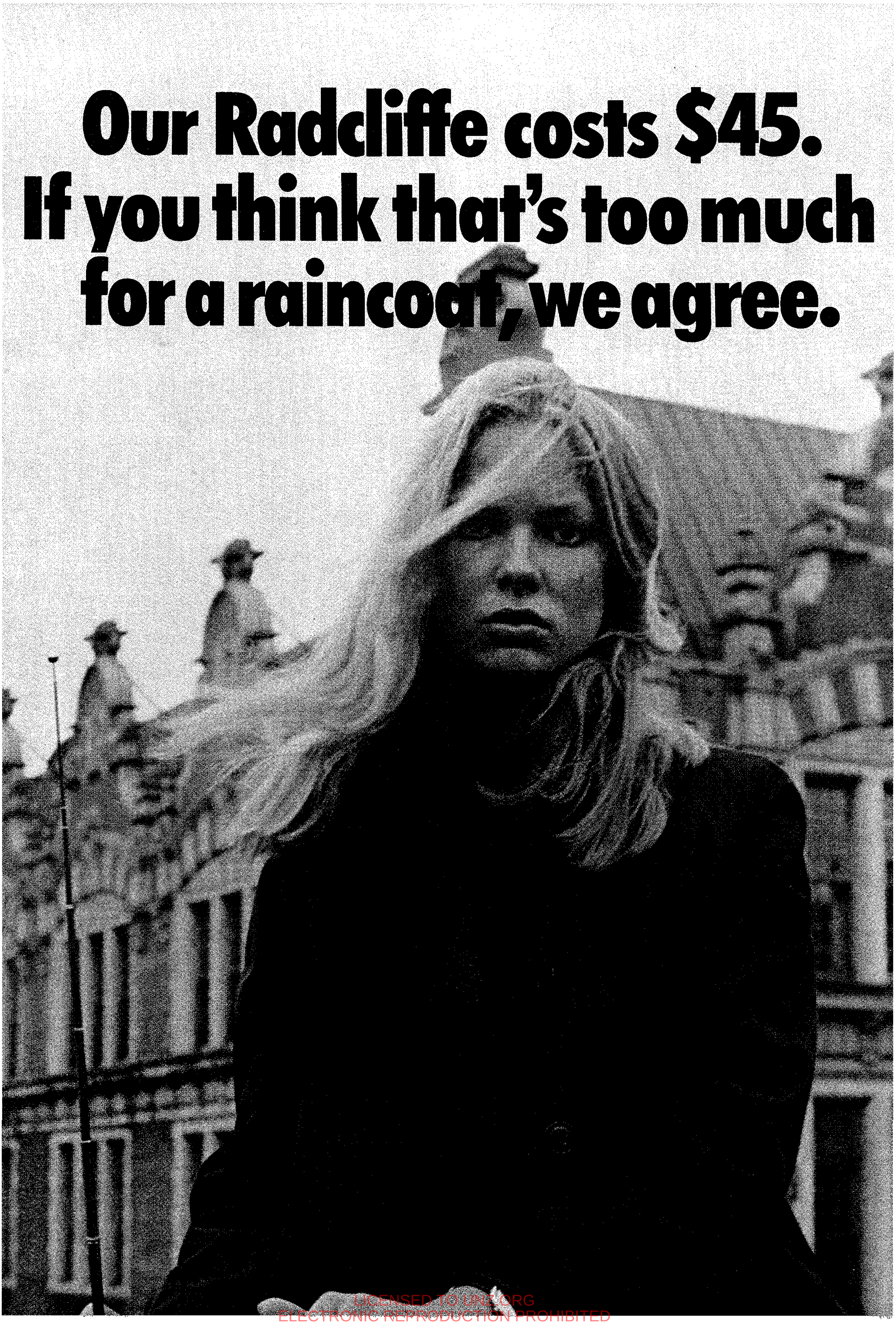

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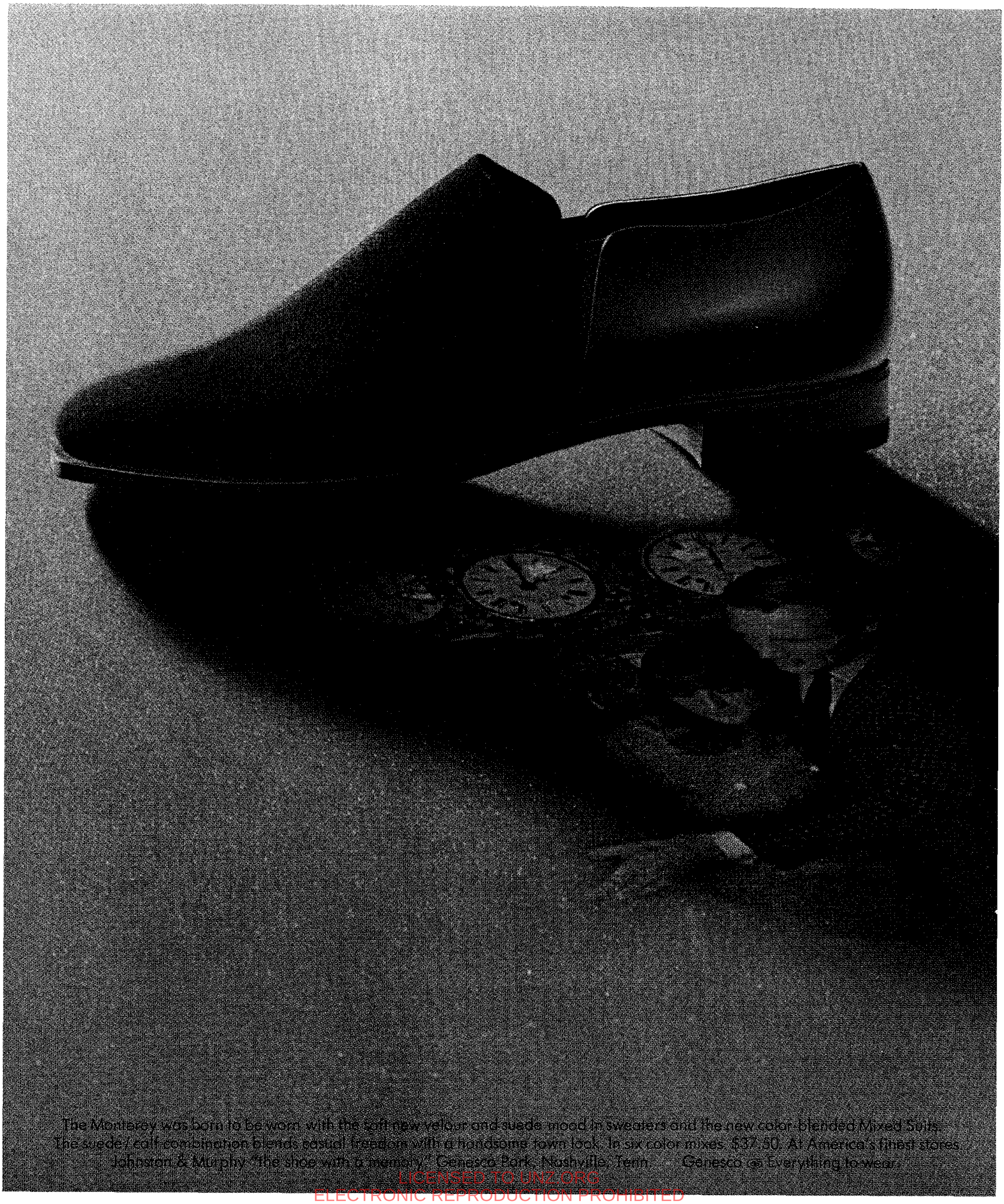

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battalion took part in its second action—again in Quang Ngai Province. Several P.A.V.N. battalions mounted a night attack on the district capital of Minh Long and on two nearby outposts and three hamlets in which government troops were stationed. The P.A.V.N. troops fought their way into Minh Long and the hamlets without very much trouble, and held them for several days. They didn't try to occupy the two outposts; they just surrounded them and harassed the garrisons, in the hope of luring rescue troops into an ambush. Vinh's company prepared the ambush, but no government relief force ever arrived. The only help that the garrisons received came from some planes, which bombed the area for several days. One night, the members of the two garrisons tried to escape by slipping through the P.A.V.N. lines; they were all captured. After a few more days, when there seemed to be no hope of luring reinforcements into an ambush, Vinh's battalion withdrew. Ten men in the battalion had been killed during the Minh Long operation; Vinh doesn't know the exact number of South Vietnamese casualties, but the soldiers in the six government-held positions were all either killed or wounded or taken prisoner. The P.A.V.N. soldiers turned the prisoners over to the local Vietcong guerrillas.

Vinh was not impressed by the South Vietnamese soldiers he fought against at Thach Tru and Minh Long. "Every soldier is afraid of death—even we Socialist troops are," he says. "But we are tougher than the enemy. If we have to defend a position, we'll fight to the last man; the troops in the two outposts just outside Minh Long tried to sneak away. At Thach Tru, we fought from an exposed position, yet we suffered fewer casualties than the enemy. We can always get the better of the enemy soldiers, except when they are supported by heavy artillery or effective air strikes. Our chief aim in coming down here is to fight the Americans. We understand that Vietnamese puppet troops provide cover for American troops, and that we have to do away with the cover first. I'm not happy about killing Vietnamese soldiers, even though they don't fight very bravely. But then that is the Americans' scheme." (Despite Vinh's statement, neither the Vietcong nor the North Vietnamese usually fight to the last man; they ordinarily retreat when they are attacked by a superior force. When it is possible, they will avoid fighting unless they believe the odds are heavily in their favor. And, having suffered heavy casualties in their

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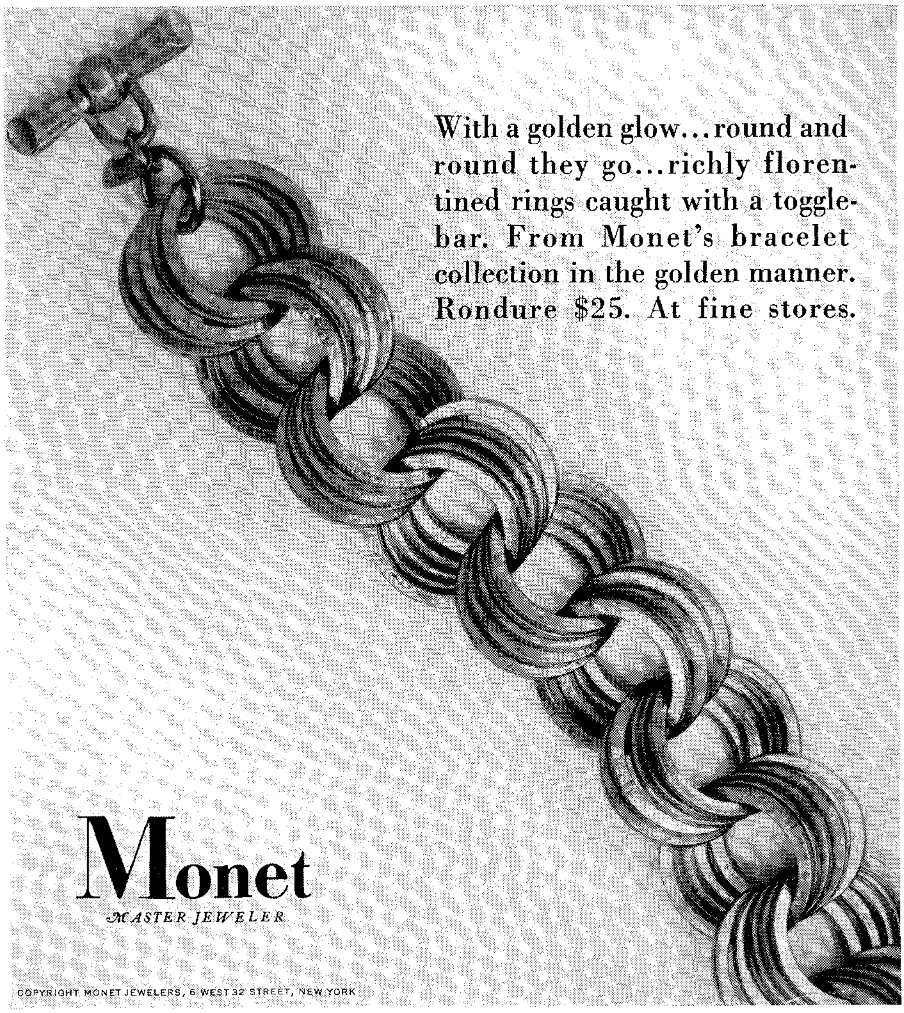

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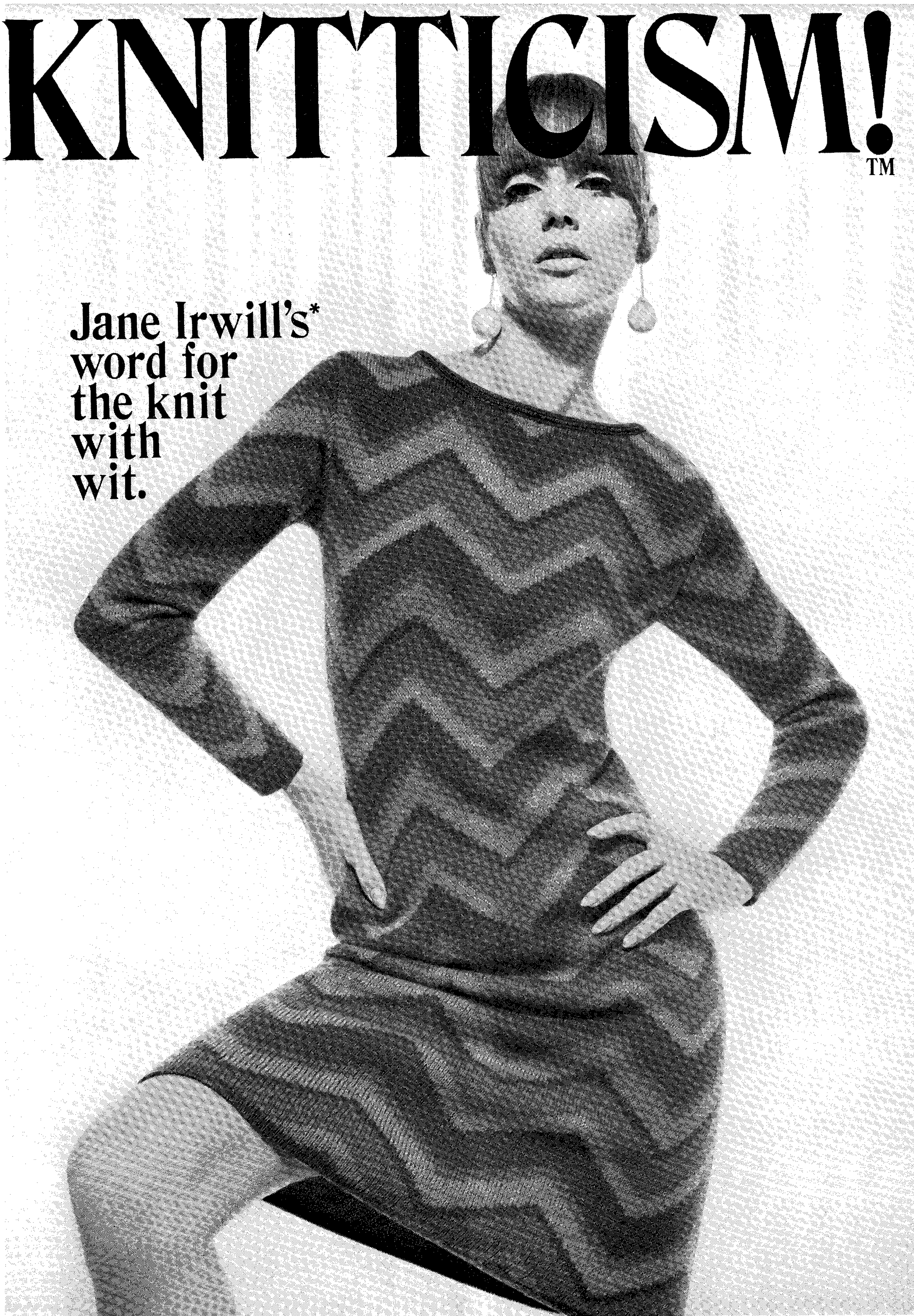
initial clashes with the Americans, the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese have shown a marked reluctance to challenge sizable United States units.)

Vinh was very favorably impressed by the Vietcong. "I think the Liberation Forces are superior to the soldiers of the People's Army," he says. "They know the terrain better than we do, and they excel in hit-and-run attacks and in playing tricks on the enemy. We specialize in making frontal assaults, and have been trained to fight conventionally. We are not very good at guerrilla fighting. We may be able to catch up with them later, when we've had more experience fighting in the South."

Vinh's battalion stayed in the jungles of Quang Ngai for about two weeks after the Minh Long engagement, and then moved back into Binh Dinh. They reached one of their base areas in mid-January, shortly before Tet, the lunar New Year, which is the major Vietnamese holiday. They spent most of Tet, a week-long festival, in Vietcong-held villages in northern Binh Dinh. Each of the P.A.V.N. soldiers was given a few cents, and they pooled their resources to buy some pigs, and then they had a feast. Both sides had declared a three-and-a-half-day cease-fire from the eve of Tet to the third day after Tet. "Each side agreed to shoot only if it was attacked," Vinh says. "We didn't expect to be attacked. The local population told us the puppet troops had observed the Tet truce scrupulously in previous years, because they liked to celebrate Tet peacefully by getting drunk and gambling. Our political commissars told us that the Americans would honor the truce, too. They said that we shouldn't attack any Vietnamese troops but that we should attack the American imperialists if there was a good opportunity, because Tet is a Vietnamese festival, not an American one."

Vinh's unit did not attack the Americans during Tet. A week after Tet ended, American and South Vietnamese soldiers launched a large-scale offensive in northern Binh Dinh. The brunt of the attack fell on the villages where Vinh's unit was staying. On January 28th, his company was ordered to take up a position along Main Highway 1, north of Bong Son, the district capital, and to harass the attackers in an attempt to lure them into an ambush set by another P.A.V.N. company. Vinh was leading a platoon of nineteen men. As soon as his platoon reached the main road, fighter-bombers appeared and pinned it down. The air strikes lasted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for several hours. The position seemed untenable, and Vinh was ordered to withdraw his platoon and join another unit. Some of Vinh's men had been scattered by the bombing, so he told his deputy to lead the bulk of the platoon away while he stayed behind to round up the stragglers. As Vinh was carrying his submachine gun and two weapons abandoned by wounded soldiers, he was surrounded by South Vietnamese troops. He realized that he was trapped, and hid two of the weapons in some brush. As he was considering shooting his way out and wondering whether his muddy submachine gun would function, he was shot in both arms and fell to the ground. The South Vietnamese soldiers then seized him.

Vinh was handcuffed, given first aid, blindfolded, and taken by jeep to the police station in Bong Son, where he was interrogated for five days. During the first twenty-four hours of the interrogation period, he was questioned unremittingly. Then he was allowed a few hours' sleep before the interrogation resumed. Most of the questions he was asked dealt with purely military subjects. Although Vinh knew that discussing military matters was against P.A.V.N. regulations, he decided to give his interrogators all the information he had about his unit. "I decided to talk, because my battalion was always on the move, so I didn't think it really mattered if I disclosed its former whereabouts, and also because I was badly beaten," Vinh says. He was hit on the chest with wooden clubs and rubber truncheons, slapped in the face, and pummelled on the head and back, but he wasn't beaten quite as badly as some of the other prisoners were. He thinks one reason he got off more lightly was that he was wounded, and another reason was that he was in a state of shock from having been bombed for several hours. He suspects that because he was temporarily dazed his interrogators considered him a little bit demented. No Americans questioned him at Bong Son.

After five days in Bong Son, Vinh was flown to Qui Nhon, the capital of Binh Dinh Province (it was his first plane ride), along with a soldier from his company who had been captured a few hours later. Vinh spent more than three weeks in the Qui Nhon jail, with a mixed bag of prisoners—captured Vietcong, hoodlums, and curfew violators. He was not interrogated at Qui Nhon. He thinks he was held there until transportation to Saigon became available, for he was presently flown to

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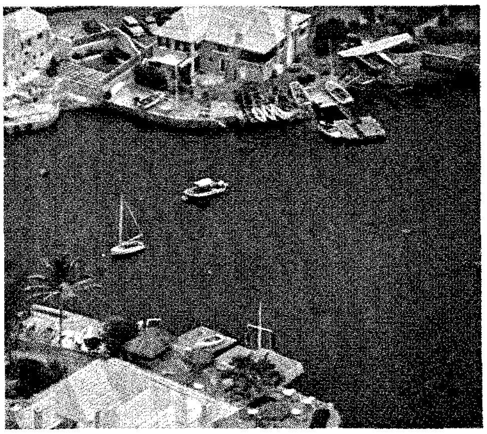

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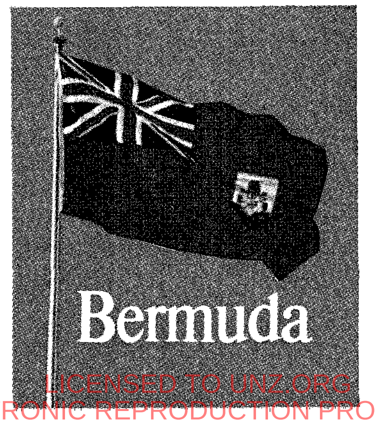

Sight-seeing down flowery lanes.

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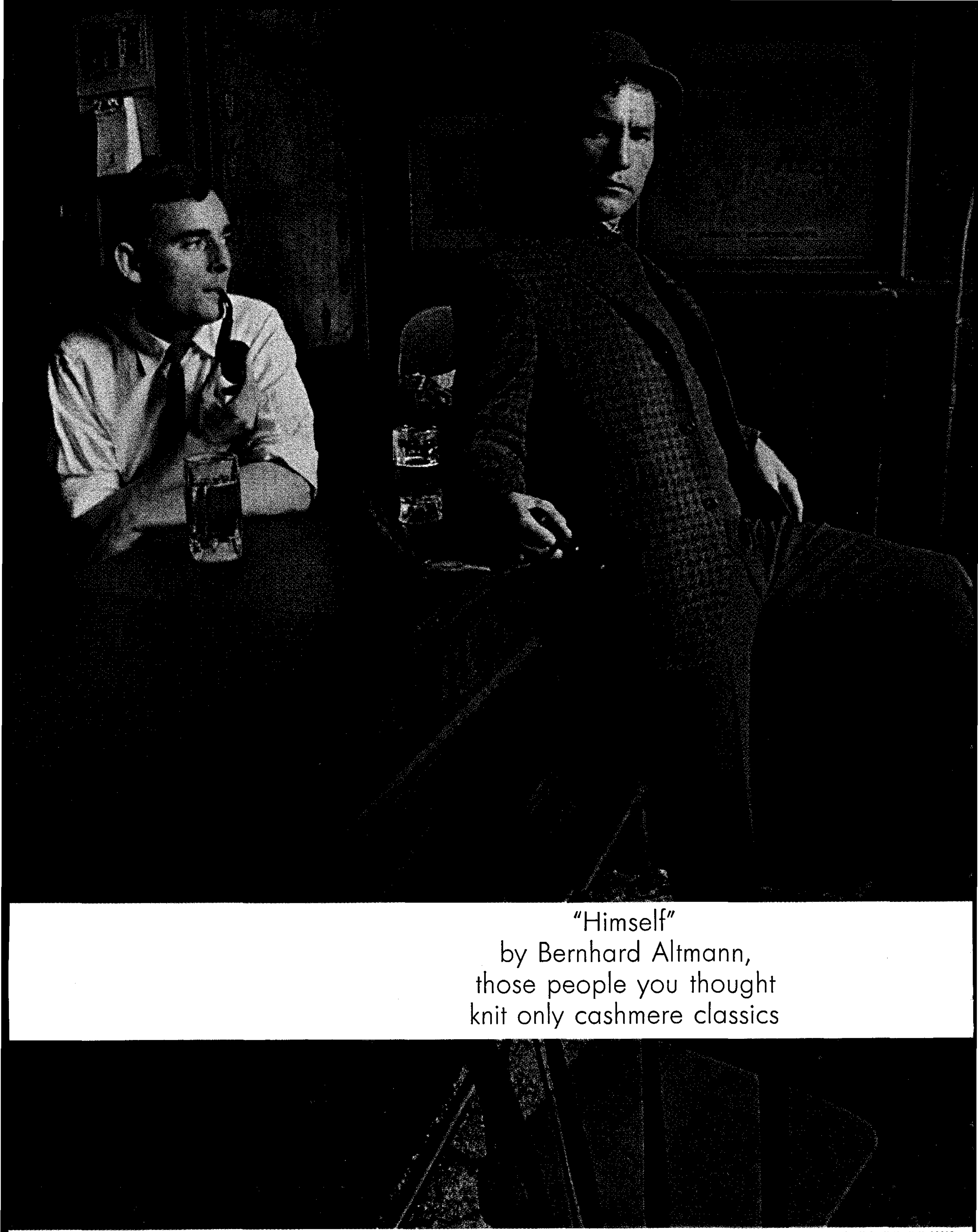

"Himself" by Bernhard Altmann, those people you thought knit only cashmere classics

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Bernhard Altmann

THE LEGEND OF A GREAT KNITTER

Saigon, where he has been held since the beginning of March.

Vinh shares a tiny, hot room at a Vietnamese Army interrogation center with three other P.A.V.N. prisoners. The room has only one bed, and no reed sleeping mats or mosquito nets. The prisoner who feels weakest on any given night sleeps on the bed. The others sleep on the concrete floor. The prisoners are given two meals a day—lunch and dinner—and one shower a week. Vinh has only his three roommates for company except at mealtimes, when the forty North Vietnamese prisoners who are being kept at the center eat together and are allowed to chat. Vinh has been interrogated frequently since his arrival in Saigon, usually by Vietnamese Army intelligence officers but occasionally by Americans. When he is interrogated by Vietnamese officers, he is often beaten or tortured with electrodes. Some of his comrades have been more severely beaten and tortured with electrodes, and several of them have fainted during the interrogation sessions. Vinh thinks he is still receiving milder treatment than his comrades because of his wounds (the bandages have just come off, and both arms are badly scarred) and because his Bong Son interrogators wrote on his record that he was dense and his statements were therefore not to be taken very seriously. American officers who have questioned him have sometimes threatened to beat him, but they haven't done so. The Vietnamese have often beaten him prior to his interrogation by Americans. When a Vietnamese has started to beat Vinh in the presence of Americans, the Americans have quietly left the room. Some of Vinh's fellow-prisoners have concluded that the Americans consider themselves too dignified to beat people, and let their "lackeys" do it for them, but Vinh thinks that the Americans have simply behaved well, as "respectable foreigners." He is inclined to believe what he has always been told in the North—that individual Americans are decent and only the American government's policy is bad.

Vinh has been approached several times by Vietnamese psychological-warfare officers. On one occasion, they asked him to write a letter to his wife, which would be read in radio broadcasts beamed to the North. Vinh agreed to do so, and began his letter with a greeting that is customary in North Vietnam: "May Socialism be established and strengthened in our dear country." He was beaten for writing that, and

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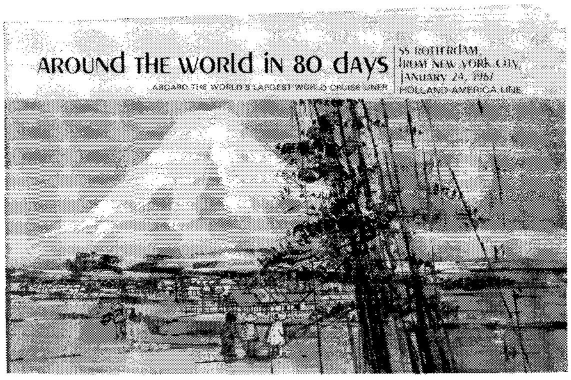
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was instructed to start a new letter, omitting the greeting. He refused. "I wasn't praising Socialism," he says. "I was just wishing it would thrive." The letter-writing project went no further. On another occasion, Vinh was asked to say some nice things about life in the South and discredit some aspects of life in the North in a tape-recorded interview, which was to be broadcast to the North. Again Vinh agreed. The psychological-warfare officers wanted him to state that he was disillusioned with Communism, and that the hardships the North Vietnamese soldiers had to endure in the South were intolerable, so that their morale was very low. "In the interview, I never tried to embellish life in the North or to attack things in the South, but I didn't want to embellish the situation in the South, either," Vinh says. "Apparently, I didn't say what they wanted me to, for I was beaten up several times. I can only say what I really think and believe."

Vinh thinks his interrogation is almost completed. He has been told alternately that he will be sent to a permanent prison camp outside Saigon, that he will be killed, and that he will be allowed to go home. No one has asked him to become a defector, and he has no intention of defecting. If he had his choice of things to do while he is in prison, he would like to learn English. "It's a universal language," he says. "It's not exclusively the language of the American imperialists. Chinese and Russian are not so widely spoken." He is given nothing to do, however, and nothing to read. If he could obtain some newspapers, he would prefer North Vietnamese to South Vietnamese papers. Vinh knows that prisoners in the North are asked to give radio interviews, and he has seen the American pilot on parade; therefore he accepts the treatment he is accorded, though he resents the beatings and the torture.

Vinh misses his wife. By now, he thinks, she has probably learned he is in the South, but she may not know that he is a prisoner. The other soldier from Vinh's company who was taken prisoner near Bong Son told Vinh that the unit had been looking for him and that he has probably been listed as missing in action. Vinh would rather go home than stay in the South, even if his wife should be brought down and he should be given plenty of money. "There is too much inequality here, too many injustices," he says. "As I was taken through Saigon, I saw so many shabby people walking on the streets and so many well-dressed people driv-

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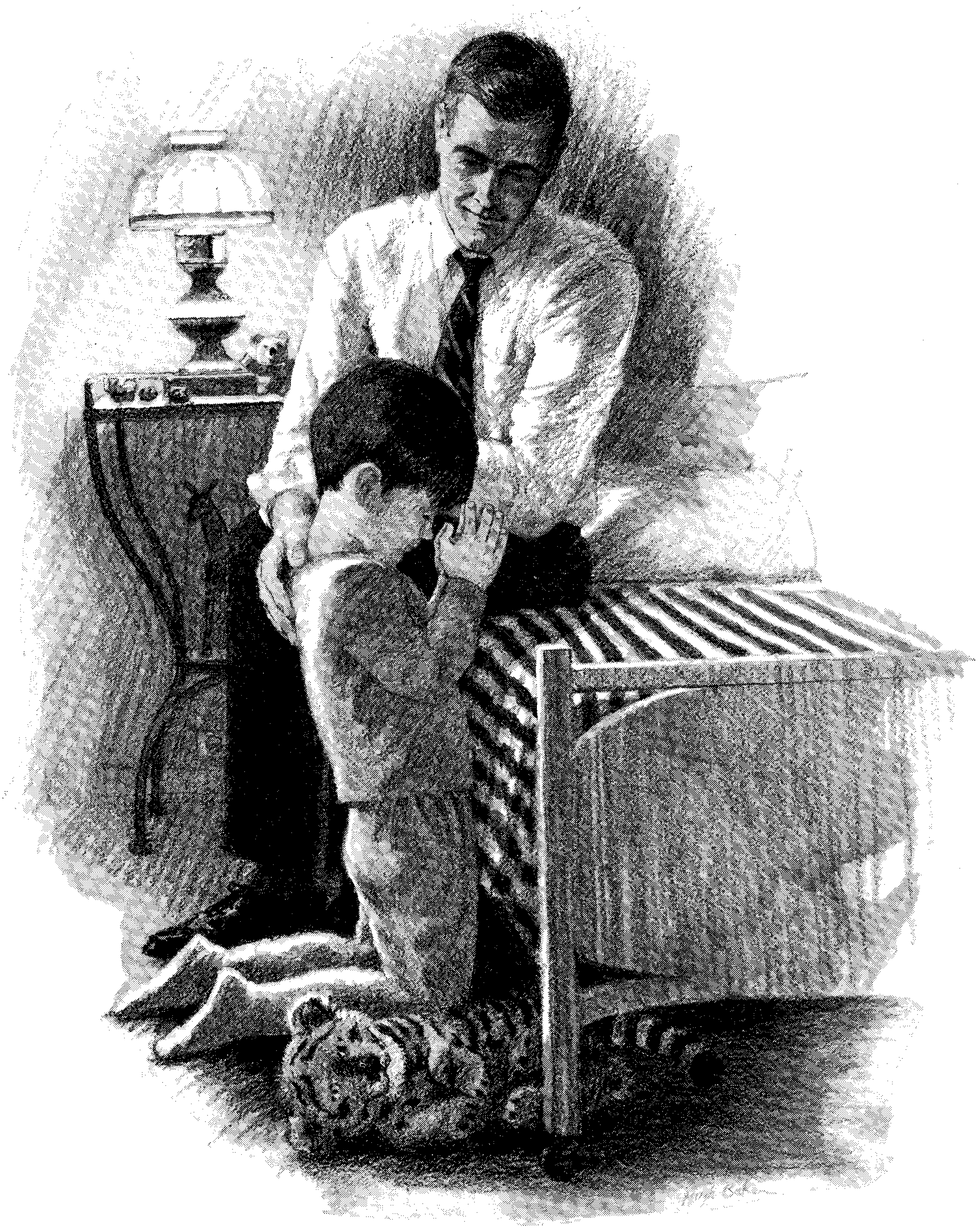

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ing around in big shiny cars. There are so many beggars, and I've seen orphans on the streets. In the North, we have no beggars, and orphans are properly taken care of. In the villages in the South, some people don't have enough to eat and others have too much. I feel that I would be out of place here. I'm used to life in the North. It's better for all to be poor and equal than for some to be rich and live comfortably while others are miserable." Vinh admits that people in the South have a generally higher standard of living than people in the North, but he is confident that the standard of living in the North will improve. He assumes that if he is eventually allowed to go home he will be thrown into jail and kept there for some time, but he believes that in the end the authorities will realize that he is loyal and will release him. "If there is no war by then, I'll return to civilian life," he says. "No one enjoys a military career. If there's still a war and if I still have the confidence of my superiors, I'll volunteer to come south again. I believe that if we don't succeed in liberating the South, the Americans will get the upper hand. Imperialists are never satisfied, and if they could get their hands on the South they would invade the North."

Although there were over two hundred thousand American troops in South Vietnam at the time of Vinh's capture, he believes that the North will win the war. "I didn't change my mind when I was in the jungle or when I saw so many airplanes and was confronted by so much firepower on the enemy side," he says. "In spite of the enemy's weapons and technological advantages, I think we will win the war, because there is more to this war than bombs and artillery. Might alone doesn't count. Our war is a people's war and a war for a just cause."

—SUSAN SHEEHAN

●

Greatest Crawford, 173¼, Brooklyn, outpointed Henry Palmer, 183, New York, in a six-mounder. Rocky Halliday, 159, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., outpointed Mike McGurk, 155, the Bronx, in another six-mounder.

Dick Hall, 166¾, Boston, defeated Herschel Jacobs, 173, White Plains, in four mounds.—*The Times.*

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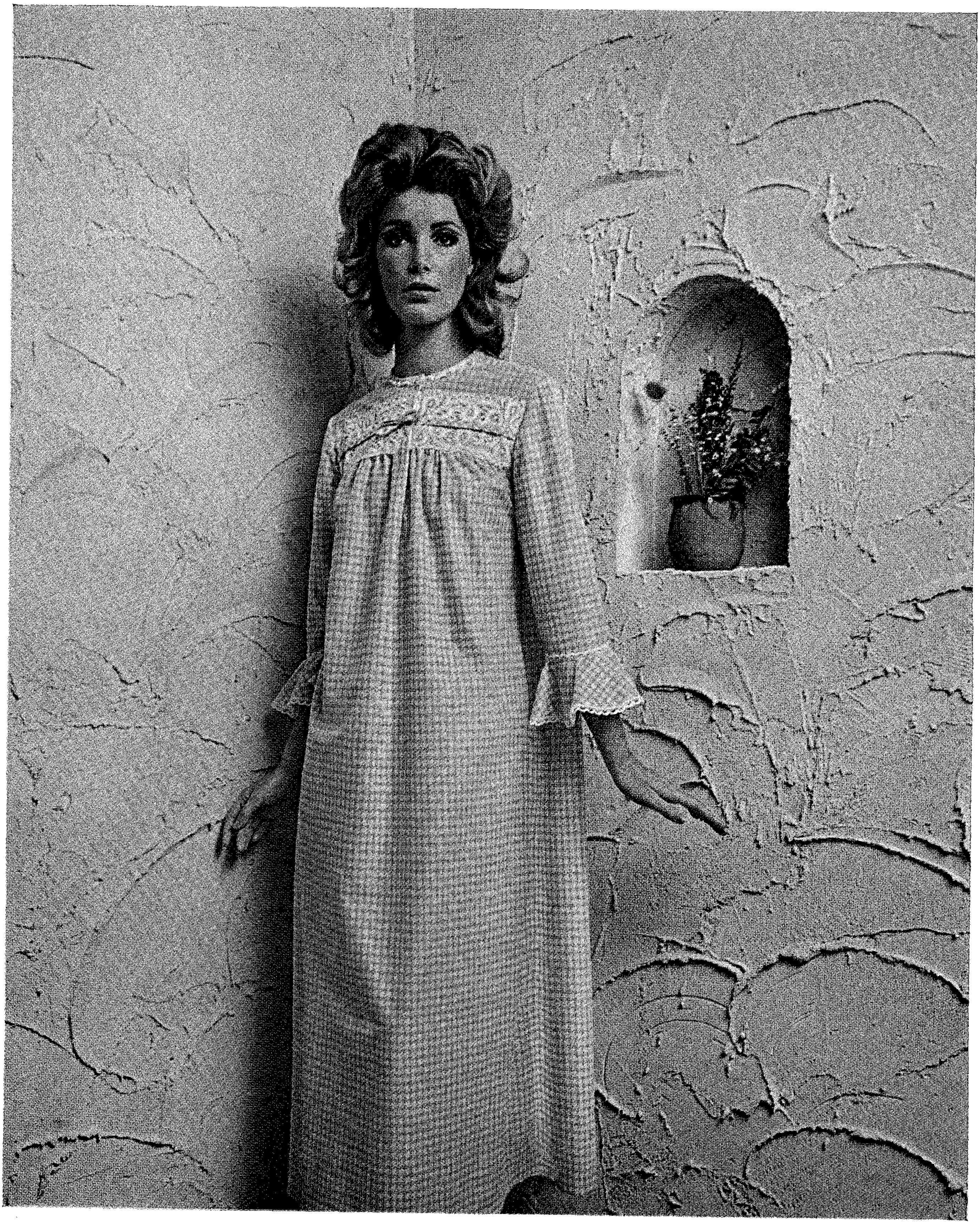

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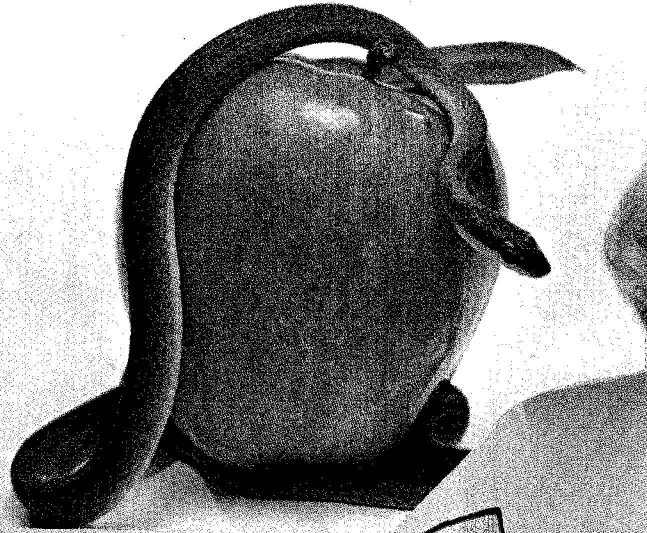

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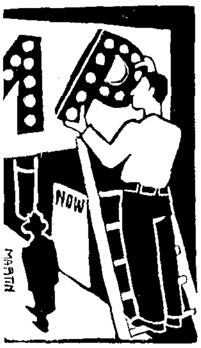
THE CURRENT CINEMA

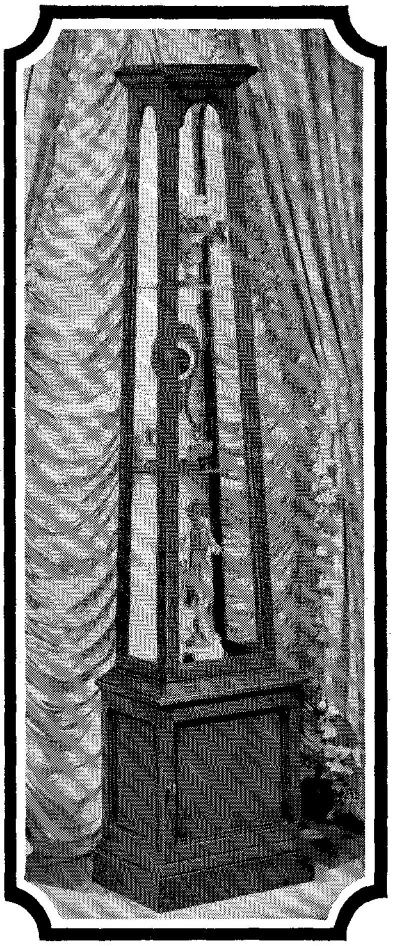
Good News

THREE cheers— What am I saying? Three hundred cheers for Blake Edwards, the producer and director of a marvellous movie called "What Did You Do in the War, Daddy?" (Mr. Edwards is also, with Maurice Richlin, co-author of the story; another hundred cheers for that.) Following Mr. Edwards' principle that there is nothing on earth that can't be turned into nonsense, and the sooner the better, I will cut his long and inappropriately coherent title down to a simple, clean-cut "WDYDITWD?" One keeps hearing—and one keeps having more and more reason to fear—that Hollywood just doesn't know how to make those good old-fashioned slapstick farces anymore; Mr. Edwards has struck several sharp blows against this notion in the past, and with "WDYDITWD?" he knocks it into a cocked hat. The first two-thirds of his picture is so continuously, relentlessly funny that it would almost be true to say that I spent the entire fraction laughing. Oh, I may have stopped to breathe a few times, and I recall a couple of ugly moments when somebody clambered past me on his way to a seat and I couldn't see the screen, but otherwise I remained in a state of helpless, joyous breakdown. In the last third of the picture, the plot thickens to the point of threatening to become unstirrable, but Mr. Edwards pulls himself together and rounds everything off in a neat, clattery, cuckoo climax. (Nearly all contemporary pictures are too long, and length is, of course, a particular enemy of comedy; the first two-thirds of "WDYDITWD?" is the equivalent in length of any of the great comedies of Hollywood's so-called Golden Age.)



The story of "WDYDITWD?" is mercifully impossible to relate in brief; I will say of it only that the setting is a picturesque Sicilian village during the Second World War, that the action concerns an attempt by a company of American soldiers to seize the village and capture the Italian soldiers who have been defending it, and that the Italians prove very eager indeed to surrender, provided they may throw a big party in the village first. From then on, all is glorious chaos, on the ground, in the air, and quite often underground. The cast is large and superb; even the smallest role is made to count. Dick Shawn plays the part of a West Point captain who is determined to take the village "according to the book;" a master of temper tantrums and befuddlement, he is at his best in showing how, in moments of crisis, the captain's brains turn into jello. James Coburn plays a tough lieutenant with his usual air of having an awfully good time. (To be simultaneously funny and charming is one of the rarest gifts of all, and Mr. Coburn possesses it.) Close on the heels of these stars, and deserving scarcely less praise, come Carroll O'Connor, Sergio Fantoni, Aldo Ray, Harry Morgan, Jay Novello, Art Lewis, and William Bryant. Giovanna Ralli plays a radically compliant Sicilian girl; she is shapely and sexy, and one would not wish to ask anything more of her. The director of photography was Philip Lathrop, and the witty music is by Henry Mancini.

IT is easier to make a bad movie out of a good novel than it is to make a good movie out of a bad novel, which in turn is easier than making a good movie out of a good novel, but what is one to say about the relative ease with which a bad movie can be made out of a bad novel? In theory, that should be the easiest feat of all, but in practice it doesn't seem to work out that way. A case in point is Norman Mailer's recent best-seller "An American Dream," which has been turned into a movie bearing the same name. A friend of mine once said of a certain painting by Dali that it was rotten and wonderful, and those adjectives in conjunction are a just description of the Mailer novel. It is archaic in structure, the author flinging coincidences in our faces with the abandon of a Dickens and often giving instruction, under the thinnest veil of fiction, in one or another of the many subjects on which he believes himself to be an authority. The book is outrageously melodramatic, but the interest of the melodrama lies almost wholly in what it goads Mailer into feeling and saying. The plot is much less important than it looks, and it is the plot, in bits and pieces, that has sur-



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vived on the screen. The author of the screenplay, Mann Rubin, and the director of the movie, Robert Gist, have conscientiously preserved as much as they could of the outward form of "An American Dream." They have worked hard, and they have produced a shell. The cast, which includes Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh, Barry Sullivan, Eleanor Parker, and Lloyd Nolan, has also worked hard and in vain.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Morgantown (W. Va.) Dominion-Post*]

A Morgantown resident this month was the victim of a hoax arrest in Masontown, Pa.

Earl Riley Stoy was "arrested" by Masontown Policeman John Bohan and booked on three charges—exceeding the speed limit, resisting arrest and going through a stop sign at an intersection.

Following "arrest" Mr. Stoy was taken before Mayor Anthony Hanna for arraignment.

After a period of frustration and some pretty exciting moments, Stoy was informed that the whole thing was a well-planned hoax instigated by the Masontown Exchange Club as an annual "Boost Pennsylvania Month."

Masontown law officials were having some trouble trying to find an out-of-state victim for their fake arrest. Then Mr. Stoy came along and was "arrested." The policemen had searched almost all afternoon to come up with a proper victim.

Following proceedings it was learned that Mr. Stoy's mother, Mrs. Ann DeBolt, resides in Carmichaels. Mayor Hanna talked Mr. Stoy into calling his mother and telling her that he had been arrested and was to appear before a hearing at the American Legion Home at 6:30.

This happened to be the time when local Exchangites were to meet there for dinner.

Mrs. DeBolt was told that her son was in serious trouble and that it would be necessary for her to bring $60 and come to pay the fine.

Upon her arrival a mock trial was conducted. After a reasonable period of time, Mrs. DeBolt was informed that it was all a gag and that her son had been selected for this year's project.

Mr. Stoy and his mother were the honored guests of the service club at dinner. In addition, a full tank of gas was given to Mr. Stoy and he was offered accommodations for the night. He was also given a bound edition of "See Pennsylvania First."

Mr. Stoy has only kind words for Mayor Hanna, the members of the exchange club and the community in general.

So, all is well that ends well, and another "victim" has been chalked up for the Exchangites.

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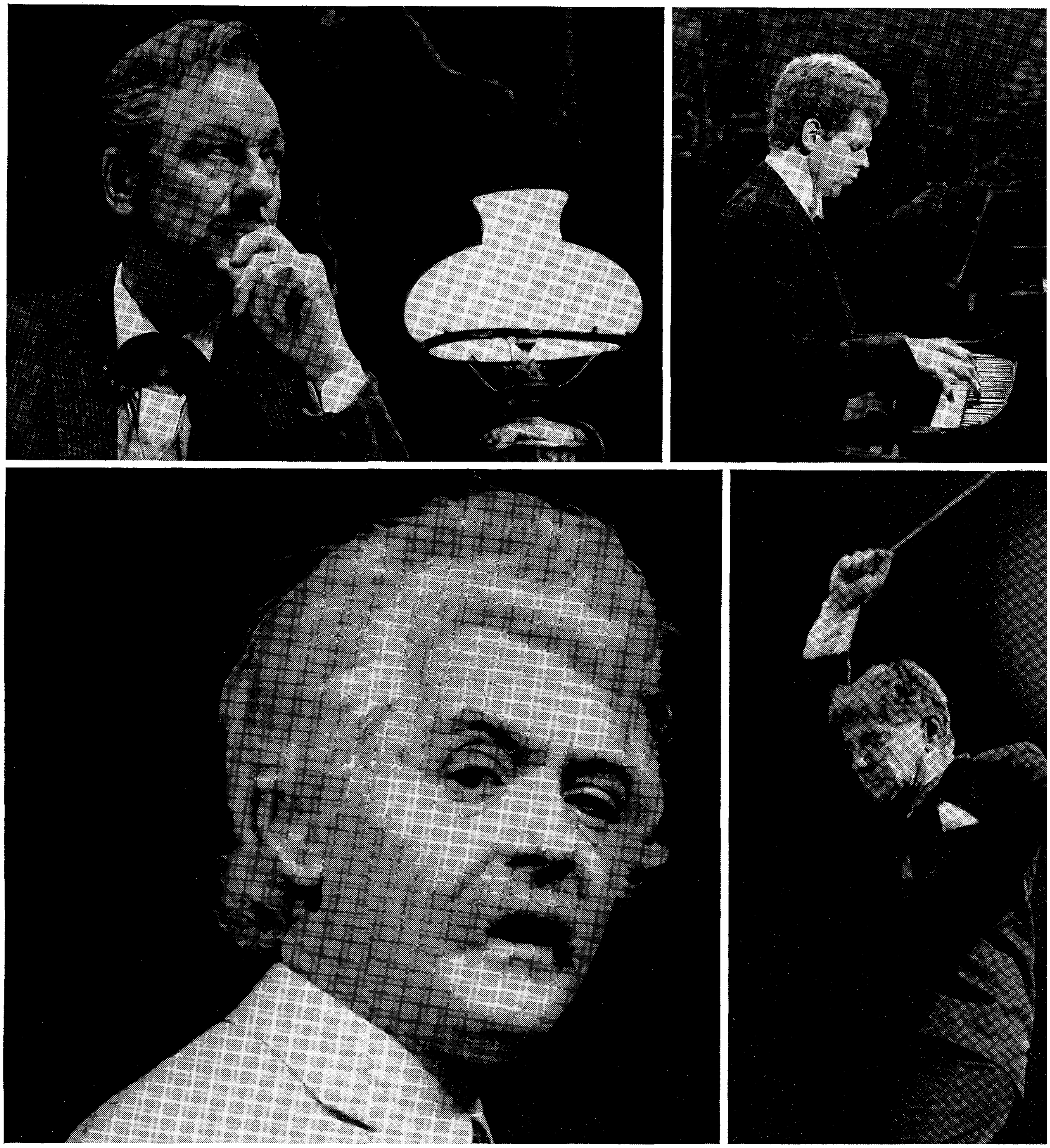

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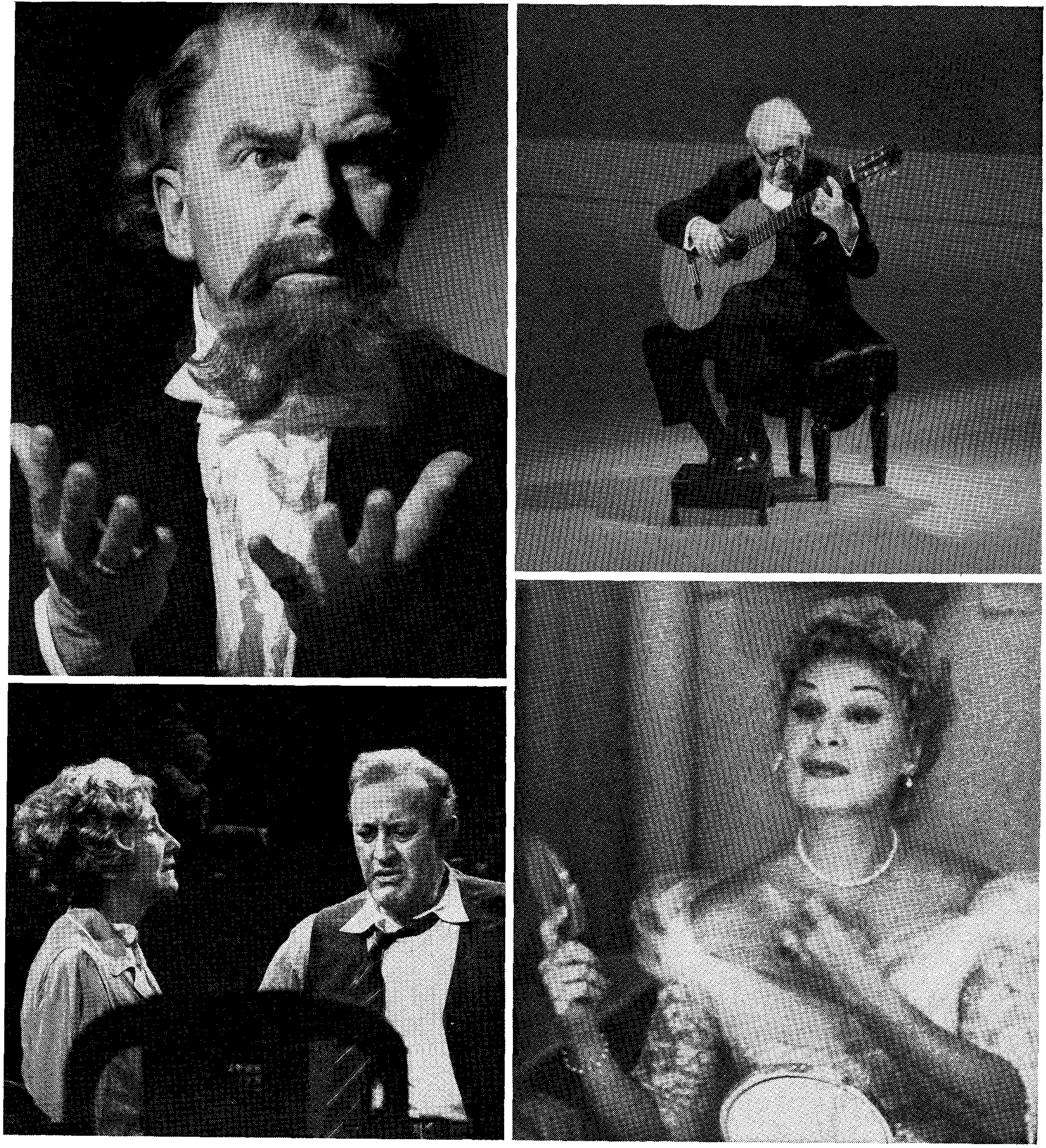

"S. Hurok Presents"; Lee J. Cobb, Mildred Dunnock in "Death of a Salesman"; Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens; Shirley Booth in "The Glass Menagerie"

new ventures will be the "CBS Playhouse"—a project that will bring to television meaningful, original drama by promising new writers as well as such noted playwrights as Ernest Kinoy, Loring Mandel and Reginald Rose; staged by such distinguished producers as Herbert Brodkin, Fred Coe, Martin Manulis and George Schaefer. In sum, the Network's special broadcasts will offer the nation's viewers an extra bonus of fascination and pleasure on top of the most popular regular program schedule in television. CBS Where the point of view is special.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

AUGUST 31

FOR three weeks now, Senator Abraham Ribicoff, of Connecticut, has been holding hearings on the plight of American cities and on the innumerable—or, at any rate, unenumerated—federal programs whose purpose is amelioration but whose effect is often aggravation. They will be adjourned this week but will resume early next year. "For better or for worse," the Senator said when he announced the investigation a month ago, "our nation's future will be decided in our cities." For better or worse, this is what almost everyone else says and believes; it is part of today's conventional wisdom, and while the hearings have not demonstrated that it is the whole truth, or even the best way of stating a partial truth, they have shown that it is at least a useful approach to diagnosis. It does, however, lack precision, as one witness after another has been testifying. The problem of the city is said to be the problem of its slums. The problem of slums is really that of the Negroes trapped inside them. The Negro problem is essentially one of poverty. The poverty problem is essentially one of education—or the lack thereof. There seems to be a general and largely uncritical acceptance of all these propositions, which, if taken in the above sequence, appear to prove that there really isn't anything wrong with American life that can't be straightened out in the classroom. Many witnesses, while concurring with Senator Ribicoff's formulation, have maintained that it is futile to consider the administrative entities that we call "cities" separately from the "metropolitan areas" of which the cities are, as a rule, only a part, while others have stressed what they regard as the need to consider the city as a congeries of "neighborhoods." Still, the merit of Senator Ribicoff's approach is that it is a handy catchall. It is indisputable that slums, Negroes, *de-facto* segregation, poverty, and schools—as well as a few ancillary matters such as crime, rioting, air pollution, and the decay of mass transit—are to be found in cities. To look at them all as essentially urban problems is to emphasize their interrelatedness instead of worrying about the old chicken-egg argument.

Senator Ribicoff's writ derives from his chairmanship of the Subcommittee on Executive Reorganization of the Senate Committee on Government Operations. The subcommittee's concern is with the programs that Congress authorizes (and the executive branch administers) in an effort to relieve urban distress. Since everyone agrees that there would be no hope at all for the cities—or for the Negroes, the poor, the educational system, or whatever—without federal intervention, the chairman's statement that "our nation's future will be decided in our cities" might be extended to include the point that the future of the cities will be decided in one of them, Washington. The talk during the first week of the hearings, when most of the witnesses were administration officials, turned mainly on the question of the magnitude of present efforts by the federal government. The senators in attendance, most of them men with large urban constituencies, took the view that present federal programs were shamefully inadequate in scope and funding; on the question of funds, which is a rough but serviceable measure of scope, the administration spokesmen did not disagree. It became clear last week, however, that no one, either in Washington or in any of the client cities, really knows how much the federal government is doing in the cities at any given time. The junior senator from New York asked the mayor of New York, who had just finished saying that he needed a great deal more money from Washington, how much the city was currently getting. Mayor Lindsay couldn't give even a rough estimate. By no means all the money coming into the city is credited directly to the accounts of the municipal government or its agencies. Some is disbursed by federal agencies, some moves by way of the state, some goes directly to non-

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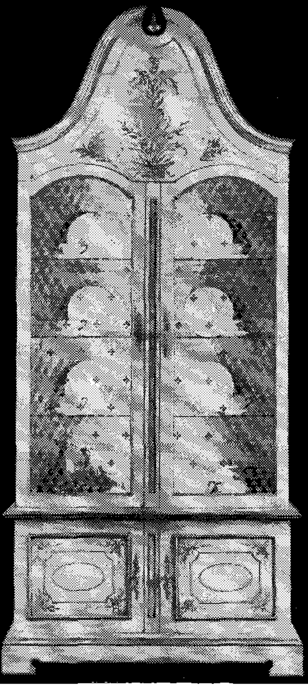

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governmental institutions, and even to individuals. The senator persisted—not, it seemed, because he thought the mayor was being evasive or irresponsible but because he wished to lay bare the confusion and lack of coördination that he knew existed. Senator Ribicoff added that the federal government had no more idea of what it was spending in the cities than the cities had of what they were getting, and that in the complex nature of things no mere reforms in accounting systems would yield specific and reliable information. Is, for example, a defense contract or a research grant to a university to be counted as a form of assistance to a municipality? Such contracts and grants are often awarded as hidden subsidies, but it is seldom in the interest of either the federal benefactors or the municipal beneficiaries to acknowledge the motivation. Perhaps the closest that anyone anywhere has come to determining the extent of Washington's involvement was the mayor of Oakland, California, John Reading, who, upon taking office a few months ago, instructed an associate to compile a list of federal programs through which his city, or various institutions and interests within it, might get money. The count was a hundred and forty; this was information of a kind that no one had ever gathered before, and, according to one of the mayor's aides, "even the Feds are calling up and asking for copies." It is possible that in a year or so, when all of Oakland's applications have been processed in Washington, the city's government will have some estimate of what it is possible for a lively administration to get for its people.

The second week of the subcommittee's investigation consisted almost entirely of testimony by mayors, and if it was often dismaying to hear what they had to say, it was instructive, and in some ways heartening, to listen to them talk about their cities and to observe them as a breed. There was a time when the typical American mayor was a combination booster and boodler—a glad-handing salesman for his community, as often as not shamelessly working on a commission basis. No doubt there are a good many of these still around; Senator Ribicoff was highly selective in calling witnesses, and the basis of his selection was not to display the typical or the average. But the mayors of some reasonably typical and average cities sat before the subcommittee, and one had the feeling that boosters are nowadays rather rare, and that the competition among mayors is

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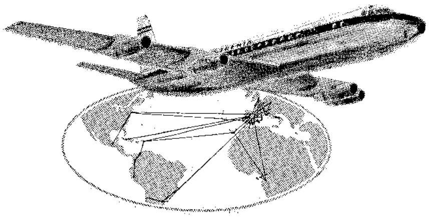

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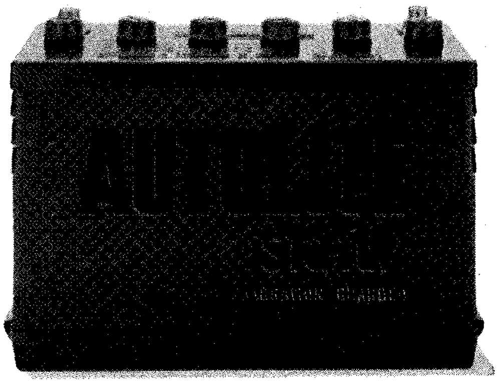

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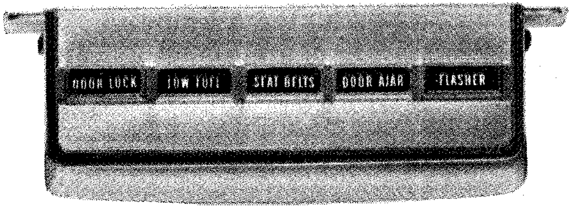

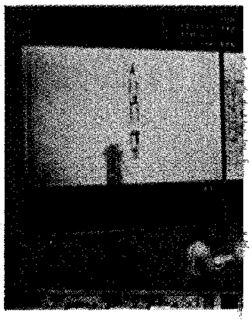

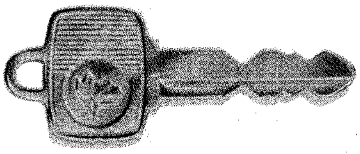

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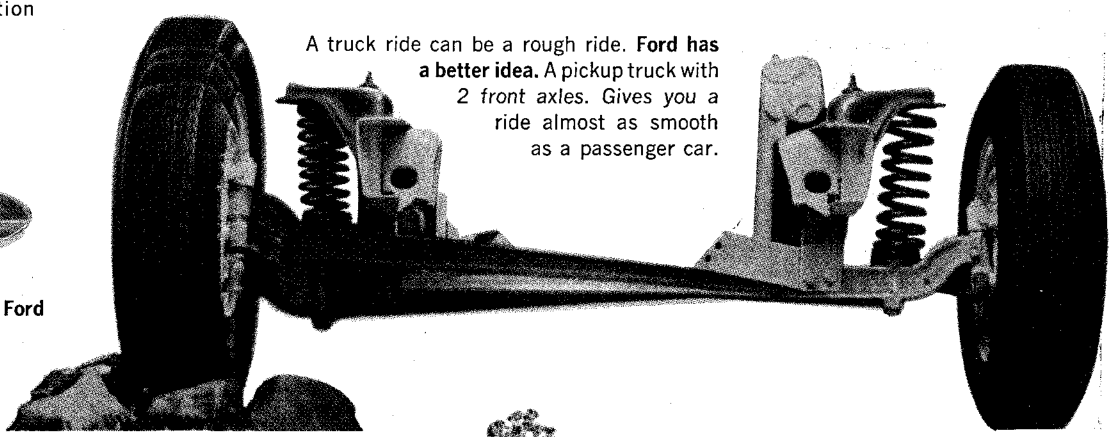

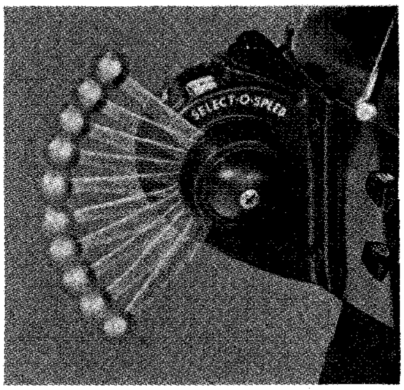

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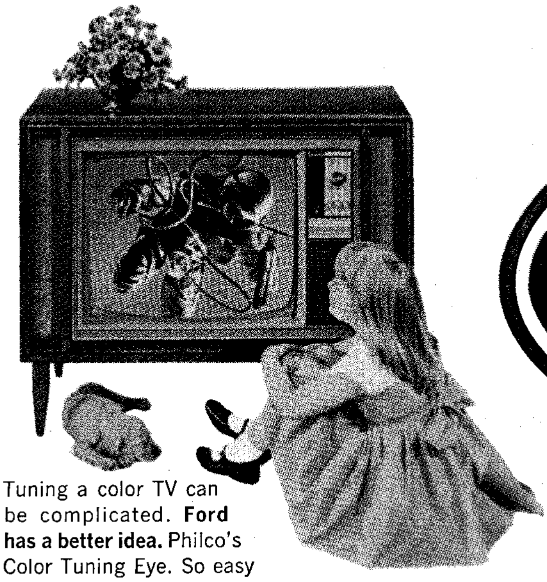

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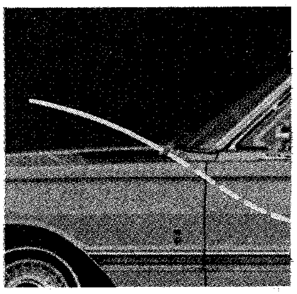

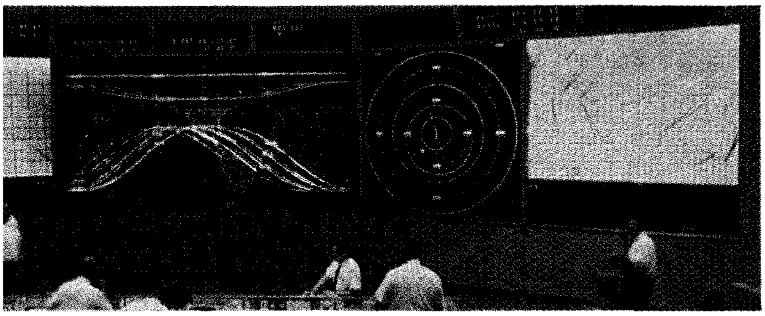

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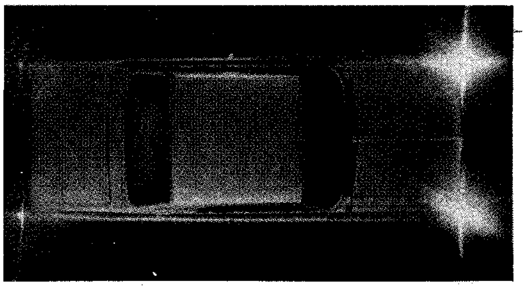

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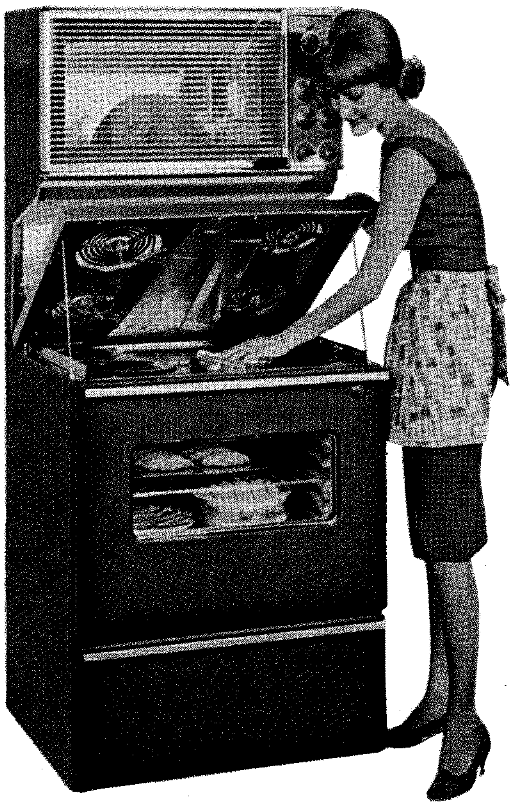

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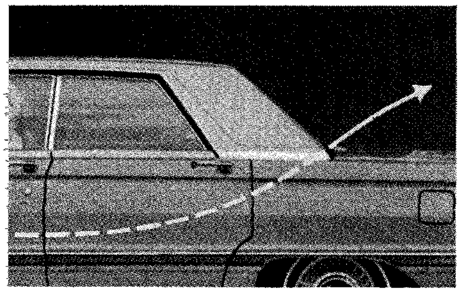

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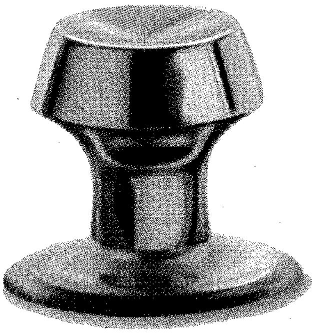

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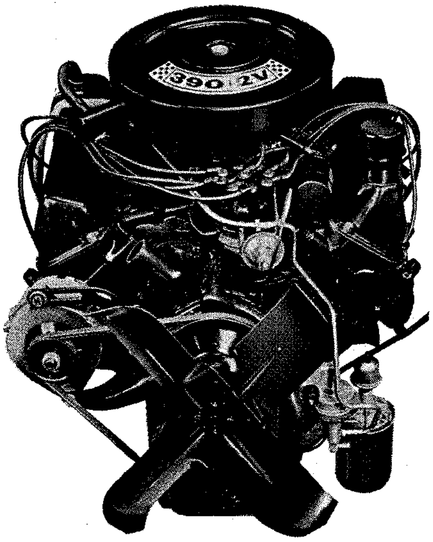

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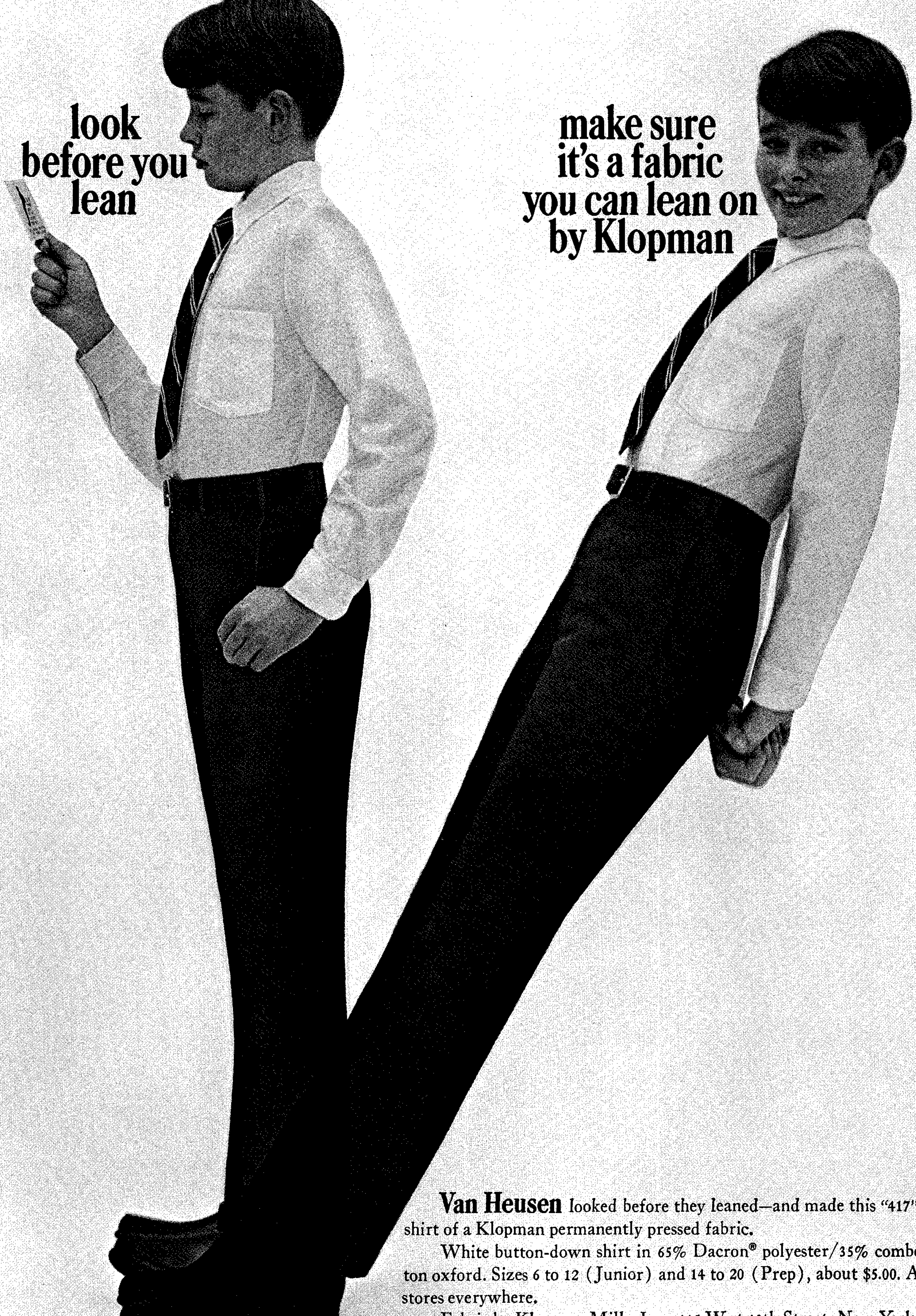
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not in the assiduity with which they proclaim the attractions and attractiveness of their cities but in the eloquence with which they can describe the agony and shame that prevail within their jurisdictions. A bizarre exception was the mayor of Los Angeles, Samuel Yorty, who insisted that since his city's charter placed responsibility for such concerns as education, welfare, and health in hands other than his own, it would be idle for him, as an official burdened with the supervision of policemen, firemen, and garbage collectors, to overload his mind with information on unemployment, schools, or the discontent in Watts. He thought that the unemployment rate in Watts must be somewhere between fifteen and thirty-five per cent. He was certain, though, that Watts was getting far more publicity than it deserved, since it was a relatively small part of a large and generally happy city whose "freeways are an example to the world." But he was the only one to talk of freeways in any but the most critical terms, or to be anything but apologetic when he lacked some bit of information the senators wanted. Lack of information, especially of the statistical kind, was seldom a problem. Most of the mayors had more data than the senators could digest, and little time was spent on politically self-serving claims or on the listing of municipal assets. The burden of their testimony was that in almost every American community there are enormous deficits in almost every requirement of urban life—schools, housing, transportation, medical facilities, breathable air, potable water.

The mayors were a sober and plausible lot, and the impression that they and some of their assistants left on many observers was that they were a group of honest, thoughtful, capable administrators with a firm grasp of the difficulties they faced and talent enough to overcome them if only they had the economic and political resources they needed. They were candid in acknowledging that in the past many well-intentioned schemes to make urban life more endurable had, in fact, made it less so. Much public housing has promoted alienation along with sanitation. Urban renewal has often rebuilt communities and destroyed all sense of community. Welfare programs have encouraged the separation of families and enriched the owners of slum property. Road building has divided cities and accelerated the flight of the middle class and of industry. The record is a melancholy one, and scarcely anyone at these hearings attempted to deny it. Now,

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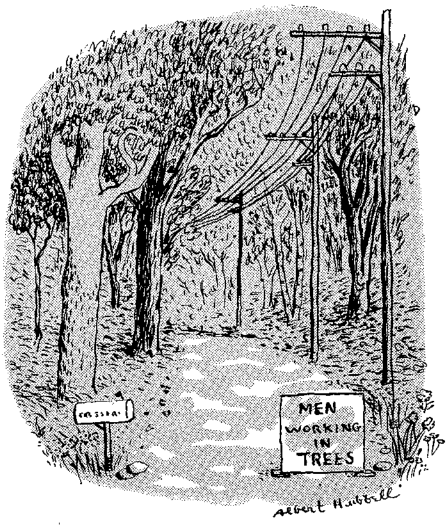
however, there appears to be a general assumption that experience has taught us all the hard lessons there are to be taught. As public officials and their expert advisers talked on about what needed to be done, what the cost was likely to be, and what benefits were to be expected from one effort or another, there seemed to be very little disposition on anyone's part to raise questions about the soundness of contemporary thinking on urban problems or about the efficacy of the new programs that are being proposed to replace the old, bad ones. In part, no doubt, this was because of the impressive demeanor of most of the witnesses. They looked like men of certifiable integrity and intelligence; they took their responsibilities seriously, even solemnly, and they had acquired what seemed to be an inexhaustible supply of knowledge. The reluctance to challenge or question their proposals may also have rested on the feeling that the awesome enterprises of scholars and researchers in the last decade or two have revealed all the ultimate truths about urban living, and that we now have at hand the solid foundation of ascertainable fact that most Americans believe to be the necessary foundation for ideas of any kind. In any case, the general opinion seemed to be that while many things—such as money, manpower, and (a favorite word among urban experts) "coördination"—may be in short supply, there is, happily, an abundance of understanding and wisdom.

No witness conveyed a greater sense of competence and intellectual clarity than the mayor of Detroit, Jerome P. Cavanagh. A dapper, articulate man in his late thirties, he is, it seems, a kind of mayors' mayor, having been elected president of both the United States Conference of Mayors and the National League of Cities. In Detroit, he is regarded as something of a wizard, both



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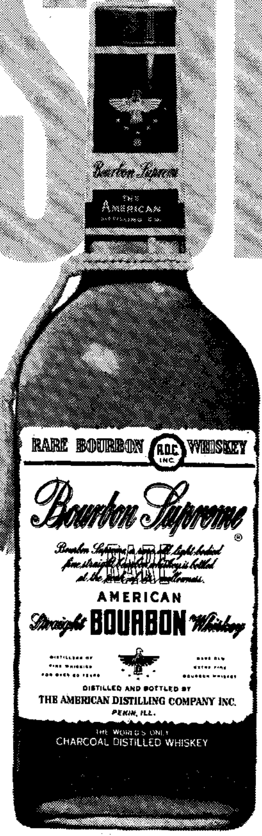

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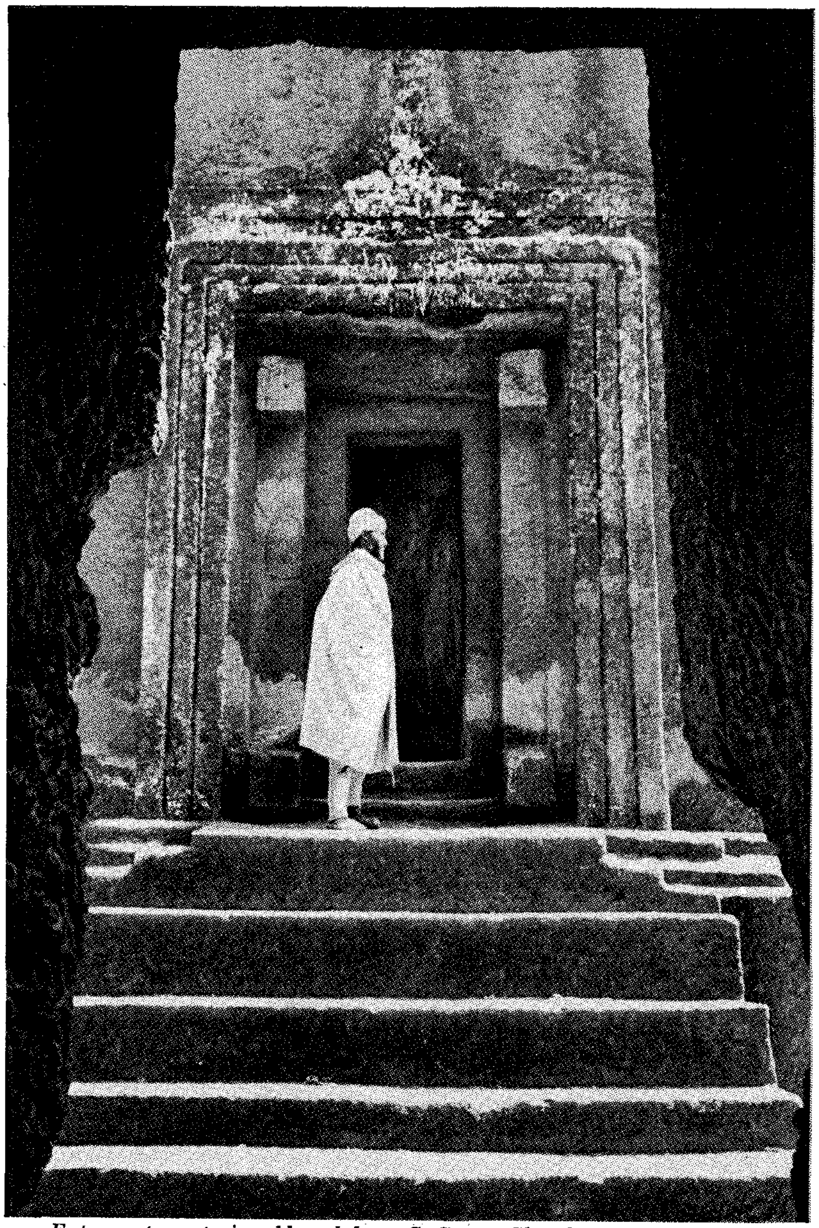
as a city politician and as an administrator. He appeared before the subcommittee with a brief statement that must have gratified the senators, because it assured them they were on the right track: "Let me commend your committee for its wisdom in holding these hearings. For the first time, Congress is looking at the cities and not at the programs and asking, What are the needs? What are the answers? How do we get there?" In his statement he did not himself try to field any of these questions. Instead, he exhorted the senators to "move beyond the rhetoric of crisis," quoted T. S. Eliot ("Between the idea/And the reality/ . . . Falls the Shadow") approvingly but with no particular relevance, and said that the "total approach" was the only proper one. To save the subcommittee's time—Mayor Yorty was to follow, and there was a general expectation that the confrontation would be a tense, headline-making one, as indeed it turned out to be—he had, he said, prepared "an appendix" in which he had "outlined some of the problems of the City of Detroit as an example of the sort of problems a major urban area faces." This was accepted for the record, he and the senators exchanged compliments, and then Mayor Yorty took the chair, traded insults with Senators Kennedy and Ribicoff, explained that the Communists were working against him, disclaimed responsibility for anything on the seamy side of life in Los Angeles, and put in a good word for freeways.

If the document that Mayor Cavanagh left with the senators suffers the fate of most documents that are merely made part of the record, it will be read by no one here except typesetters and proofreaders in the Government Printing Office. That would be a pity, for it is a remarkably interesting discourse, and if, as there is reason to believe, it is a fair specimen of at least one kind of thinking on urban problems, it might undermine confidence in some of the remedies now being proposed. Actually, what the mayor submitted as a paper prepared by him turned out to be two papers, of which one seems to have been prepared *for* him, if not *by* him, and the other is headed "Supplementary Statement by the Detroit Board of Education on School Problems and Needs." Whoever was responsible for either or both had, at least in the process of writing, a loose and faltering command of elementary logic and the English language. Almost every page is a treasury of non sequiturs, banalities, and the very worst kind of platitudes—sociological



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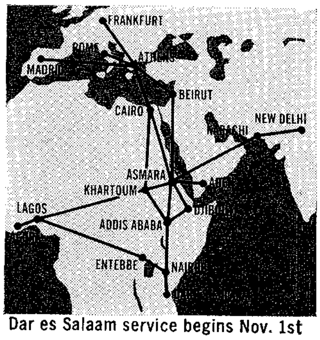

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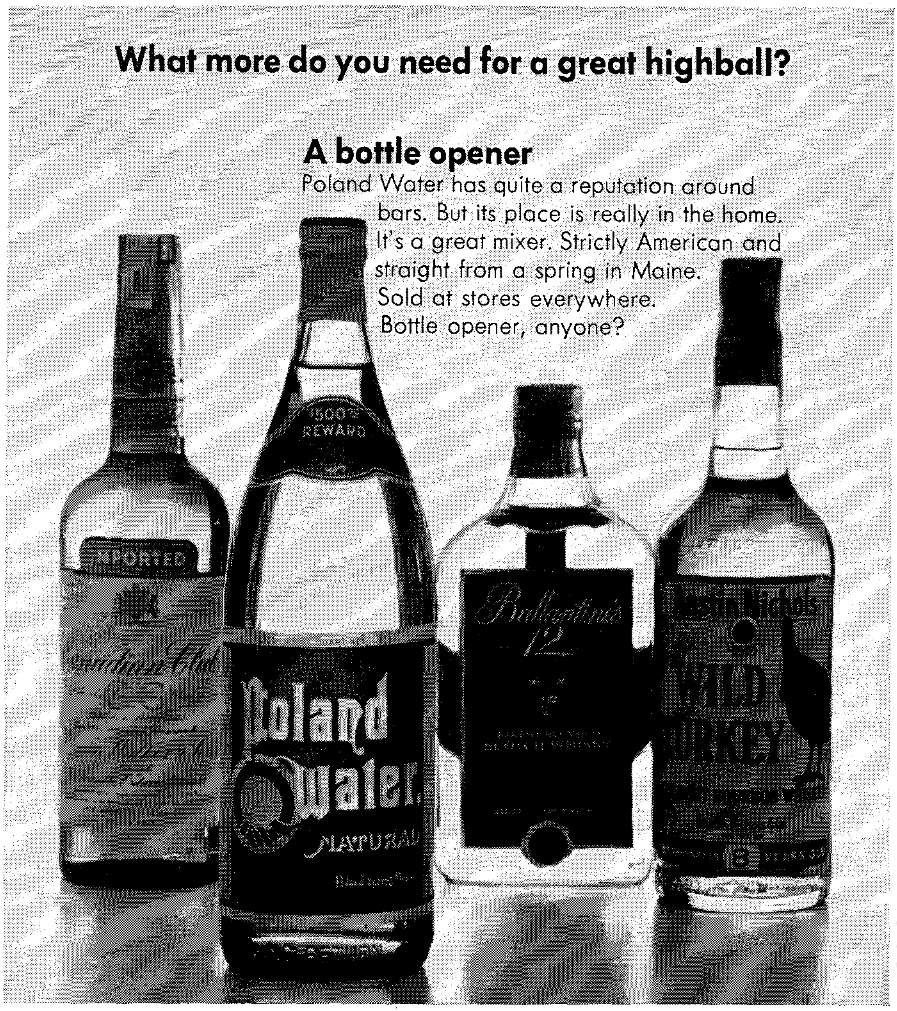
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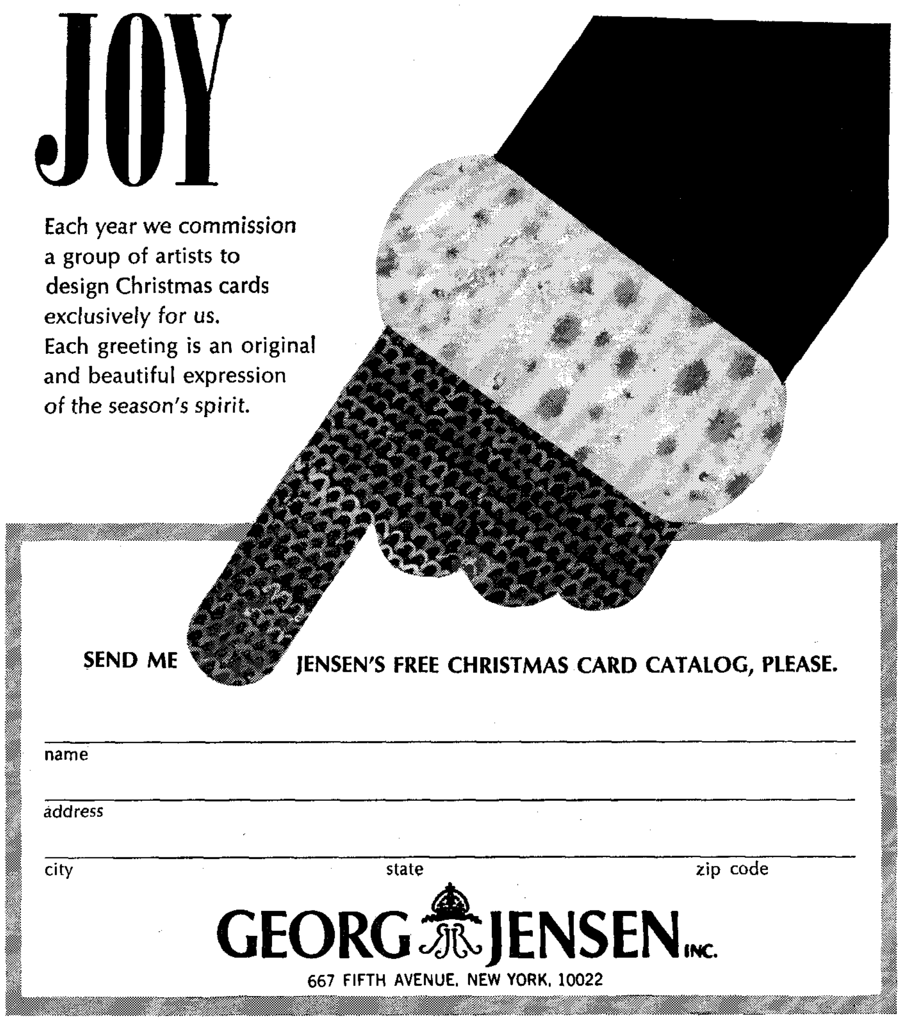
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ones. "Coördination" is the key word in both papers, though it is a quality not to be found in either: "We in the cities now realize that only a total approach to the problems will be effective. Problems must be met on all fronts at the same time, with an integrated and coördinated approach." This is necessary because "all problems by [*sic*] cities are interrelated and interacting." What is wrong with the old approach, known as the "single-program approach"—e.g., war on poverty, aid to education, urban renewal—is that it "discourages cities from looking for and finding unique solutions to their individual problems." How there can be a "total approach" to "individual problems" requiring "unique solutions" may seem something of a mystery, but it isn't really, for it is perfectly clear that what is being requested is a federal program to ship money to cities and allow men of experience, knowledge, and unquestioned good will to spend it in ways they are certain would benefit the cities as a whole. There is a somewhat persuasive case for this arising from the frustrations of city officials who deal with federal agencies that are constantly changing their rules. The case can be understood even through the murky language of this document; in fact, the murkiness of the language clarifies the nature of the problem:

> In order to see clearly the hinderance [*sic*] caused by rule changes, one need look no further than the Open Space Program under Title VII of the Housing Act of 1961, or the Neighborhood Facilities Grant Program under Section 703 of the Housing and Urban Development Act of 1965, and the resultant problems that the City of Detroit encountered, and still faces, in attempting to satisfy HUD in view of the continually changing regulations. In both areas, immediately subsequent to completion of an application for Federal grant assistance, but prior to filing of the applications with the HUD Regional Office, new requirements and regulations in the form of LPA letters were issued which required extensive rewriting of both applications before filing. The enormous amount of work done and resources expended in preparing the original application must therefore always be combined with the additional expenditures made in revision. It is conceivable that an entire application may be prepared in a form satisfactory for filing at a time when new regulations are issued which make the Federal program of less value to the city. The city will have expended enormous amounts of time and resources for no purpose at all.

There is much to be said for eliminating useless paperwork, but the mayor's appendix, itself a stupefying piece of paperwork, may be read as evidence that the one gain from "co-

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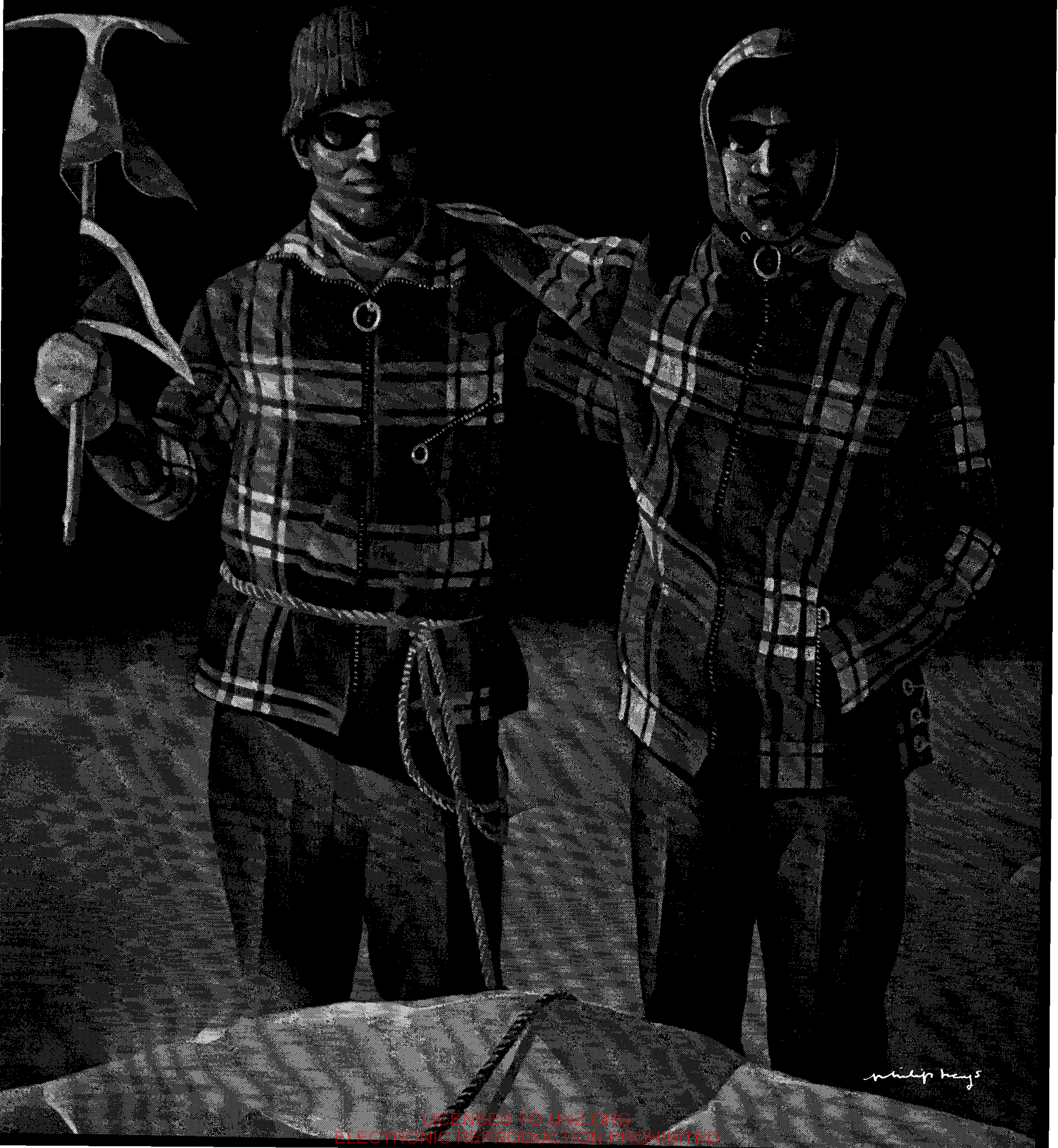

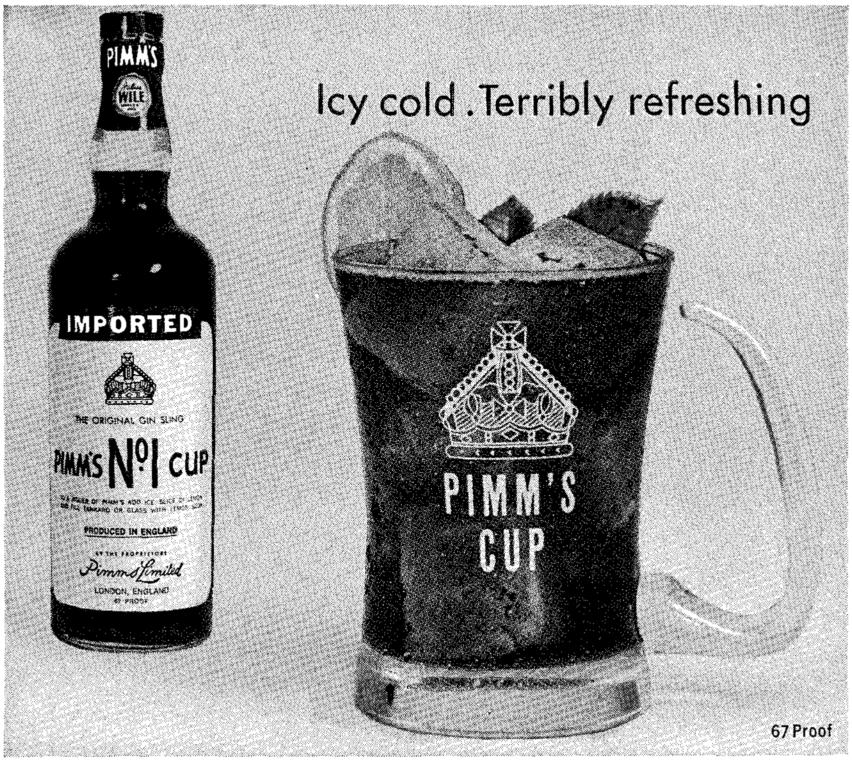

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ordination" would be in moving fragmentation from the federal to the municipal level. For there is no reason at all to suppose that a single approach can deal with a multiplicity of problems. The document inadvertently makes it clear that the current tendency, in actuality, is not to look at problems whole but to fragment them endlessly. On the problem of housing, there is a lengthy and generally incontrovertible laboring of the point that clean and well-constructed housing will not in itself produce virtuous and productive citizens. One of the things that Detroit is after, the mayor told the subcommittee in his statement, is a "single, multipurpose center to serve as an anchor for a slipping neighborhood." By this, one gathers, he meant a place where experts of all kinds—doctors, dentists, employment counsellors, recreation directors, and the like—would be available under one roof to administer services to a neighborhood undergoing what the paper he submitted calls "Social Renewal." According to the paper, a "resume" of these services includes:

1. Medical Services
2. Dental Services
3. Health Education
4. Homemakers' Services
5. Cultural Enrichment Field Trips
6. Small Business Development Guidance
7. Youth Activities
8. Educational and Career Guidance
9. Public Welfare Guidance
10. Athletic Programs
11. Cultural Art Programs
12. Community Services
13. Services to the Elderly
14. Home Management Instruction
15. Employment Services
16. Delinquency Control Services
17. Legal Services
18. Mental Health Services
19. Property Maintenance Instruction
20. Neighborhood Conservation Planning Services
21. Citizens' Participation Community Organization Activities
22. Code Enforcement Activities
23. Conservation-Beautification and Development Activities

This is presented as a means of getting away from the "single-program" approach, and in at least one sense it plainly is. But it hardly has the look of a "coördinated" program. Nor does it sound as if municipal officials are any better at resolving bureaucratic conflict and rivalry than federal officials. In the Detroit Board of Education's Supplementary Statement, which at one point insists that "all institutions and agencies must coöperatively strive to provide the facilities and the services for all citizens of the community," the following sentences, complete with the punctuation of belligerency, are to be found: "The key factor, in fact, is schools! Not renewal, streets, and expressways! Not beautification, not sewers or facilities! But schools!"

BY all accounts, Mayor Cavanagh's performance in Detroit has made more sense than the position papers he offered the committee, and it can be said in general that none of the oral testimony at the hearings was characterized by this particular kind of fatuousness. Some of it, particularly in this third week, which seems to have been reserved for such anatomists and poets of the ghetto as Claude Brown and Ralph Ellison, has been moving and instructive. One of the most interesting statements was made on the opening day by Senator Kennedy, whose role in the hearings has generally been viewed in the context of the Byzantine politics that today dominate this city—or, at least, the imagination of its residents—and whose proposals therefore are read less for their substance than for signs and portents regarding 1968 and 1972. What he proposed was quite out of keeping with the views of several of the other participants. He said that "of all our problems, the most immediate and pressing, the one which threatens to paralyze our very capacity to act, to obliterate our vision of the future, is the plight of the Negro in the center city." He did not go on to say that poverty was really the larger problem, or that the eradication of poverty was essentially a matter of education. Whatever the relationship of one tragedy to another, it was the alienation of the young Negro

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in the ghetto—contributed to by poverty and discrimination and deprivations of numerous kinds—that threatened to put the other problems beyond solution. This alienation is a fact of life, and so is the ghetto itself. Moreover, the ghetto is an institution and a physical presence that has considerable capacity for survival. Many forces contribute to its survival—including the desire, as Ralph Ellison testified, of many Negroes to live together in a Negro community. Its early destruction is unlikely in the extreme, but life within it as it now exists is all but insupportable. Senator Kennedy renewed a proposal that he has made before but seldom with such urgency and rhetorical vigor. It was simply that the ghetto be rebuilt and made habitable, and that Negroes "be enabled to achieve basic financial and social security where they live now." He was of the opinion that this could be done mainly by the ghetto dwellers themselves, with funds that federal and other governments could provide without risking insolvency, and that such a project "could be a vast new educational institution—teaching skills [and] teaching pride of self and pride of craft as well." What he proposed was something far short of a "total approach," but in politics and government the total approach has hardly ever got beyond the approach stage anyway.

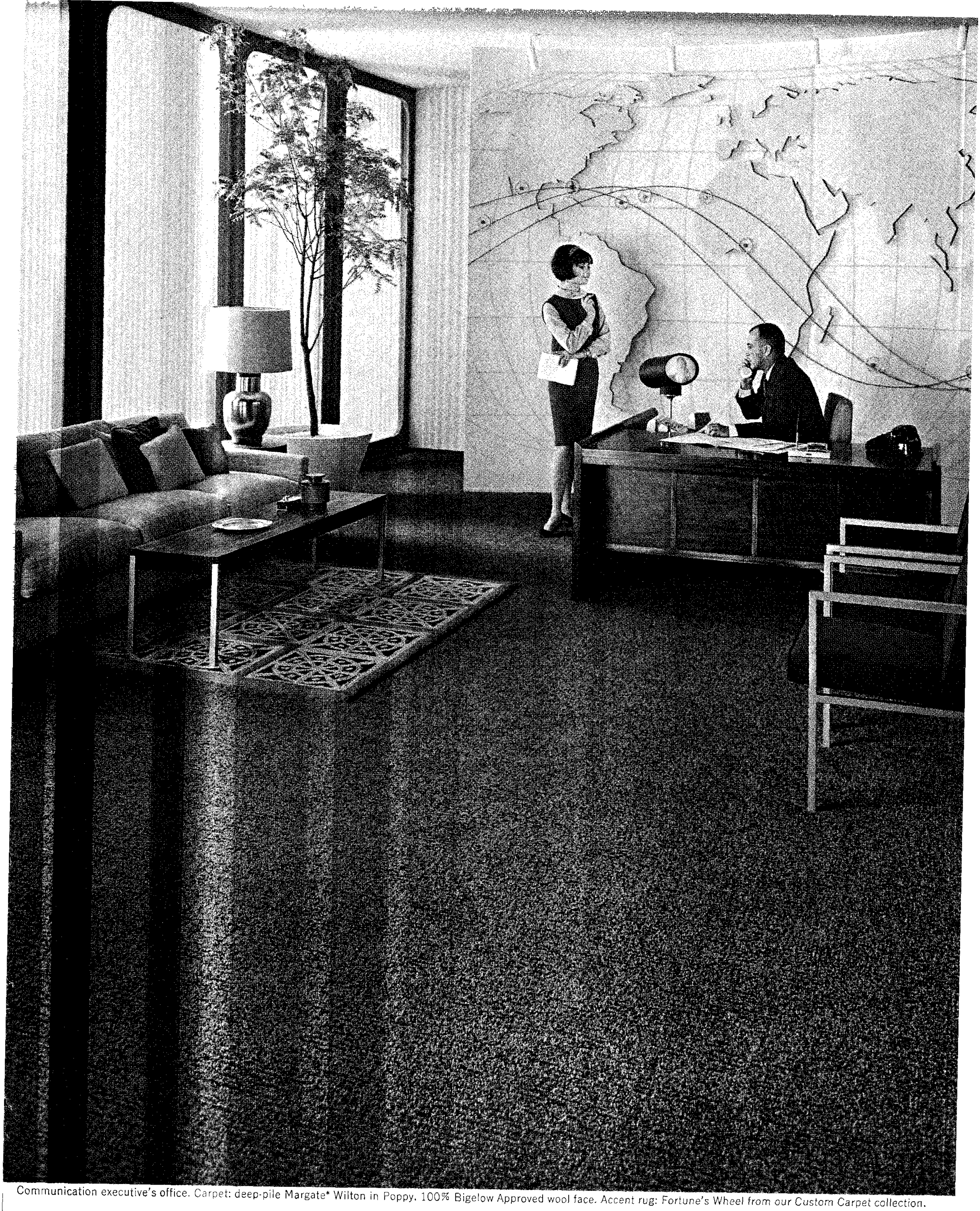
—RICHARD H. ROVERE

• •

TRAVELLING BACKWARD

First, the scene endlessly diminishes.
Trees and houses flinch away, struck off from
the rapping and tapping rails. A steady
swaying lulls one's disbelief when the clouds
keep up, walking the sky like mountains, or
when the mountains themselves heave into view,
distance shaping them against the swarthy
window. They shimmer bluely or sit like
fists on the land. Still, plains and prairies are
the hardest part of this journey, until,
with the telegraph wires, they are eaten
by twilight, or trail into it, a broad
sea, or a glimmering snail's wake of green
and gold. This rushing into the night, this
racketing away from it, hangs the face
a perfect moment on the glass, a pensive
snapshot, out of focus as the evening
lights spark on; stations and farms like fireflies
swim through the head; one enters an orchard's
depths and sees the globes of light, a dazzling
fruit in the nodding dark. Sleep—but under
the eyelid the train curves away, scything
a night grown shoulder high. One wakes to see
toward the zenith the new moon skirmishing
upward and on the far ridges a quick-
silver trace. Then, the night unrolls tunnels
of itself; there is nothing to watch but
trembling hulks of luggage, newspapers read
blank, a thin face wearying the window.
There is the night, of course, carbon
copying itself, returning only
its black looks. Where are the stations, the sad
shunting yards under toffee lamps? Where are
the towns scrubbed with soot, the abandoned streets
inky with rain? In the morning, buildings
will lurch from behind, sheds and factories
jumble along the roadway. In the first
light, the auto junkyards will mimic hills
thick with suburbs. But the city harvests
its stones. The sun will fly to perch among
aerials. Standing in the station, facing
forward at last, will be a figure caught
in the crowd that is caught and whirled away
in the crowd that has pressed beyond the gates.

—GENE BARO



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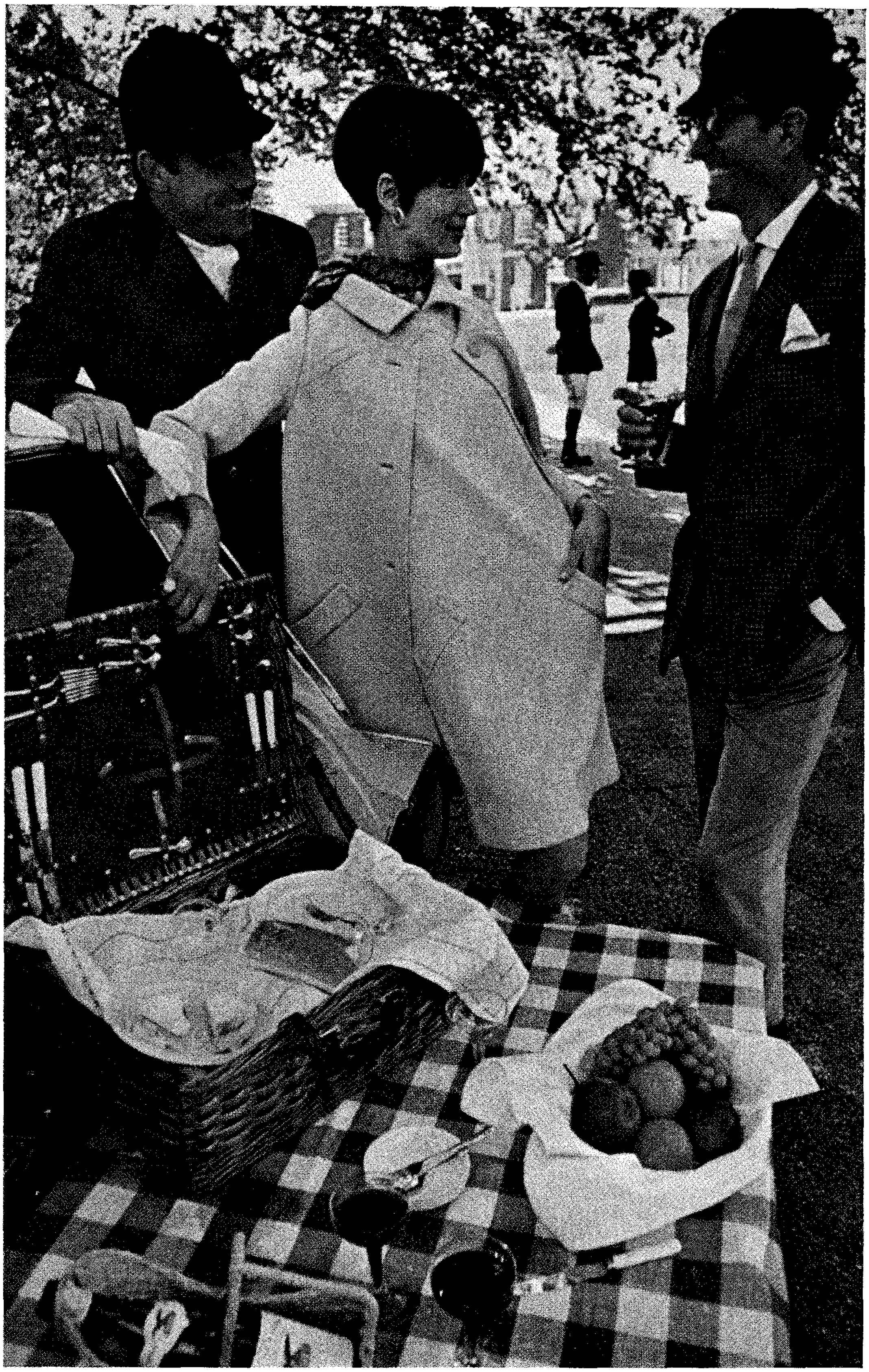

The coat and dress costume. Pure wool knit. About $120. Bergdorf Goodman, Marshall Field & Co., I. Magnin.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

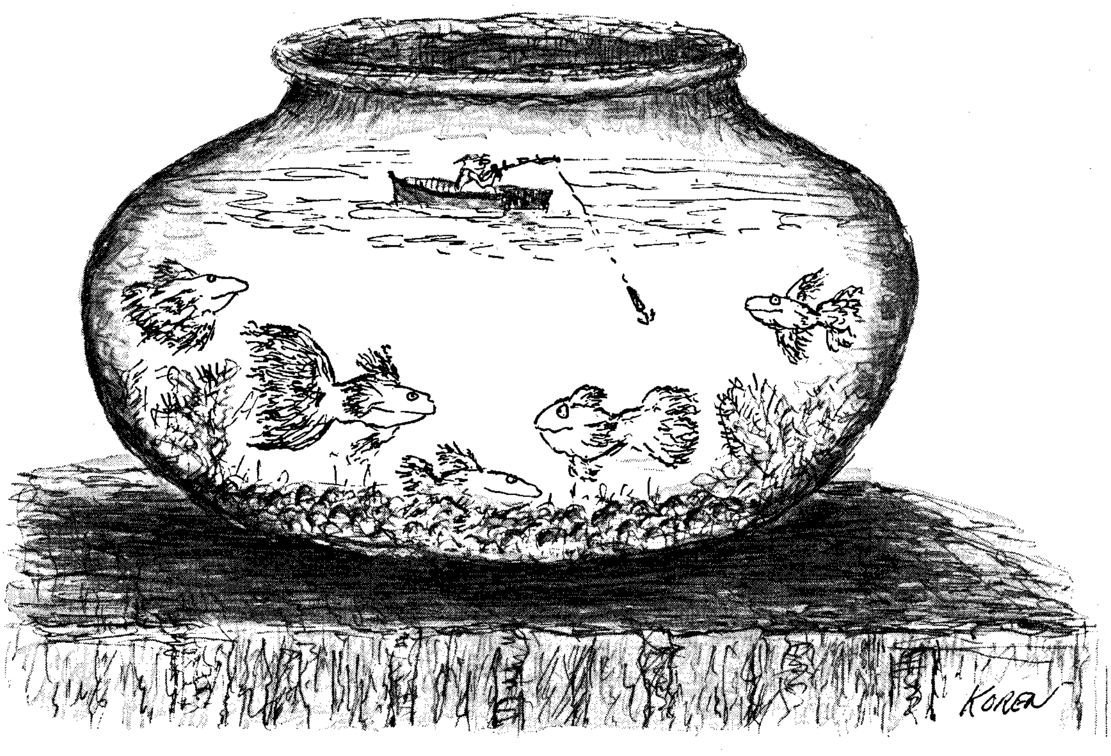
BEFORE their emancipation, women had a great deal to put up with, no doubt, but they had much less paperwork to do than their descendants are laboring under today. The small escritoire, all very well for the composition of an occasional temperance tract or an order for stays, does not at all answer the sizable desk requirements of the modern woman. With her clubs, committees, novels-in-progress, and Ph.D. theses, not to speak of household accounts, menus, and all those letters to the credit department at Bloomingdale's, the lady of the house needs a proper man-size desk to work on, and with this lady firmly in mind I recently set out to look at what the stores had to offer in the way of desks and other useful furnishings for the home office or study.

I began my search at some of the stores that specialize in reasonably priced modern furniture, figuring that if a woman has a thesis to write she probably hasn't a million to spend, and I saw some acceptable pieces. Then I went to the places where money is no object, and the modestly priced furniture no longer looked so acceptable. In fact, it seemed out of the question, the superiority of the high-priced furniture was so notable in all respects. The thought that first-rate furniture is a luxury out of the reach of everybody but the very well-heeled is a disquieting one. It seems unfair that most people have to live with undistinguished, if not downright shoddy and ugly, furniture, simply because they haven't got enough money. And yet (one can't help unkindly noticing) most people seem to have enough money to buy cars. Since one could buy a whole roomful of beautiful and well-made furniture for the price of a new automobile, the obvious solution for anyone who isn't rich and who wants first-rate furniture is to dispense with his automobile. This idea, unexceptionable as it is, will probably not gain universal acceptance, and the nation's car owners will probably not be seized with an overwhelming urge to beat, as it were, their Fords into Eames chairs. But Manhattan residents might give it some serious thought.

Hans Wegner's oak-and-teak drop-leaf desk (price $420) has all the surface space one could conceivably want (it is ninety-one and a half inches long with the drop leaves up, and thirty inches wide), without having the oppressive look of those mammoth executive desks one sees in banks and in movies about the power-mad. The Wegner desk is a most approachable table, with three oak drawers distributed along its length (fifty-four inches with the drop leaves down), the pulls being comely round knobs carved of the same wood and set in small, round concavities. The frame and the rounded, tapered legs are also oak, while the top and the leaves are teak. The desk is extremely handsome and would be a positive asset to a living room that has to double as a study. It could even be used as a dining table. It is quite a bit narrower than most dining tables, but who says there *has* to be room on a table for an enormous centerpiece that keeps one side of the table from ever suspecting the identity of the other? The local source of the desk, a Danish import, is Georg Jensen.

At Jensen you can also inspect some of the most impeccable storage cabinets to be seen anywhere in the city. They are made of oak, and their beautifully panelled doors swing open to reveal two vertical compartments of three drawers and six shelves each. While the doors bisect the cabinet, the inner compartments do not, but stand in a two-thirds-to-one-third relationship to each other—a thoughtful arrangement, in that it allows for both wide and narrow drawers and shelves. The cabinets are made in Denmark, by hand—a hand that one would like to shake, for the craftsmanship is of an order of excellence rarely seen in furniture made today. They are thirty inches high, thirty inches wide, and fourteen inches deep, and cost $485 each. Matching bookcases, eleven inches deep, may be had for $145 each.

SIMILAR to the Wegner desk in design, but altogether different in feeling, is a rosewood desk on exhibit in the George Tanier showroom, at 305 East 63rd Street. It, too, is a table with drawers beneath the top, but where the Wegner piece had a pronounced utilitarian air, this one looks refined and elegant. Its owner is much more likely to be a lady who writes pantoums than one who is making a study of thumb-sucking and its relationship to blanket-cuddling, or some such project obviously requiring more desk space than the fifty-six-by-twenty-nine-and-a-half-inch surface that this desk provides. The drawers are decorated with handsome keyholes cut out of the wood, and handsome brass keys are provided for the locks, but the way you open the drawers is to put a hand underneath and pull. The desk's look of elegance is



Readers Digest

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This one magazine keeps you informed, inspired, entertained. Discover how it keeps you abreast of the fast pace of modern life—from medicine to man in space—from South America to South Vietnam. An article a day of lasting interest. In the September issue, for example:

Dwight D. Eisenhower says: This Country Needs Universal Military Training. "I have watched with dismay the rising tide of rancor engendered by our draft system. It is my hope that out of this frustrating and humiliating experience will come a better way of providing the military manpower that we must have—a system which will help revive among *all* our young people a deep sense of 'duty, honor, country'." The former President offers the fairest solutions to a national problem.

The Truth About LSD. Thousands of people have been tempted to use this drug to "turn themselves on" or "to take a trip." The author's conclusion is "that *no one except qualified researchers should touch the stuff.* LSD is about as safe and useful as a do-it-yourself brain-surgery kit for amateurs." A definitive report from the frontier of medical science.

James Reston: Press vs. Presidency. "The power of the Presidency has been increasing steadily since the Second World War. And the power of the press and even of the Congress to restrain the man holding the office has declined proportionately." Perceptive, analytical reporting by the famous *New York Times* editor, condensed from *Foreign Affairs.*

John Steinbeck writes an open letter about Vietnam to Soviet poet Yevtushenko. Impassioned words by a Nobel Prize-winner, condensed from *Newsday.*

John Gunther: The Trouble in Argentina. "It is one of the world's most important trading nations; its army and navy are forces of real size and significance; its capital is a city of culture, wealth and sophistication. Yet it is a country split like a butchered steer, a country haunted by a ghost (Peron)." A penetrating report by a distinguished author.

Unmasking China's Nuclear Secrets. "Red China's nuclear-bomb test last May took no one by surprise. It was 'seen' and 'heard' by U.S. scientists, although they were not at the scene. Uncanny scientific devices tell us almost everything there is to know about Red China's atomic progress." Condensed from *U.S. News and World Report.*

The dramatic story of Saint Paul. "Outgoing, witty and gregarious, he was above all an intensely human person who dared believe, in a caste-ridden age, that all men are created equal. The many crises, narrow escapes and sporadic bursts of violence make his life one of the great adventure stories of all time." An inspired look at an inspiring man.

Carl T. Rowan reports on Thailand. "Bangkok itself is golden-spired temples, modern hotels and sparkling shops, pretty girls in long, clinging skirts . . . behind the dazzling façade is a country fighting for its life." An exclusive Digest report by the man who has been both Ambassador to Finland and the Director of the U.S. Information Agency.

The Case of the Missing H-Bomb. "It was at once a great tragedy and a great mystery, and perhaps it was a miracle of sorts." For nine months, the details of the near-catastrophe in southern Spain eluded the sharpest correspondents. Now, in a special feature, The Digest unravels one of the most fascinating true-life detective stories of the nuclear age.

And that's only a sample. This September, you'll also enjoy:

How to Beat the High Cost of College
Foreign Aid That Works
Common Sense and the "Femininity Pill"
Lose Weight and Stay Thin
New York's Brand-New Opera House
Is There a Snorer in the House?

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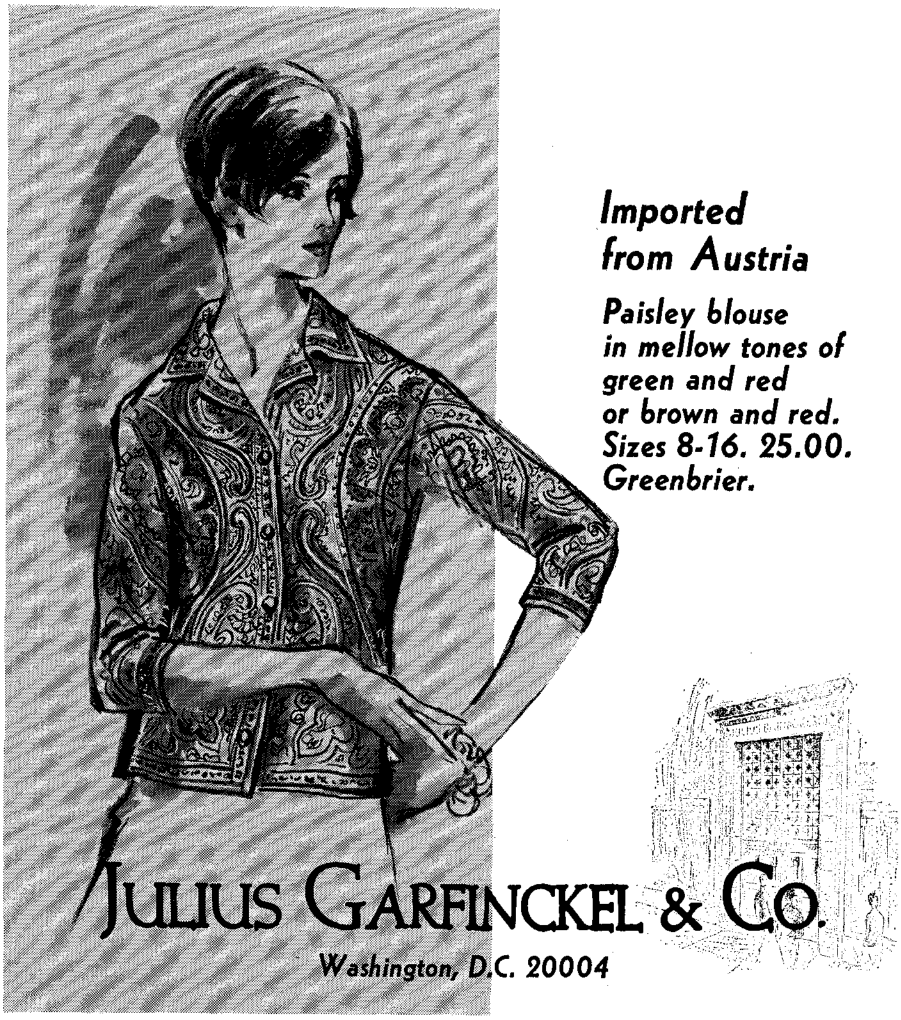

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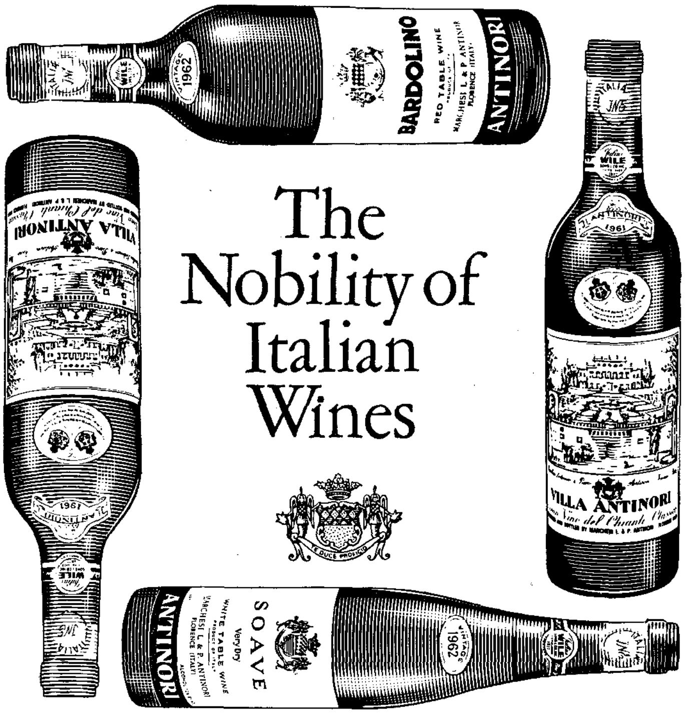

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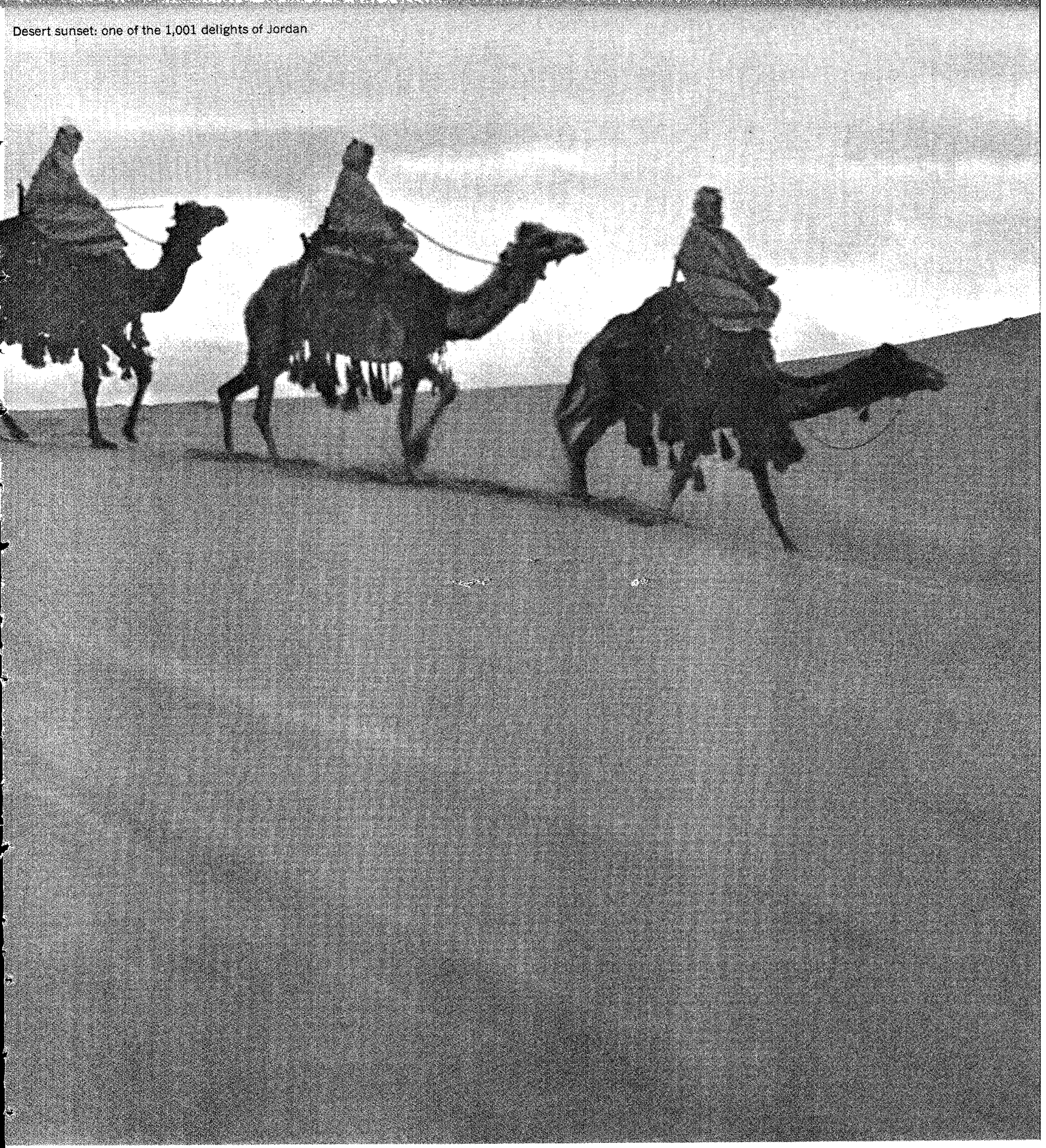
WILE NEW YORK

to a great extent a matter of the rosewood it is made of. This lovely wood has recently come back into fashion, and seems to be on its way to replacing teak as the ubiquitous medium for modern furniture. I am all in favor of it, for the sake of change itself, and also because the idea of putting a wood that is almost rococo in its rich warmth and complexity of grain in the service of austere modern design strikes me as a singularly felicitous one. The price of the desk, by the way, is $385.

THE combination of wood and metal, often a doubtful idea, works out very well in the case of two library tables at Bloomingdale's, which mix rosewood tops with chrome-plated-steel bases. The first, sixty inches long and thirty-six inches wide, stands on slender chrome trestles and has a top made of narrow strips of solid rosewood, varying between ten and twelve inches in length, that have been laminated to form a kind of pattern upon pattern of rosewood grain and the irregular conjunctions of the small strips. This table is $350. The other has a rosewood-veneer top, and each of its four svelte chrome legs forms a slender letter A; this striking piece is sixty inches long and thirty inches wide, and costs $390.

A LIBRARY table I particularly admire is at Scandinavian Design, 15 East 53rd Street. It is a pure, light, lovely table, designed by Bruno Mathsson, with a birch frame and legs and a top made of ash—a smooth, straight-grained, almost white wood that resembles unfinished white pine but narrowly escapes pine's look of rawness. The difference is a subtle one; perhaps it can be said that ash looks nude, while pine looks naked. The top (seventy-one inches long and thirty inches wide) has gently rounded edges, and the legs widen slightly as they ascend, and do something interesting just before they reach the top: they suddenly split in two and the halves bend back like opening flower petals to receive the tabletop upon their uplifted surfaces. The price is $397, and the table can be ordered in other shapes and sizes at other prices. It is finished with invisible coats of lacquer and plastic shellac, and the wood is supposed not to darken very much. In the showroom, it stands near a window, and this seems appropriate, for everything about the table is reflective of daylight and air and space.

I HAD always imagined that the worried look on the faces of office workers had something to do with the



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Jordan is full of experiences like this. You shift backward and forward in time—from a Caliph's palace to air-conditioning. And history is capsuled so *compactly* in Jordan. (The whole country would fit inside the state of Indiana). Roughly fifty miles from where the photograph above was taken lies Jericho, where Joshua fought his battle... the Dead Sea Caves, where the famous Scrolls were discovered . . . the Dead Sea itself. To the north lie the incredible Roman ruins of Jerash . . . and to the south is the rock-carved city of Petra, which Antony once gave to Cleopatra. To the west lies ancient Jerusalem... and Bethlehem.

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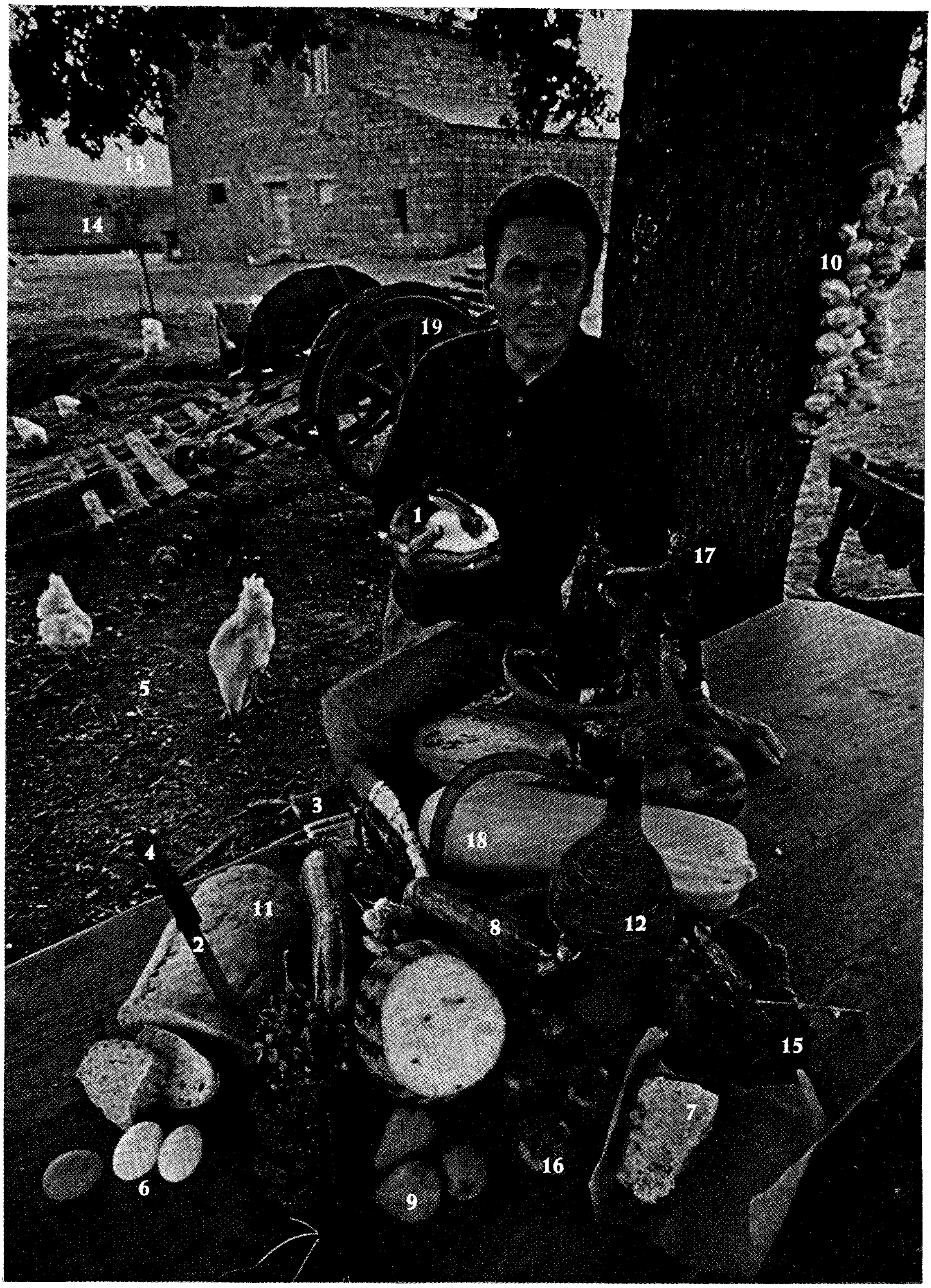
HISTORIC **JORDAN** THE HOLY LAND



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monotony or futility or frustration of the work they had to do, but according to a booklet put out by Herman Miller, Incorporated, a firm that makes office furniture, that isn't it at all. The real trouble is the office itself, which is "a wasteland," the booklet says. "It saps vitality, blocks talent, frustrates accomplishment . . . fosters mental and physical decline, and depresses capacity to perform." This is apparently because the worker sits all day at a conventional "cleared sterile desk," clogging up his arteries and glaring at unwelcome visitors, instead of *standing* at an unconventional Action Office desk, glowing with rude health and dispatching the "meaningful clutter" before him with all the poise and inner serenity of one who knows that through his "working postures" he can "control the degree of interruption—casual, short, involved, or none at all—without offense to the caller." The Action Office is based on a three-year study of "environmental forces and their effect on humans," made by the company's research division in Ann Arbor, and the "working climate" in offices that have installed the Miller furniture must be nothing short of Elysian if the notion that furniture is at the heart of what is the matter with American business is anywhere near a true one. Whatever it does, the furniture, which can be seen at the Miller showrooms, 600 Madison Avenue (58th), *looks* perfectly splendid. It has the clean, swift, slightly abstract look of beautifully designed machinery, and though offhand it may seem a bit extreme for the home—even a home with a modern décor—on further reflection I don't see why someone who fancied one of these desks couldn't carry off a stroke that, in point of fact, is no bolder than that of putting a Kandinsky in an ornate baroque frame or keeping one's Brillo on permanent display in the living room.

The Action Office desk, designed by George Nelson, is like no other desk on earth, resembling a cross between an architect's drafting table and Brancusi's "Bird in Space." The working top of the desk, a concise rectangle (forty-nine and a half inches long and thirty-two inches wide in one version) of sand-colored plastic, rises forty-three and a half inches above floor level (most desks are only thirty inches high) and is held up by a pair of slender struts of highly polished aluminum. The storage part of the desk is a nest of shallow bins at the far side of the working top but well within the standee's reach. If some nosy person comes by and tries to read the papers on the desk, the owner

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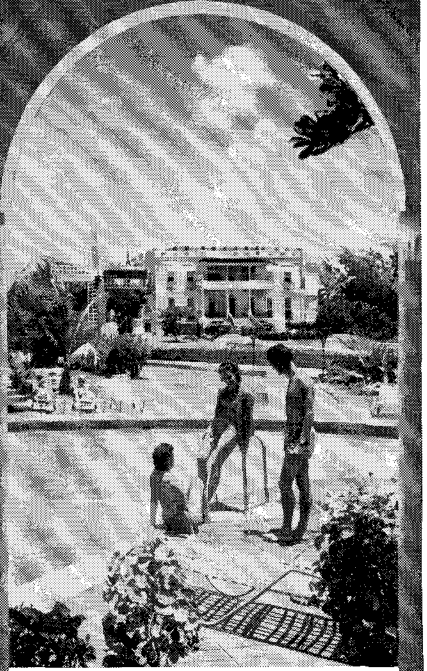

On the Caribbean Shore

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RATES
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Sandy Lane is for the connoisseur. Superb cuisine. Situated on a 380 acre estate with 1000 feet of beach. All bedrooms face the sea . . . are air-conditioned and have verandahs. Private 9-hole championship golf course • 2 all-weather tennis courts • yacht anchorage • 2 air-conditioned restaurants, dancing • fishing/sailing/water skiing.

Henry C. Petteys, *General Manager*

On the Atlantic Shore

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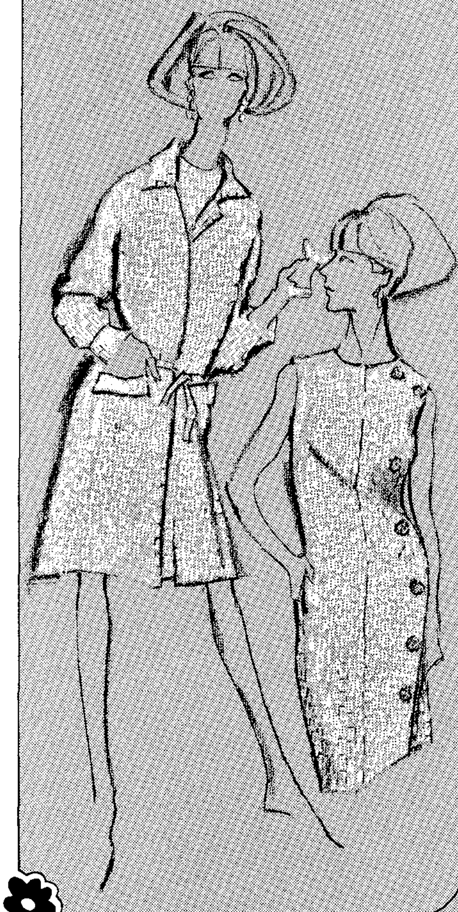

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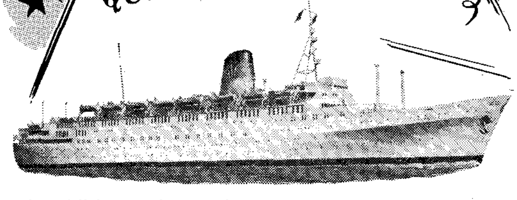

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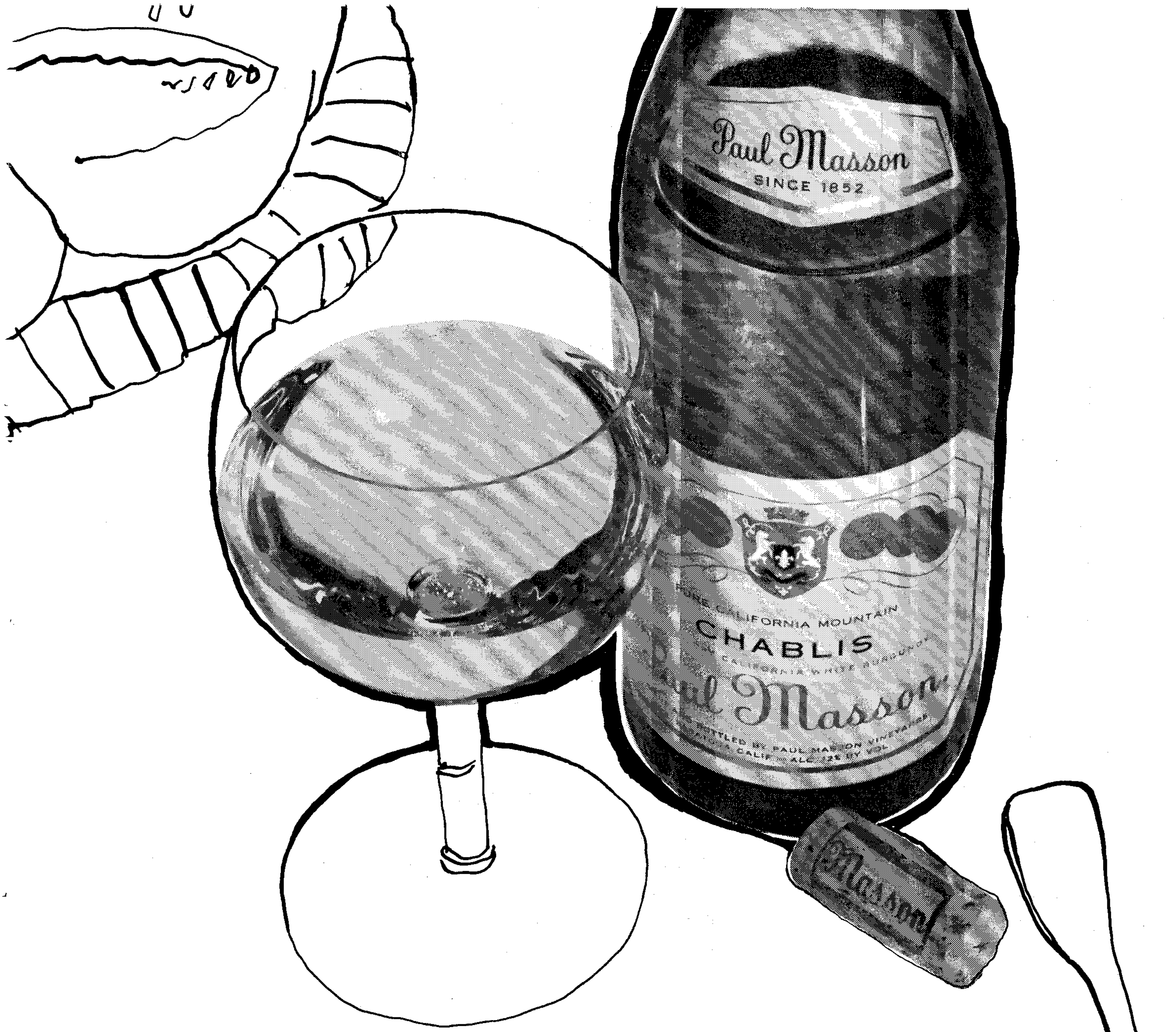
can sweep everything into a bin with one cool and inoffensive flick of the wrist and, with another, cover up the bin with a slatted wooden tambour top—unlike the conventional desk worker, who is always guiltily shoving things into jammed drawers and making a mess of the working climate. On each side, the desk top is flanked by a free-form piece of painted metal (blue, green, black, or yellow), which gives the writing surface a protective rim and the desk its tense, odd profile. It costs $535, and there are many variations in size, height, bin divisions, and covers. The price varies accordingly, but in most cases remains around $500.

For the indolent, or for people whose feet bother them more than their cholesterol does, a perch is available—a high upholstered stool with a back support and a polished-aluminum base. It swivels and moves about on casters, and costs $180 in leather and $165 in Naugahyde or fabric.

For more conventional-minded desk users the Miller company has more conventional desks, but they, too, reflect a determined effort by the firm to make work impossible to put off or do halfheartedly, with the shaming example before one of furniture that is so admirably performing *its* part of the job. There is a combination of pieces called the Work Organizer, also by George Nelson, which must be a joy to sit and work at. It is an L arrangement of a table and a stand of storage units fitted out with drawers, files, open compartments, pull-out writing surfaces, shelves, vertical partitions—all within reach of the person sitting at the table. The side of the table not appended to the cabinets reposes on chrome legs, and the tabletop and cabinets come in oiled ash or walnut. The storage stand is forty-three inches high, eighty inches long, and eighteen and a half inches deep, and, with a fifty-nine-by-twenty-nine-and-a-half-inch top, the price is $714.

EVER since I moved a steel file cabinet into my apartment several years ago, I have pitied those of my friends who don't also own a file cabinet, and they, in turn, have pitied me for permitting myself such an aesthetic lapse as to admit this eyesore into the house. The ugliness of the cabinet cannot be denied, but the benefits it has conferred on my life—at least on that part of it concerned with taxes, leases, insurance policies, licenses, birth certificates, school reports, vaccination records, letters, clippings, photographs,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(Order the wine first; be a food snob)

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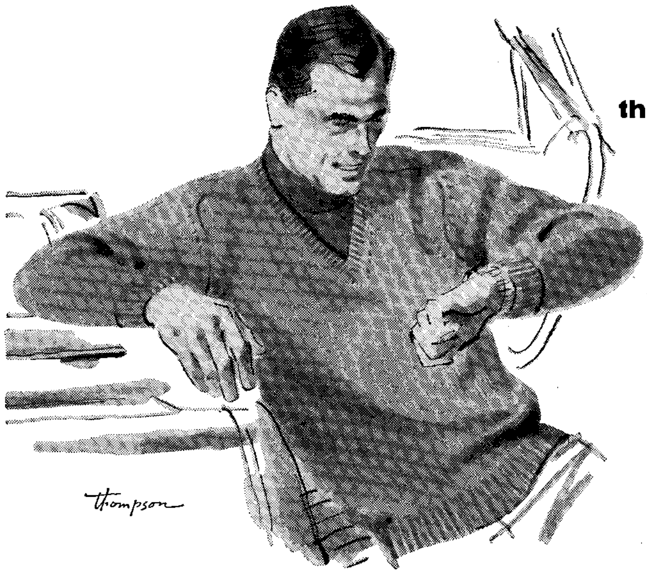
Alan Paine



the sports scene

rallies round Alan Paine *super-lambswool* from England. This luxurious 4-ply sweater is fully fashioned, features the perfect-fitting saddle shoulder specially designed by Alan Paine. *And the distinctive colors are Alan Paine originals too.* About $20.

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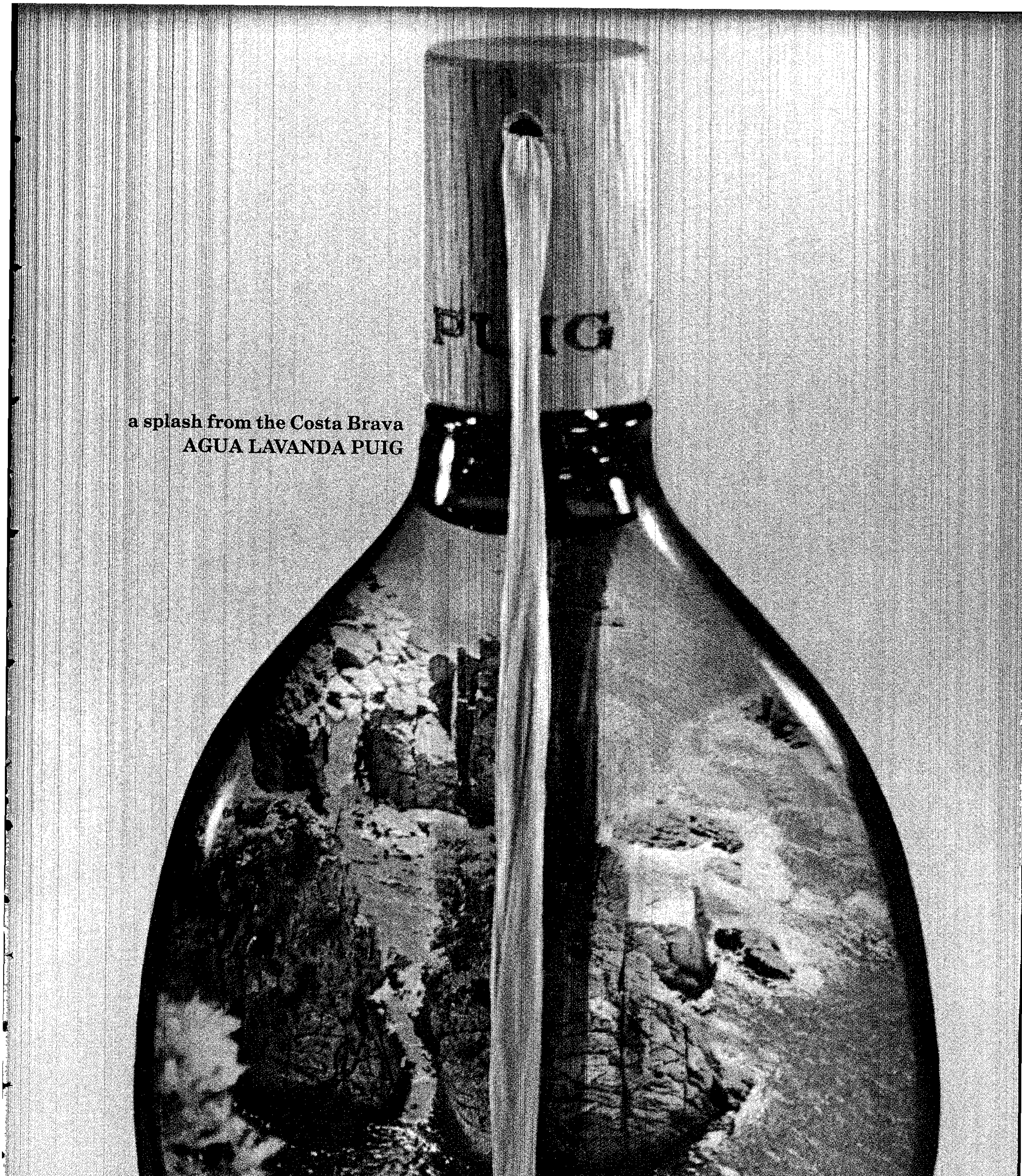
recipes, catalogues, and so on—are just as undeniable, and more than compensate me for my ruined décor. I can see, however, that everyone isn't as insensitive to beauty as I seem to be when it's a question of my convenience, and I have found a splendid way around the problem. I have found—at Fritz Hansen, Inc., 305 East 63rd Street—a file cabinet that doesn't look in the least like a file cabinet. It is a teak chest, fifteen and three-quarters inches deep, thirty-one and a half inches long, and fifteen and three-quarters inches high, that stands eight and five-eighths inches off the ground, on four square-cut legs, and opens from above, by means of a top that lifts up and then slides down along the back, revealing space for two rows of hanging files, of either legal or letter size. It costs $217 and is a beautifully executed piece, part of a line of office furniture that won the designers, Henning Jensen and Torben Valeur, the Danish Handicraft Prize in 1962. Their desk is similarly prizeworthy and suitable for home use. It is a teak table, sixty-three inches long and thirty-one and a half inches wide, with four square-cut legs and with a substantial but not cumbersome pedestal drawer unit on one side (you can choose which). The drawers have tasteful chromium-plated-metal pulls, and there is a choice of three drawers or one drawer and a file compartment. The desk is also made in oak, as is the file cabinet; either way, and with either arrangement, it costs $500. It arrives in pieces, and one is supposed to have no trouble putting it together again with Allen screws.

I trust that no lingering doubts remain about the advantages of furniture over cars, but I had better insert a note of warning. With the exception of Jensen and Bloomingdale's, all the places mentioned in this report are ruled by a to-the-trade-only policy, which means that they will let you into the showroom but you can't buy anything unless you bring along a person they refer to as "your decorator." I suggest, therefore, that you make some provision in your budget for the purchase of this man. —J. M.

•

> The craft, capable of 55 knots, is being used by British navy, army and air force test units. Civilian passenger overcoats have been skimming over the water between the Isle of Wight and the mainland since 1962.
>
> —*Seattle Times.*

Burberrys, of course.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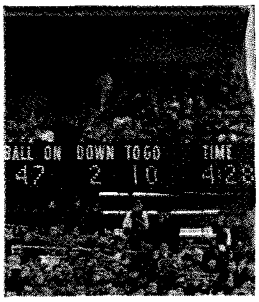
(Our wagon has an unusually high roof, and an unusually wide 4' door in its side.)

But then maybe you don't live next door to a Volkswagen Station Wagon. In that case, you might want to buy one.

The Deluxe Model has 21 windows and a sliding sunroof. It seats 9 comfortably. It gets around 23 miles to the gallon. Its tires will last for about 35,000 miles. And it parks in 4' less space than most conventional wagons.

Of course, if for some reason you can't buy one, there's always the next best thing... talk your neighbor into buying one.



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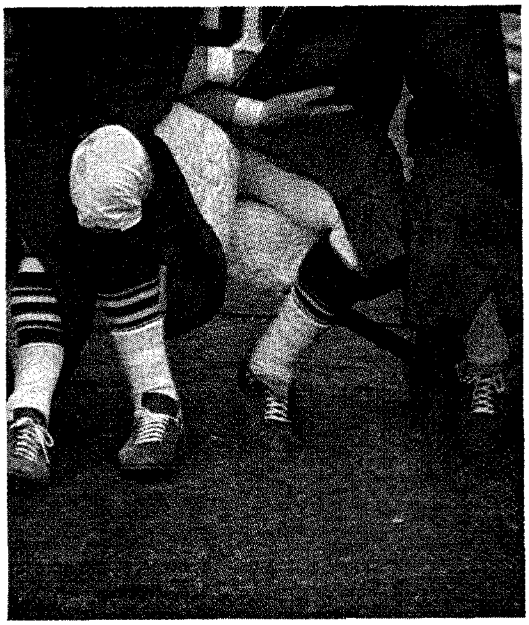

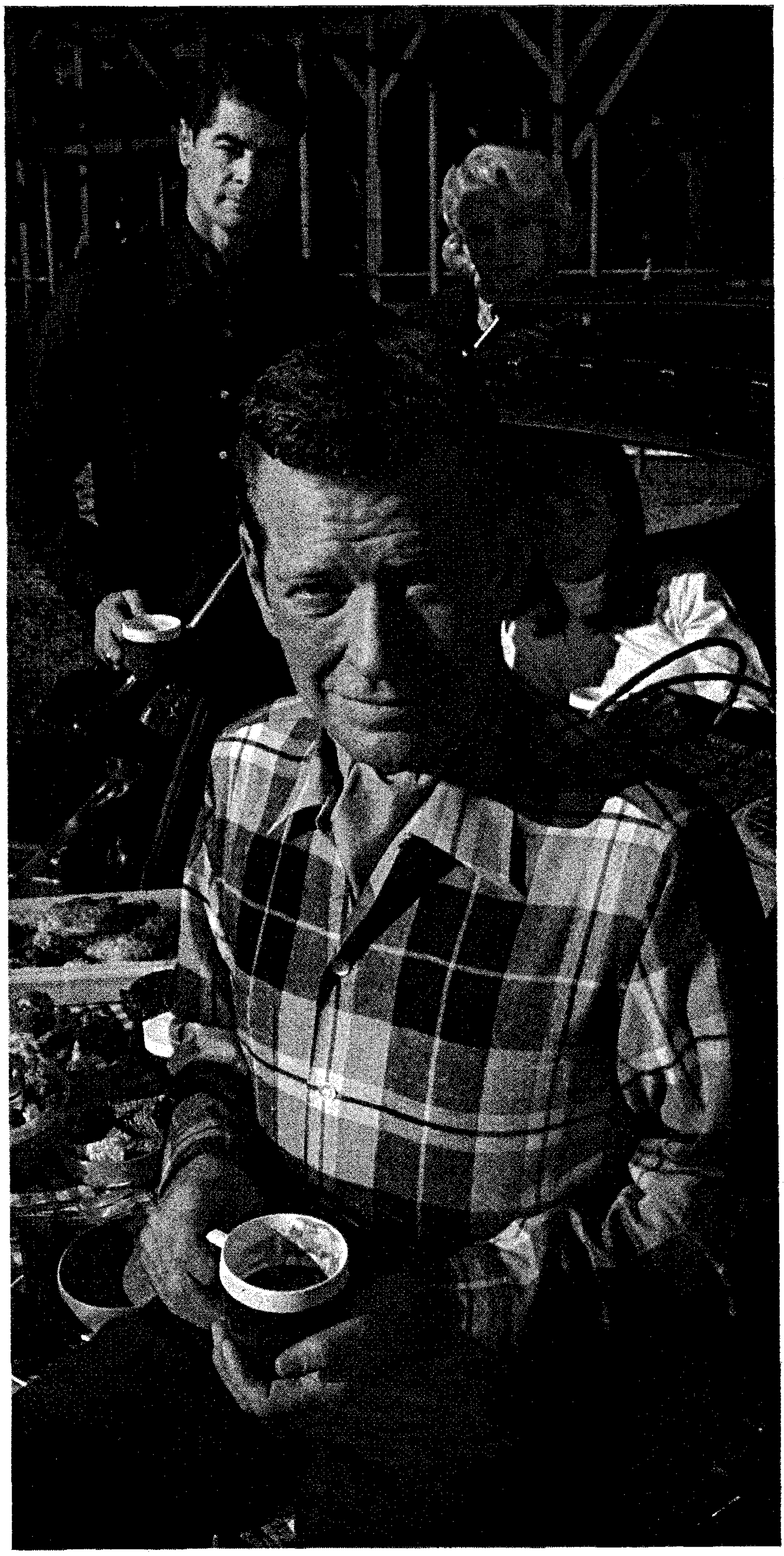

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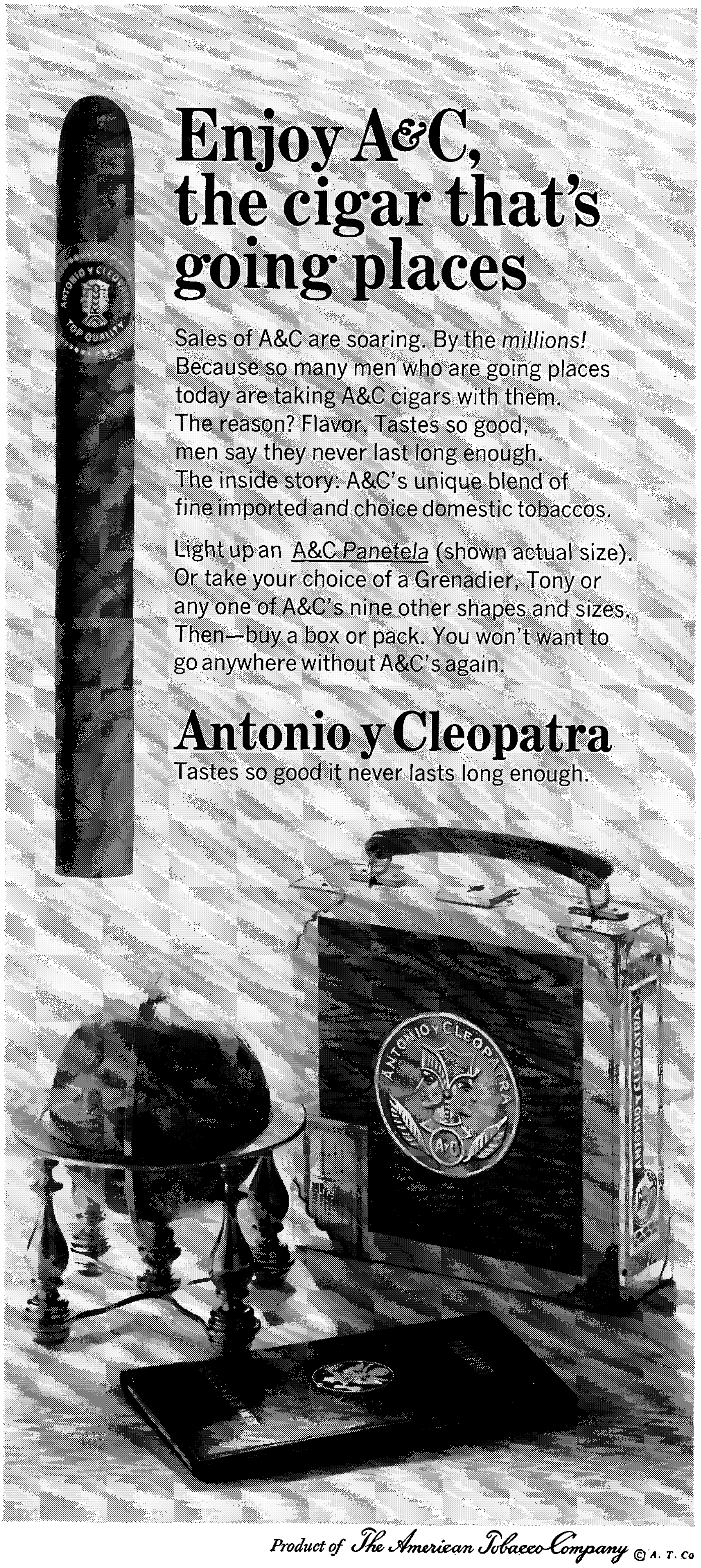
LETTER FROM PARIS

AUGUST 30

As a chief of state, President de Gaulle is an aerial phenomenon. The luggage of his seventy-five years seems not a bit overweight for him to carry on his present nineteen-day journey, of fifty-six flight hours, to four of the classic five parts of the world—Africa, Asia, Oceania, and America (in its French island of Guadeloupe)—a tour in the sky of forty-three thousand five hundred kilometres, or a little more than the length of the equator. As has been pointed out here, in his vast circling of the globe from west to east he gains an extra day on the calendar by using it twice, arriving in Tahiti on September 7th from Nouméa, which he will have left the day before—also September 7th. As devotees of Jules Verne, the French have been quick to recognize that Phileas Fogg, in "Around the World in 80 Days," unexpectedly won his bet on just such a duplicate day, which he had forgotten to count on. General de Gaulle's takeoff from Orly on this long and obviously significant diplomatic journey, for once important to others besides himself and France, was reportedly quite an affair. His waiting plane was flying his personal pennant of the French colors with his Croix de Lorraine on its white band; the airport's Grand Salon, reserved for V.I.P.s, was decorated with a great tricolor bouquet of white gladiolas, blue iris, and scarlet dahlias; and his full Cabinet of Ministers, headed by Premier Pompidou, plus the Military Governor of Paris, were all punctiliously assembled to bid him a formal bon voyage. To his Ministers he said, "Messieurs, I am sorry you may not all take part in this journey. And, to tell you the truth, I am a little sad to leave you for so long." (Among members of his entourage, de Gaulle is noted for his small truths' being often lightened by a little humor, and vice versa.) A military guard of honor presented arms while the band played the "Marseillaise," and de Gaulle, in summer uniform, stood rigidly at the salute; then it played the "Marche Lorraine" as he strode up the steps into the Presidential DC-8 jet. (Mme. de Gaulle, accompanied by her maid, had earlier been quietly escorted into the plane, dressed



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in a well-cut gray travelling costume and toque.) For once, there was no chartered press plane, only three Paris publications having been willing to pay the equivalent of two thousand dollars for a reporter's round-trip ticket, since it will be cheaper for the press to fly in reporters from eastern offices to cover the widely scattered points on de Gaulle's route.

According to the government *porte-parole*, "the President of the Republic himself traced the journey he will make," of which the natural finale is to be his visit to France's nuclear-experiment station near Papeete, where a bomb will be exploded in his honor. En route, he wanted to look in on Djibouti, on the coast of French Somaliland—France's only remaining African holding, which a few years ago chose the semi-independent status of a French territory. This visit, said the *porte-parole*, was to "see the population for himself and hear how things were going locally." As the newspapers have since reported, what he saw and heard locally was a violent mob of Djibouti natives shouting "*Vive de Gaulle!*" and also "*Vive l'Indépendance Totale!*," which was not as illogical as it sounds, because it was de Gaulle himself who earlier parcelled out decolonization to most of France's subject peoples—a leader from whom the Somali nationalists now perhaps aspired to draw further freedoms. His chilly response to the rioters on the Place Rimbaud, named for the poet, was contained in his statement in the Territorial Assembly that waving pro-independence placards, "which I have read," cannot decide the destiny of a nation. He then added, "I am a man who has lived through a great deal, who has seen a great many varied events. Nothing astonishes me, nothing will astonish me. Whatever happens, I shall continue to serve France." However, his final words there had to do with his next port of call, Pnompenh. "In Cambodia," he said, "I shall have something to say on the war in Vietnam and on the dangers it presents to the world." Already, the Western world's chancelleries are deeply curious to hear what he may say, prophetically.

IN a way, French newspaper readers get twice as much news on the Vietnam war as do readers in the United States. Here in Paris, the papers, of course, carry the regular dispatches from Saigon on the American armed forces and their war against North Vietnam. But in Paris we also receive news that United States readers do not get—two different kinds of it,

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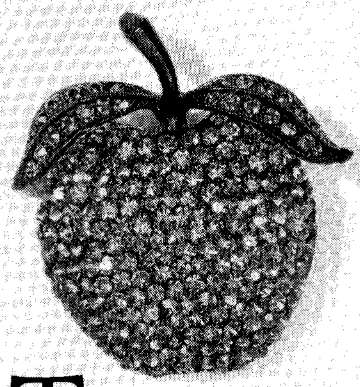

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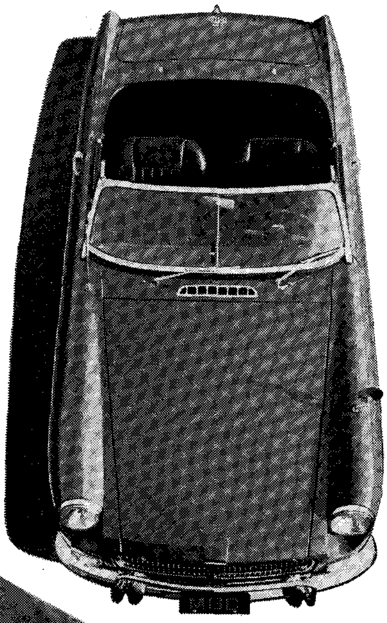

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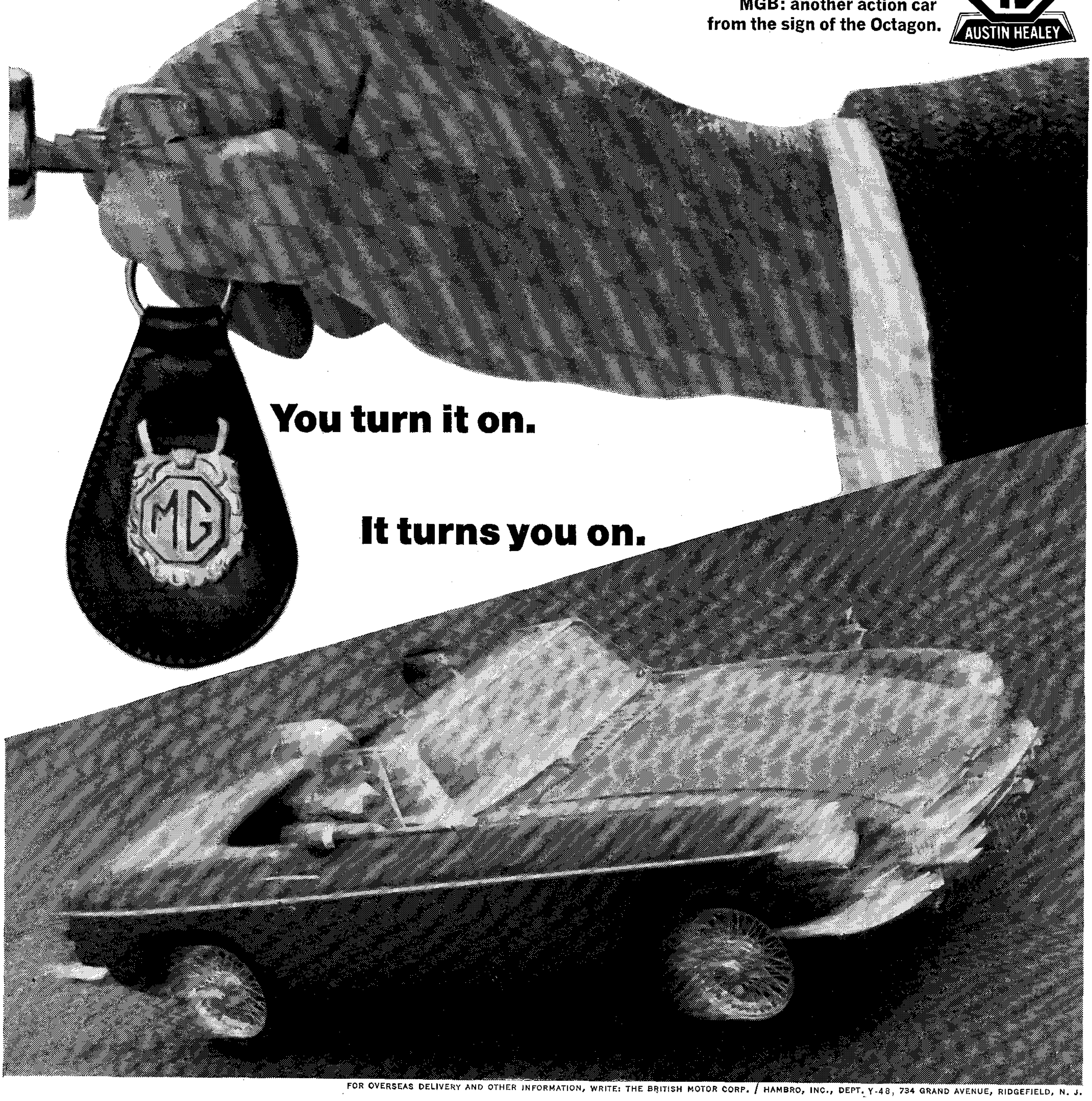

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really, both from Hanoi—about the North Vietnamese war against the American forces. One of these reports is featured in *L'Humanité*, the French Communist Party's daily Paris paper, and comes irregularly from its Hanoi correspondent, always with a heavy Soviet slant of often considerable interest, since we all want to know more about the depth of Moscow's relations with North Vietnam. The other Hanoi news source is the regular daily professional dispatch from the correspondent there for the non-political Agence France-Presse, the big French national and international news service. (The A.F.-P. also distributes South Vietnam dispatches from its Saigon office, since dispensing news to its clients—among them the state radio here and the government itself—is its business.) But these two journalists working out of Hanoi are literally the only permanent Western correspondents accredited to the press service of the North Vietnamese Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Press visas for Hanoi are hard to come by, whereas for Saigon they must come easy, to judge by the reported presence there of about three hundred correspondents, living and working in something like organized comfort. And Hanoi cable rates are high; a thousand words sent to Paris costs about three hundred dollars—considerably dearer than the rate from Peking.

The A.F.-P. correspondent, Jean Rafaelli, sent out to Hanoi in the spring to do daily dispatches, is now returning to Paris after a stint of three months of work in such difficult and fatiguing conditions that his successor will be limited to the same period. According to what he has written to his friends in the A.F.-P. Paris office, on the Place de la Bourse, there are no baths or public transportation or taxis in Hanoi. To spare him walking an average ten kilometres a day to collect information, his office here vainly tried to ship him a small motorcycle. Food is scarce, and his seat in a restaurant has to be booked a week in advance; the foreigners live in a restricted quarter, so conversations with native personalities are difficult; he has to have a permit to leave the city to visit local villages for news and another permit to get back in. A thick administrative fog apparently hangs over the city, plus a special Oriental evasiveness. Officials never say no to a request but "I shall advise you later," and never do. The North Vietnamese imitate as well as they are able a system that Moscow once reserved for foreign correspondents—semi-isolation, frustration, baf-

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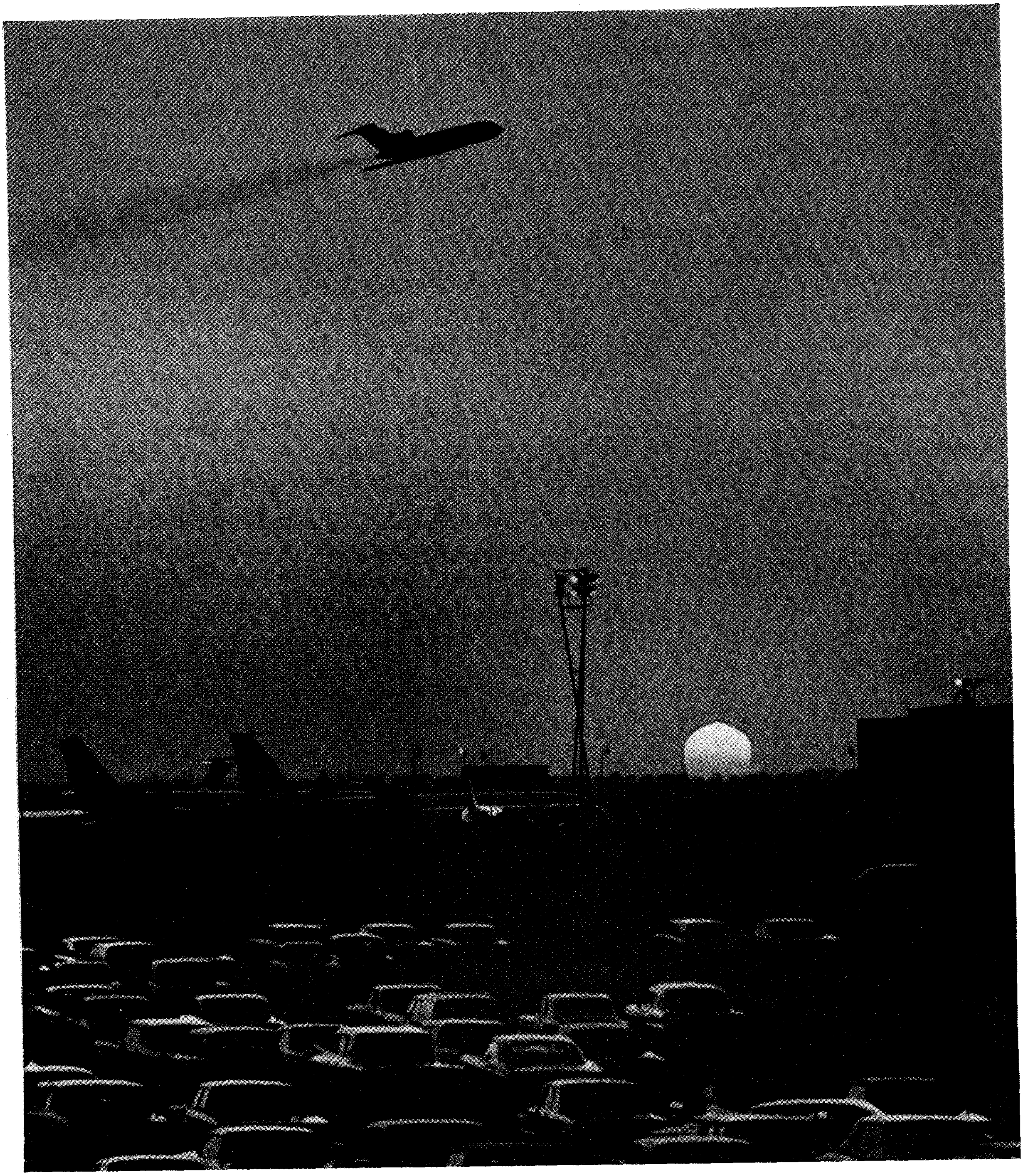

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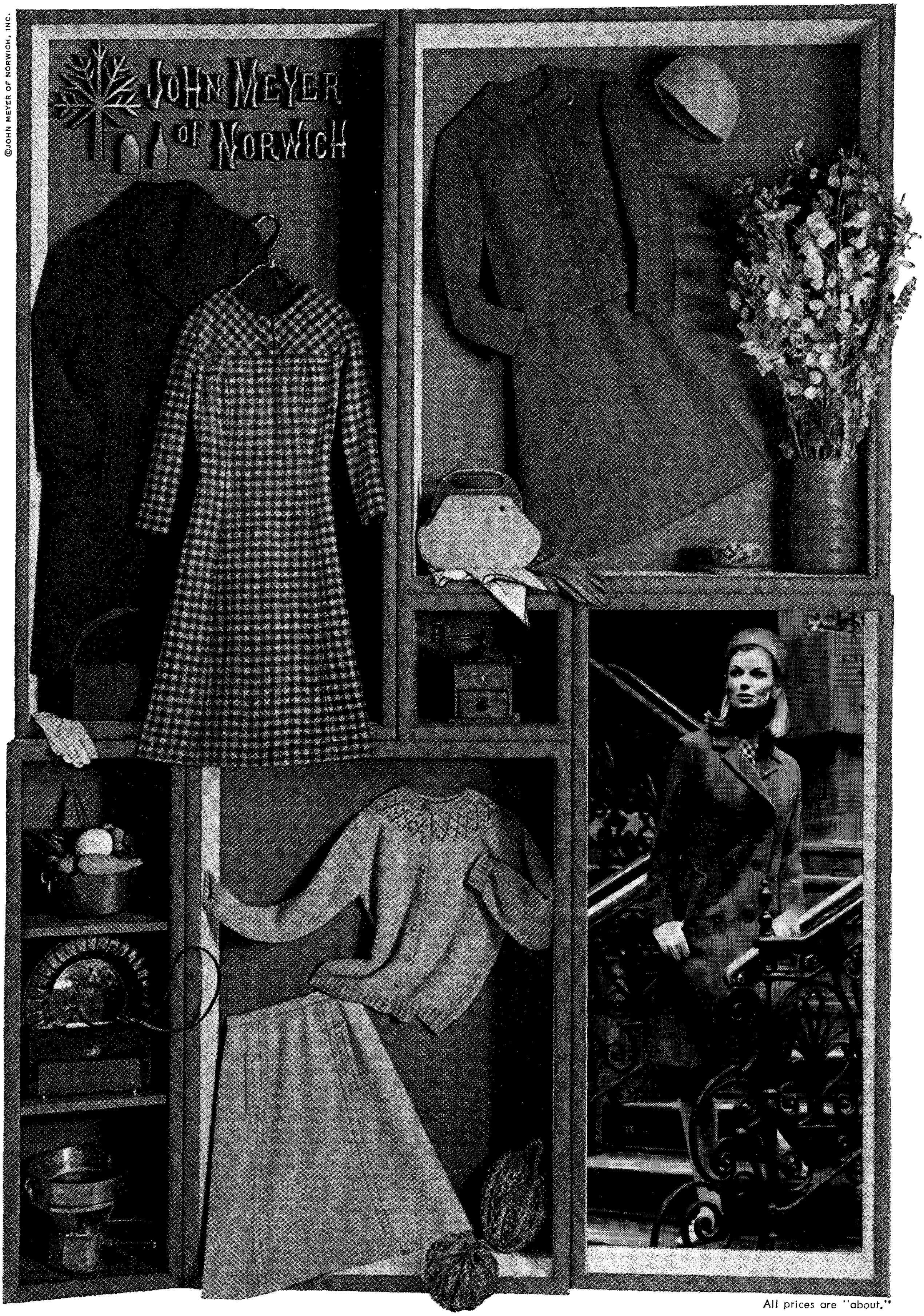

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flement. The best thing about Hanoi for a correspondent is that there is no censor.

Among important news events announced first in Rafaelli's dispatches was the secret visit to Moscow of the North Vietnamese Premier Pham Van Dong to discuss Soviet aid, and the parading by the North Vietnamese authorities of the wretched American aviator prisoners. Early in August, he wrote about the evacuation of the Hanoi and Haiphong urban population to the mountains and jungles as an answer to Washington's escalation of the bombing attacks, and about the removal of the cities' factories and their reconstruction elsewhere. In one piece, he wrote of the bombing of a village near Hanoi in which the attack lasted only thirty seconds and killed forty villagers. In connection with Hanoi's preparations for celebrating its twenty-first anniversary of independence, on September 2nd, he wrote of what the government there called "the American underestimation of the will to resist of the North Vietnamese—a people who have behind them the experience in survival of twenty-two years of almost uninterrupted war," and who will, they say, continue fighting "in the *maquis* if the Americans bomb all their cities flat." This American minimizing of their resistance was viewed by the North Vietnamese government as "a fundamental tactical error." Much of what Rafaelli reports is tragic and terrible, because he is writing about the people on the poorer, frugal side of the conflict against a rich foreign force. In addition to the dominant Paris papers like *Le Figaro*, *Le Monde*, *Paris Presse*, and *France-Soir*, his reports are carried in such powerful provincial papers as *Sud-Ouest*, of Bordeaux, and *Le Progrès*, of Lyon. They can be published in popular French papers because France is officially neutral in the war. However, the French people, on the whole, are not, being convinced that as a repetition of history it is a frightful, frightening mistake, which no victory can solve. Part of their pessimism lies in their memory of their own Indo-Chinese war (which Washington at that time thought was frightful)—an eight-year destructive French colonial struggle that ended in the four-month-long battle of the little plain of Dienbienphu in North Vietnam.

THIRTY-NINE Paris theatres have been closed for summer holidays, but almost the smallest of them all, Le Théâtre de Poche-Montparnasse,

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Others
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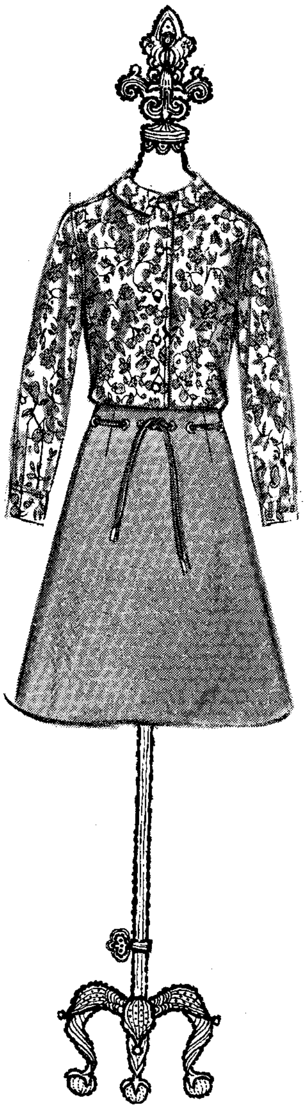
Felicidade
I Left My Heart In San Francisco
The Girl From Ipanema
People
Others
THE MAGNIFICENT PIANOS OF RONNIE ALDRICH
Ebb Tide
Love Letters
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes
Darn That Dream
Where Or When
Others

with perhaps a hundred seats, has been deservedly playing to capacity houses with its special summer program of five one-act playlets by two of the most creative among the most avant-garde playwrights here—the Spaniard known simply as Arrabal, and Eugène Ionesco—under the direction of the intelligent Antoine Bourseiller. The first of the two Arrabal plays, described as "*deux comédies paniques*," is "La Princesse," a comedy of unrequited love among three monsters and a royal miss, who falls amorous of a minotaur and is spurned, is loved by a crab man, whom she spurns and who assassinates her, after which her cadaver is tenderly mourned by an elephant suitor she had never even met. It is the fantastic costumes of the creatures—vast headpieces, all rather Picassoesque—and the vapid, drawing-room sentimental talk of the princess that provide the audience with the shock of humor, which is cardboard-thin, like sharp, colorful ideas merely glued together. However, Arrabal's "La Communiante" is psychologically extended to attain real weight, like a heavy mass of some base metal traced with occasional startling erotic designs. The *mise en scène* shows a young girl being dressed for her first Communion by her bourgeois, man-hating, pious grandmother, who garbs her by taking the white robes, petticoats, and fine laces off the household statue of the Virgin, which finally emerges as a silvery nude statue of Venus. All the while, the old lady enlightens the girl on how to be the perfect housewife once she marries—shining the floors, dusting the corners, and so on. To this litany of virtuous housecleaning the girl replies only, "*Oui, Grandmaman*," except for one or two explicit inquiries as to what a husband would be like. During this monologue, a strangely costumed masculine figure flits unnoticed back and forth across the stage, and at one moment brings in a coffin containing a dead woman. At last, alone with the corpse, he throws himself upon it with unbridled heroic virility, cut short by the return of the girl, who has a knife gleaming beneath her laces, with which she stabs him in the back, killing the myth of conjugal love. "La Communiante" is an extraordinary and gripping invention in shock. In the preface to the program, André Pieyre de Mandiargues says, "For divers reasons, in the strange epoch in which we have the happiness to live, to shock is as modern as preaching doubtless was in the time of Peter the Hermit." Arrabal, who has just been awarded the Lugné Poë theatre prize



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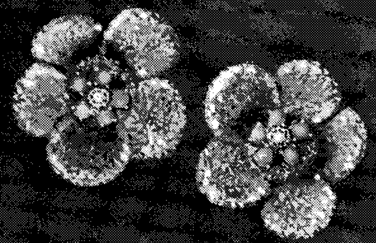

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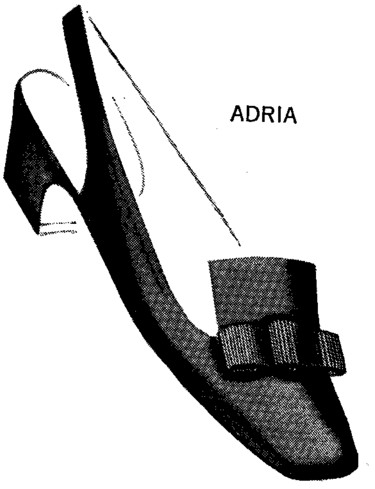

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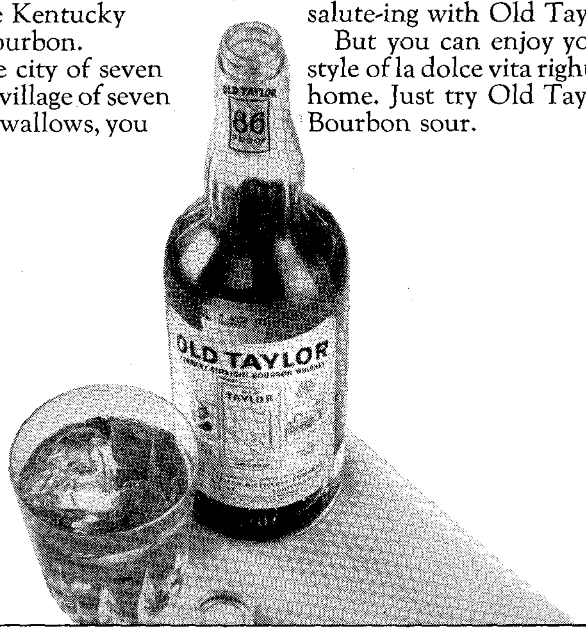

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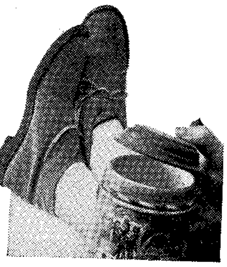

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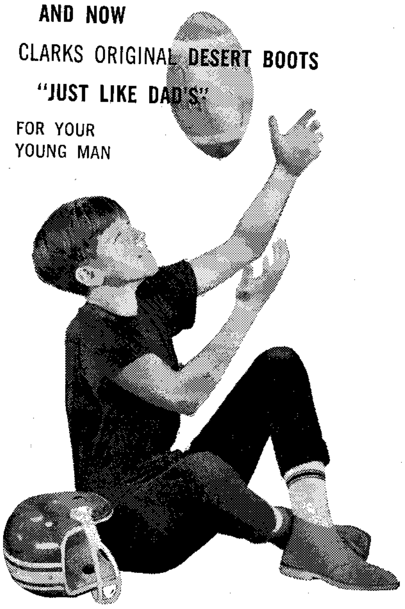

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for 1966, has lived here for a dozen years, contributing to the Paris avant-garde theatre, but never with such notoriety as he has had from the present piece, published years ago by André Breton in his review *La Brèche*.

Ionesco's "La Jeune Fille à Marier" is a riotously funny newish piece consisting of a café conversation enunciated by two strangers—a woman with a daughter to marry off, and a fat man she picks up, played with absolute vaudevillian *maîtrise* by a brilliant comic actor named Marc Dudicourt. "Leçons de Français pour Américains" was written by Ionesco at the request of a French professor at some American university as a takeoff on the so-called Assimil method of language teaching. Originally presented at the Odéon last February at a special performance, with Ionesco himself playing the teacher and Maria Casarès and Jean-Louis Barrault as two of the pupils, it reportedly was much funnier than it seems now. In a program that undeniably runs downhill, the evening ends with Ionesco's "Au Pied du Mur." The Théâtre de Poche, just across from the old Montparnasse railway station, now being razed, has been functioning for twenty-two years in its little dead-end alley, starting with Strindberg and since then having presented Audiberti, Kafka, the first Brecht ever seen here, Lorca, Pirandello, and even Yeats. Right now, it is in its new glory.

IN our memory, Paris has never looked so shabby, so dishevelled, so torn up by Algerian workmen laboring underground among the city's very intestines—its sewers, heating pipes, electric cables, natural-gas conduits, and so on—aided by noisy, bright-orange digging machines, some of which go clanking on into the night. A new traffic tunnel is being constructed under the Place de la Concorde, and so is a Seine-side expressway down below the Louvre. Kindred mutilating improvements are taking place all over town, in practically every quarter, including underground garages to house the Paris share of what the French government estimates as France's ten million automobiles. For them and their needs, Paris is being torn apart as it never was for its citizens.

—GENÊT

•

TODAY'S FACT

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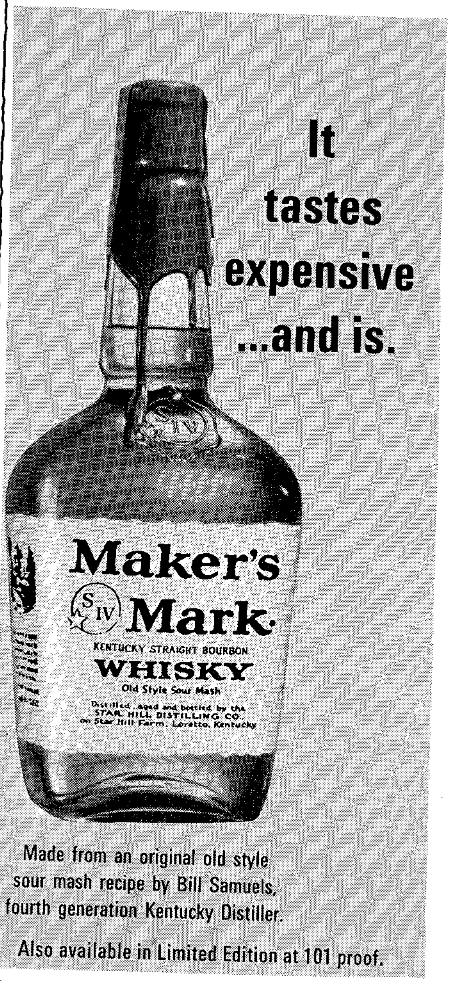

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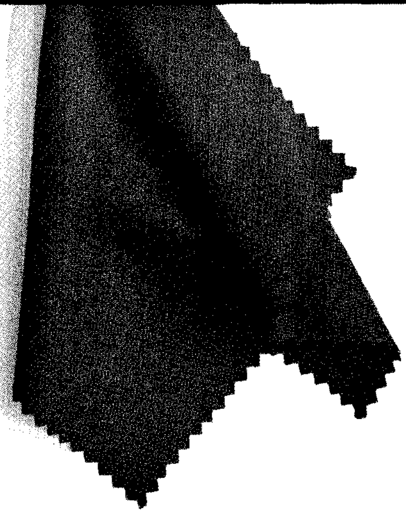

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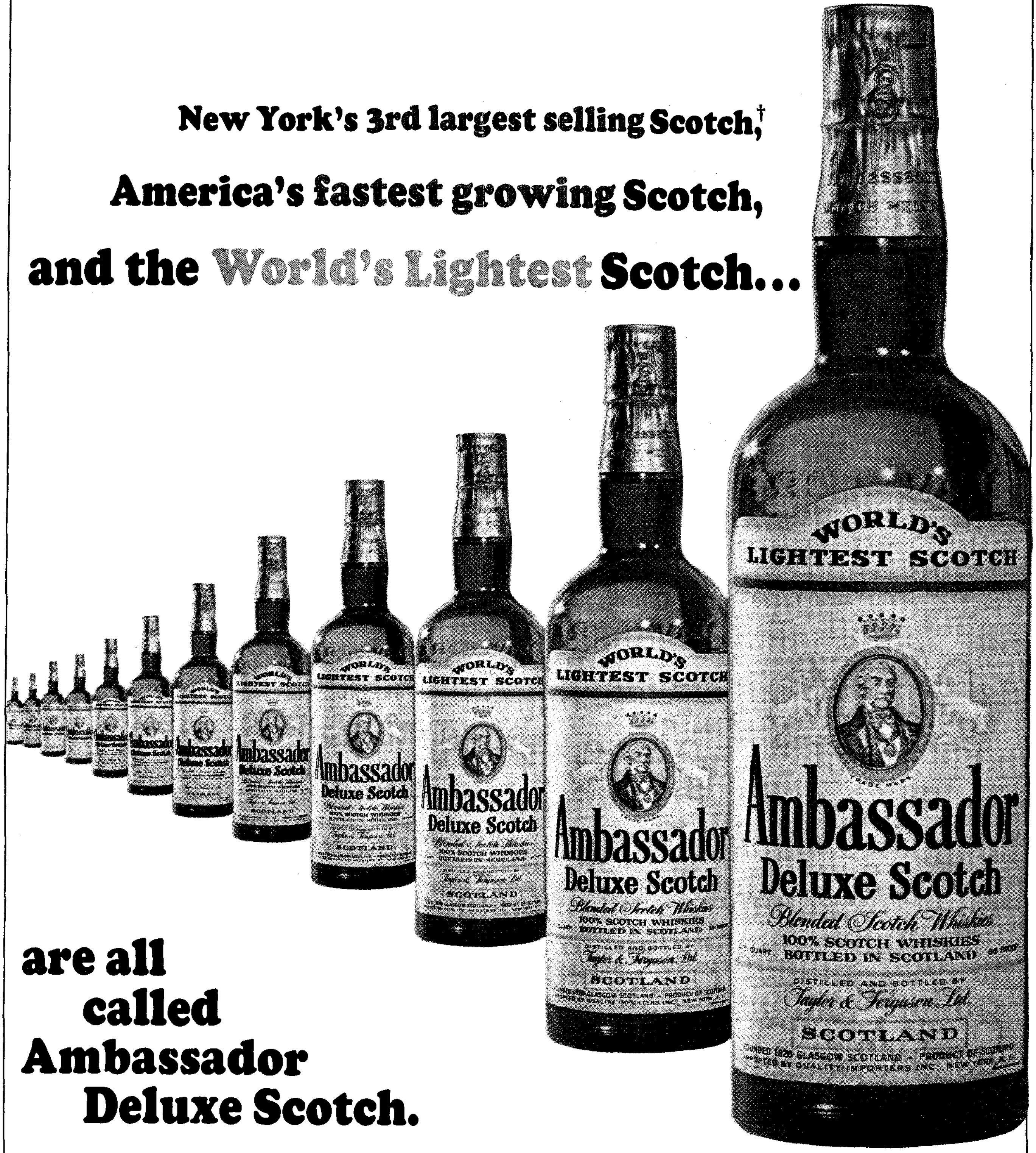
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Last week, the Woodbridge News published a story concerning a station wagon which was stuck in the mud on private property. Our writer gave the impression that it was on Mr. Beaton's land, a mile north of Woodbridge, in Vaughan Township.

We wish to apologize most profoundly to Mr. Beaton and also make it clear that the station wagon is not on Mr. Beaton's property and that it is not Mr. Beaton's problem. The station wagon is owned apparently by a Mr. John Damas, of Seaton Street, Toronto, who is a dew worm merchant. Mr. Damas has purchased or negotiated for dew worm picking rights on the Toronto Board of Trade's new golf course. His vehicle is mired in the mud a few feet from the board of trade service road which exits onto Clarence Street (8th Concession Road), 735 feet south of the entrance to Mr. Beaton's lane.

Our story reported that Mr. Beaton had ordered Mr. Damas, Dick Alford and the police from his property. This was incorrect. Mr. Beaton ordered none of them off his property (they weren't on his property anyway) nor did he order them from the board of trade property.

Mr. Alford and his tow truck remained on Clarence Street. The Woodbridge police used Mr. Beaton's lane to leave the golf course. Mr. Beaton himself drove Mr. Damas and Mr. Damas' friend to the home of George Clark, golf course superintendent. Mr. Damas told Mr. Beaton the Board of Trade could do nothing to help them.

Mr. Beaton then drove Mr. Damas to the Glen Shield Golf Course at Highway 7 and Dufferin St., where Mr. Damas had left his wife, daughter and one of his trucks.

An hour after arriving home, Mr. Beaton's locked car was stolen from his property and later recovered by the Vaughan police in Woodbridge.

Mr. Damas' lawyer called Mr. Beaton the next day to ask his help in removing the station wagon from the golf course. Mr. Beaton was disturbed by the coincidence of the car theft, declined any further help, and informed the lawyer that the wagon was a Board of Trade problem.

Mr. Damas appeared with a helicopter at the golf course the following Monday. Our story suggested the helicopter tried to free the station wagon. This is not correct. While the helicopter landed twice on the course it made no attempt to remove the wagon.

Our remarks about Mr. Beaton were inaccurate and we wish to offer our sincere apology to him and our readers. It is clear that Mr. Beaton did everything he reasonably could to help Mr. Damas. It is not clear why his station wagon is still stuck on the Board of Trade property.—*Woodbridge* (*Ont.*) *News*.

Still, the lesson is clear enough: Don't get all worked up over a dew worm.

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THE SPORTING SCENE

THE WORLD CUP

IN London, as August was beginning, I ran into a friend from New York who had come to England for a kind of cultural dip into theatres, galleries, and the pure tingle of London, which has been much celebrated of late in all manner of periodicals. As we were talking, he confessed to a deep puzzlement. "I've felt very out of it all this time," he said. "Everyone has been crouched over a television set, or else hurrying home to crouch over a television set. It's this World Cup, about which I know nothing at all; but I must say I've never felt so out of the swim, anywhere, ever." How right he was, poor fellow. Out of the swim was precisely what he was, for between July 11th and 30th, not only the British Isles but a considerable part of the world was held in thrall by the World Cup, the culmination of a global football competition which takes place every four years, and for which, on this occasion—the eighth since its inception—England was the host country. The extent to which the attention of the world was concentrated on this tumultuous series of football matches is pretty staggering on reflection. At the conclusion of the series, the *Daily Mail* claimed that one person in five of the world's population had watched at least a part of the competition, transmitted by satellite; and the statistical systems of British radio and television showed that practically thirty-one million inhabitants of the British Isles—a bit over half the population—gave themselves over to following the Cup, which required a fair hunk of their attention, since games were taking place at least every other day, sometimes four at once, while on off days the British Broadcasting Corporation produced panels of wordy experts, replays of games already over, and a spate of analyses and predictions of every sort. Legions of housewives were apparently converted to the game, leaving three weeks' worth of dust to gather, and the World Cup proved to be not only the "greatest sporting event ever staged in Britain," as the shrewder papers had always claimed it would be, and a conspicuous financial success for the Football Association (and, one must assume, for hostelries and merchants of every description) but also, in the end, a kind of national fairy tale that will take some forgetting, for, as things turned out, it had about it that incredible sporting perfection that always might, but seldom does, happen—a perfection incarnate in events like Bobby Thomson's famous home run in 1951, yet a perfection much more gradual and intricately devised, a perfection that a goodly part of those who saw it felt they would nod over happily in their old age, smiling a secret, faraway smile.

All this took some explaining to my friend—as, indeed, it would to almost the entire population of the United States—for the football being played in the World Cup had nothing to do with the space-helmeted, Martian contests of the National Football League, or even with the oval ball, or the single wing. The football that was preoccupying a fifth of the world's population during those dramatic three weeks is the game referred to in the United States as "soccer"—played with a round ball, and eleven men to a side—and is without question the most popular spectator sport in the world, evoking near insanity throughout Latin America, deep passion in Continental Europe and the Soviet Union, barefoot dedication in Africa, and intricate knowingness in the United Kingdom, which is generally recognized as the womb of the game. In Britain, the game is referred to officially as Association Football. (The word "soccer" is actually a laconic version of "association," stemming from university slang, which made "rugby" into "rugger" and "breakfast" into "brekker.") To the avid British public, though, "football" it remains, just as it is *futbol* exuberantly throughout Latin America (by far the most dedicated continent of supporters and players), and, in France, quite simply, *le foot.* While the World Cup was getting under way, I met an old school friend, now an agile sporting journalist, in the World Cup Press Headquarters at the Royal Garden Hotel, a virtual Babel of languages and enthusiasms. "Do you know," he said, with a kind of awe in his voice, "that this is the first sporting occasion, with the single exception of cricket matches, that I have covered in years without once having to mention the United States? It's unusual, when you think that this event is both the most universal and the most thrilling I've ever written about—it makes the Olympic Games look trivial by comparison. Why on earth haven't the Americans taken to football? If they once did, they'd go mad about it. But then, football isn't something you can master overnight. Look at us. We've been at the game for over a hundred years, and we've been outdone since the war by people like the Hungarians, the Spaniards, the Russians, and the South Americans. We're just struggling back. Can't

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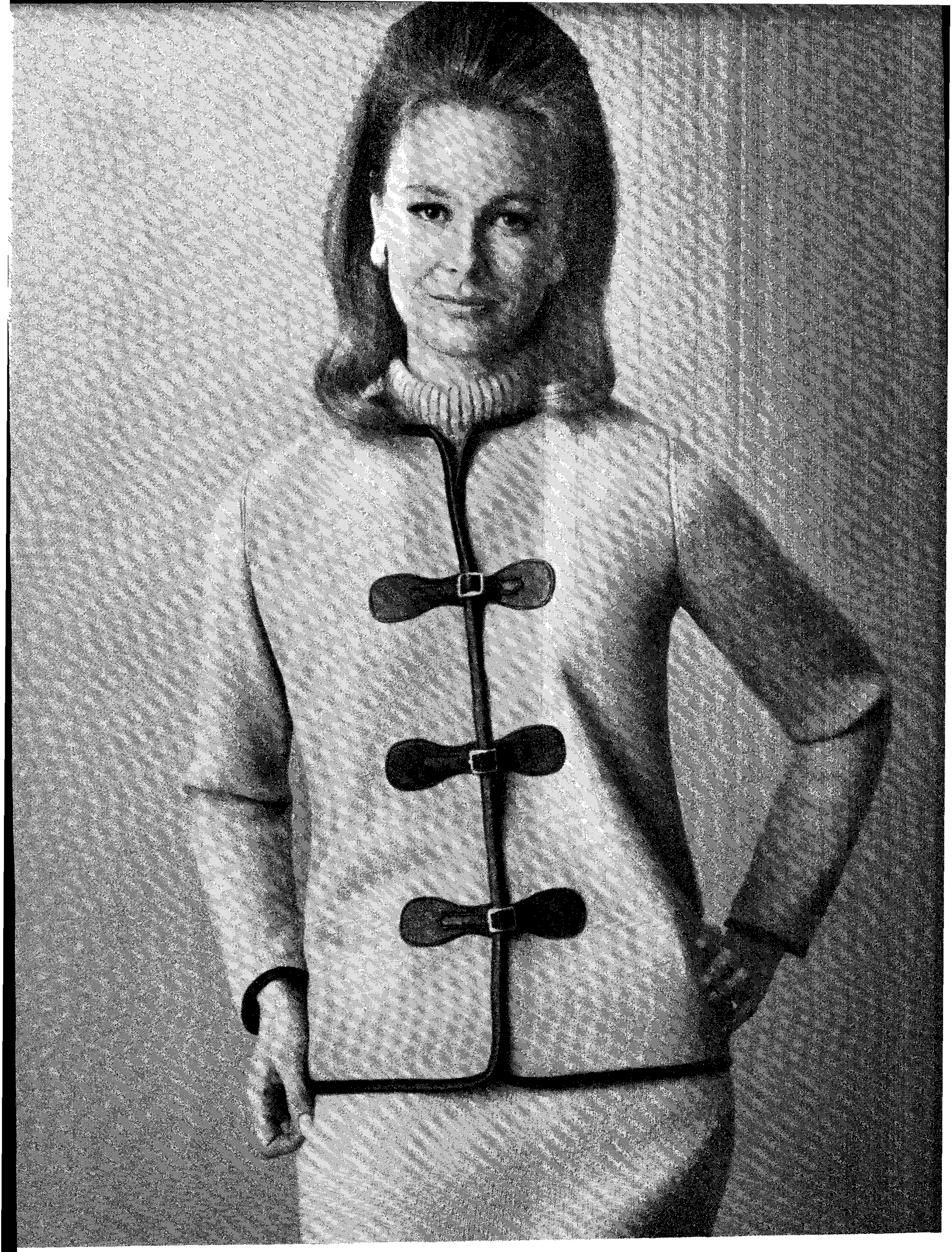

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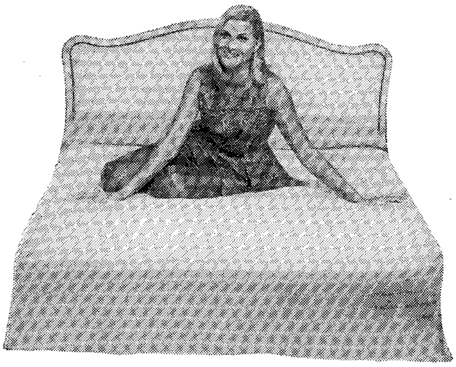

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somebody tell the Americans that if they were to take soccer seriously and build a national team that could make even a decent showing in something like the World Cup, their world prestige would soar? It seems so simple, and yet . . ." And yet. The World Cup competition in London involved a play-off among the top sixteen teams in the world, who had struggled through a series of regional qualifying matches, playing as a rule some seven or eight games in order to qualify, over the past eighteen months. The United States did enter the qualifying rounds, in a small group composed of itself, Honduras, and Mexico. When, in the early stages of the Cup in London, England was playing Mexico, I heard a B.B.C. announcer say, in tones of genuine disgust, after the first sluggish half hour of the game had passed, "England ought certainly to have taken the lead by now over a Mexican team that has reached this exalted final stage of the competition by beating such inconsequential teams as Honduras and the United States of America." The state of football, one felt in a bewildered moment, scarcely reflected the state of the world, particularly since one of the surprise qualifiers for the last sixteen was North Korea, a team of gentle, three-named Army officers who proceeded not only to astonish millions of goggling spectators but also, by their gentleness and small stature, to become the favorites of British housewives. (During the 1950 World Cup, in Brazil, the United States did somehow beat England by one goal to nil—a result that is still regarded as the most shameful in England's long soccer history.)

There has been much talk of a soccer superleague due to start up in the United States in 1968, on a scale that would bring it immediately to the level of major-league baseball and football, but most of the sportswriters I have spoken to have been skeptical. "This is strictly a game that has to evolve," one of them said to me. "You could, for instance, buy a team of superb players from all over the world, but all they would do would be to wither away. True footballers need constant opposition, but, more important than that, they need the kind of dedicated following from the public that they have in Brazil and in Italy and in Britain. They need to feel important, they need to be driven to surpass themselves. Football cannot be set in motion artificially. And yet, I feel that if the Americans were once to taste good football—for, you must admit, it's

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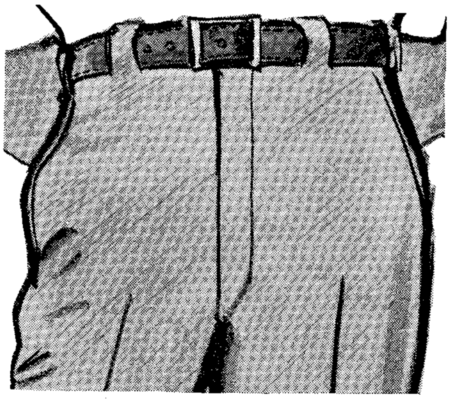

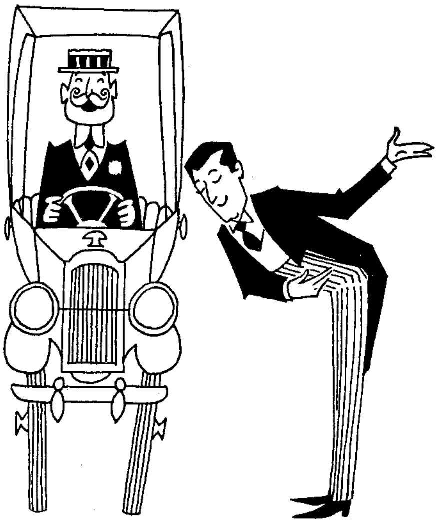

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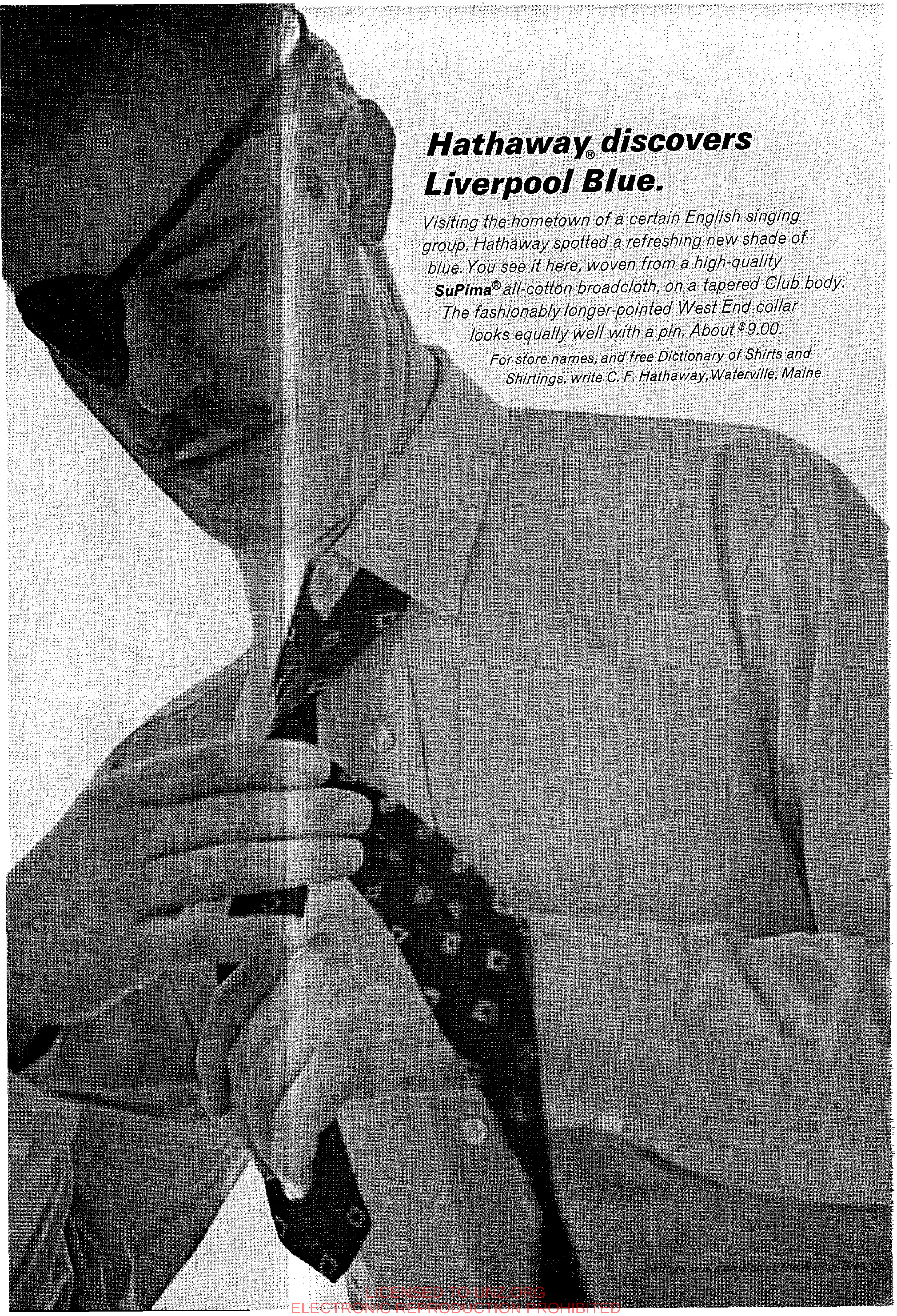

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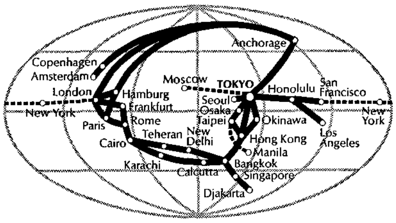
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not a complicated game to catch on to—they'd go wild about it. Give them ten years, I say. After all, something about this World Cup is bound to filter across to them . . ."

Passion and excitement in sporting competition are hard to sustain on the best of occasions, yet the World Cup proved to be three weeks of mounting tension, with a conclusion that left the shrewdest and most seasoned football watchers limp and quenched. Before going into the cataclysmic stages of the competition, I feel that a word or two of clarification might be in order. Not only is the game eleven-a-side, the ball round, the pitch a grassy oblong, the goalposts rectangular and backed by a net, the object to score goals (literally, to lodge the ball in the opposing net)—these are the mere rubrics of the game, tantamount to saying that the game of baseball is nine-a-side and requires a bat and a ball. The origins of football are misty. A fourteenth-century carving in Gloucester Cathedral shows two armored men hovering over a round ball, in attitudes of war, and in Scotland, as an enthusiastic beginning footballer, I learned delightedly that the game began during the perpetual border skirmishes between the Scots and the English, when some Scottish soldiers began idly kicking about the decapitated head of an English captive, in an off-duty moment. There are still traces of the old, inter-village ball game in the British Isles, where the able-bodied of two villages would propel some ball-shaped projectile up and down the length of a street, using every physical means at their command. The question of origins, however, is best left to anthropologists, who would no doubt develop a well-argued and justifiable theory about them. Sufficient to say that the game of football existed substantially enough by the middle of the nineteenth century for a Football Association to be formed, in 1863, consisting of twelve clubs, all but one of which are still in existence. The game was gradually codified, and was carried not just to the outposts of Empire, as cricket was, but all across the world—perhaps spreading so ubiquitously because of its simplicity, since it required nothing more than players, a ball, and something to mark the goalposts. Given a modicum of space and time, games of football are likely to spring up anywhere, and footballs to be invented out of tightly bound rags or newspapers. As children in Scotland, we would even set in motion imaginary games, bobbing, weaving, and scoring goals in the manner of our current

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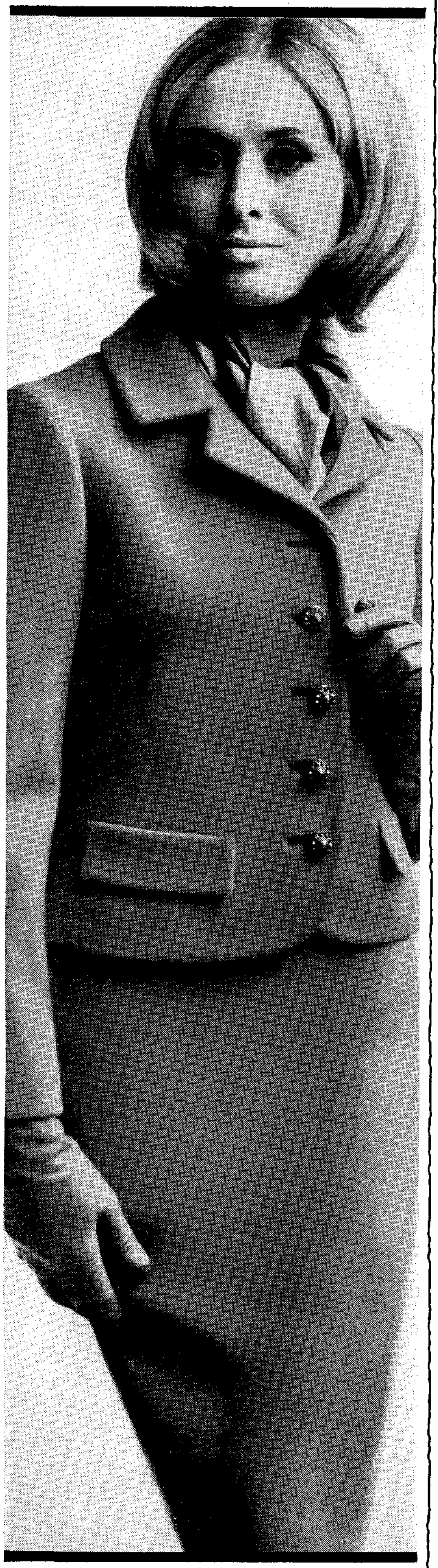

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heroes. The raw elements of football—namely, control of the ball and an accurate kick—can, of course, be practiced and mastered by anyone alone, and today, in any Latin-American city, there is always some small boy to be found rapt in his personal struggle with a football of sorts, making instinctual those incredible skills with feet, body, and head that will prepare him to play first for his street, then for his village, and, in turn, his locality, his district, a league club, and, eventually—dream of dreams—his country. Some of these onetime back-yard wizards, having realized such dreams, were busy dazzling English crowds in July, and one felt, too, that a few great ghosts out of the football past must have been hovering in sheer astonishment over London, Liverpool, Manchester, Middlesborough, Sheffield, Birmingham, and Sunderland, the centers where the sixteen qualifying teams were pounding away to find out which of them might carry the name of champion of the football world for the next four years.

Football, when we learned to play it as boys, seemed brutally simple—an affair of kick and run, with strength, endurance, and a touch of skill carrying the day. The official game then was not very much more complicated, and the teams at the top were those lucky enough to have gathered a handful of stars—individual players with an eye for an opening, a shot like a bullet, a burst of appropriate speed, a deceptive way with the ball. As soon as the Latin countries came into the game at the international level, however, the game itself began to change radically, and tactics and teamwork, blending together the peculiar skills of individual players, became the rule. Blackboards and discussion replaced the simple will to win, and theory began to dictate practice. This change became most conspicuous after the first World Cup competition was played, in Uruguay, in 1930. Prior to that, football had formed part of the Olympic Games, as it still does, but on an amateur basis only, whereas throughout the world, as the game came to be taken more seriously, the players began to play it professionally, making winning a matter of livelihood for them. The World Championship was dreamed up by Jules Rimet, then president of the Fédération Internationale de Football Association, the Zurich-based governing body of international football. (Rimet gave his name to the small gold cup awarded to the winning country.) Not all the footballing countries of the world accepted the legislation of

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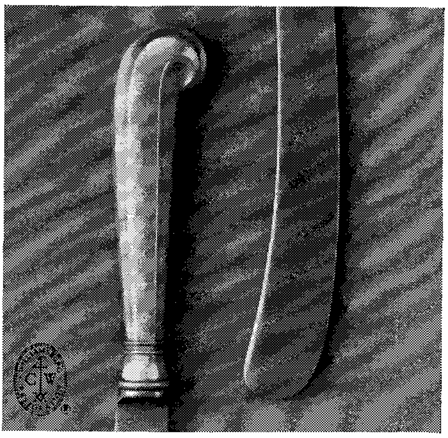

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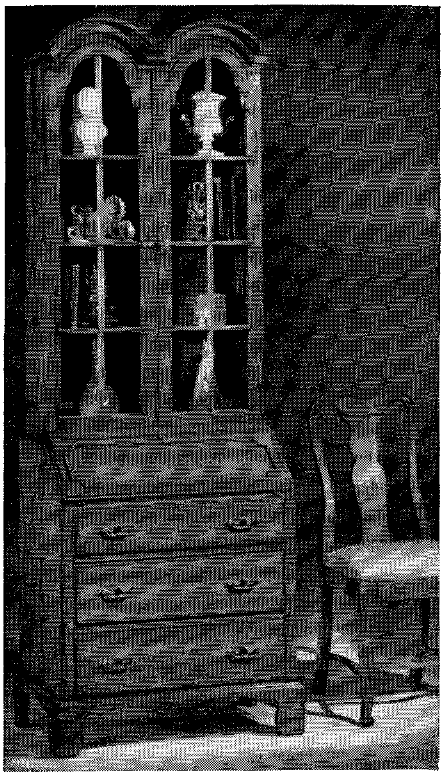

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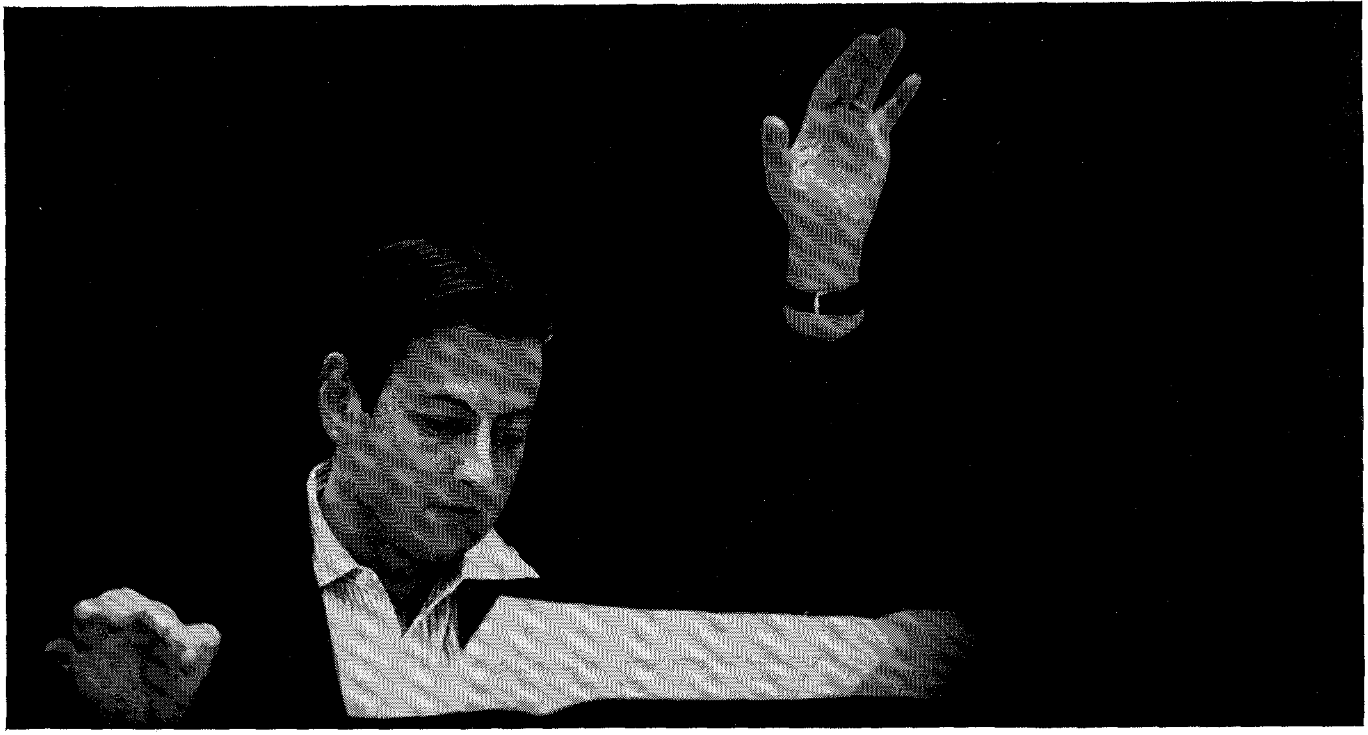

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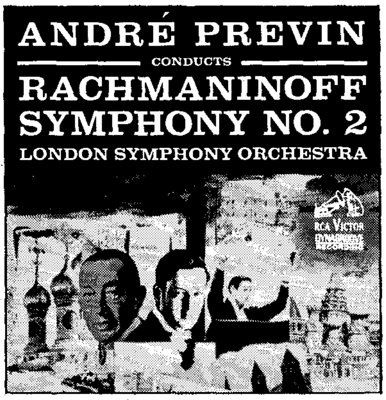
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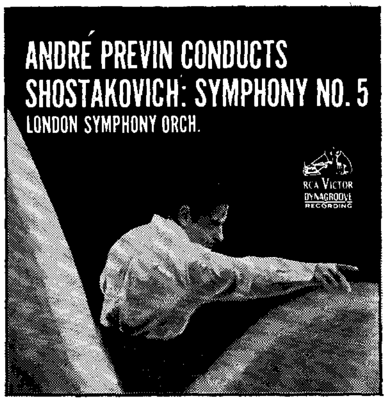
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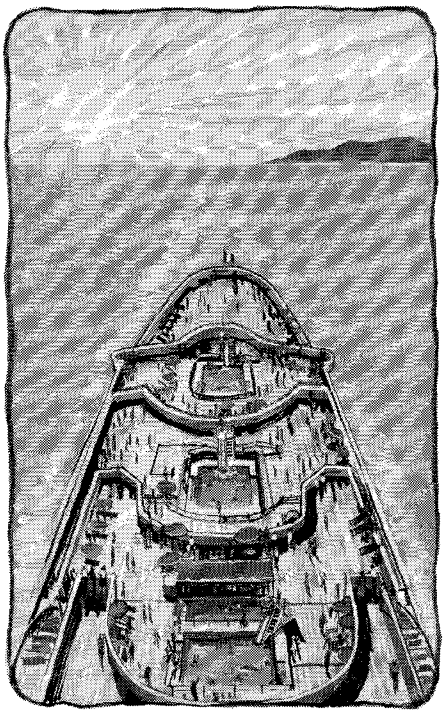

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the F.I.F.A. at first—it was not until 1950, for instance, that England competed for the World Cup—but gradually the trophy came to be recognized as the Grail of football, and, apart from regular international competition, countries now devise intricate four-year plans, which, they hope, will lead them, goal by goal, gasp by gasp, to the Cup and the aura of superiority that surrounds it. From 1950 until the present, the competition has been whirling in a kind of crescendo, especially since Brazil won the Jules Rimet Trophy in Sweden in 1958 and again in Chile in 1962, and had only to win it this July in England to retain it in perpetuity—a feat that the bookies, at least, considered slightly more than probable, and that close followers of football would not have minded a bit, for the Brazilians have done a great deal to lift the game from a slogging state to the kind of spectacle which can be simultaneously lyrical, precise, and exciting. I once attended an ordinary league game in the enormous circular Maracanã Stadium in Rio, and I have never in my life seen a crowd that transmitted such appreciative emotion—a powerful thing to feel, for the stadium holds close to two hundred thousand people. Seventy-two countries were involved in the qualifying stages of this year's competition. Brazil as the holders and England as the host country passed automatically into the last sixteen, which were divided into four groups of four, each four playing one another. The top pair in each group then played in a qualifying round, leaving four semifinalists, and, eventually, two finalists. (There is, in addition, a sub-final between the losing semifinalists to determine third and fourth places.) All this added up to thirty-two distinct games of football in a span of twenty days, with television making multiple watching and replaying endlessly possible. In prospect, one indeed did have to have a passion for the game to go through with the whole business; in fact, apart from the occasional lapse, the occasional dullness, the occasional fit of temper, the whole thing unwound in a quite legendary way. It was, of course, a statistician's delight, and I almost always found a statistician within earshot at the stadiums themselves, or else was given more statistics than I really wanted by earnest television announcers. Statistics, however, hardly generate emotion, but good football does; and I can easily imagine myself boring anybody's grandchildren with the facts, figures, and mythology of the World Cup of 1966 for an interminably long time to

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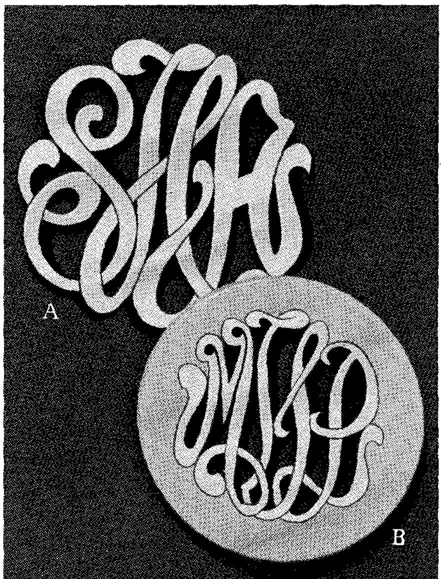

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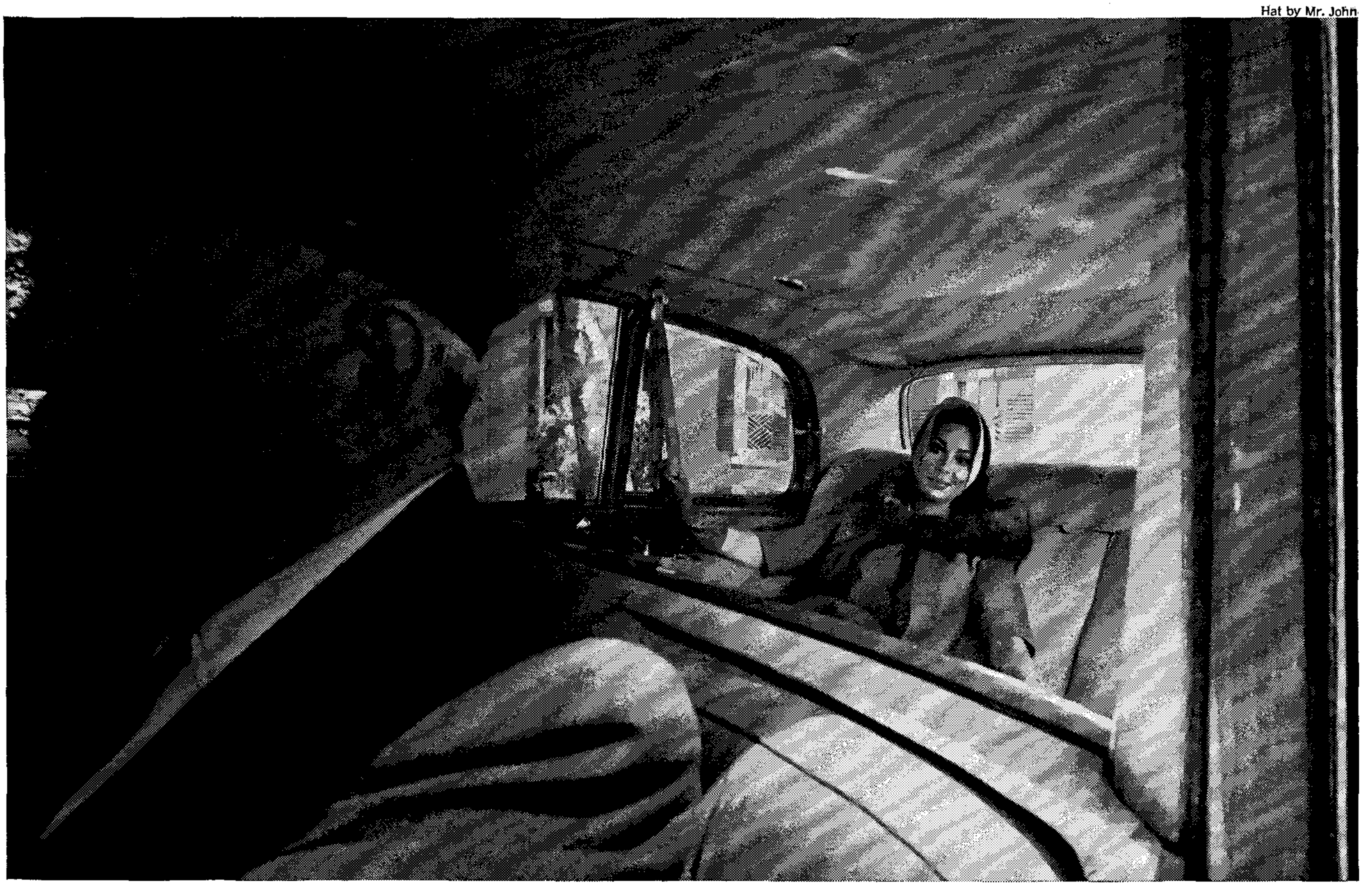

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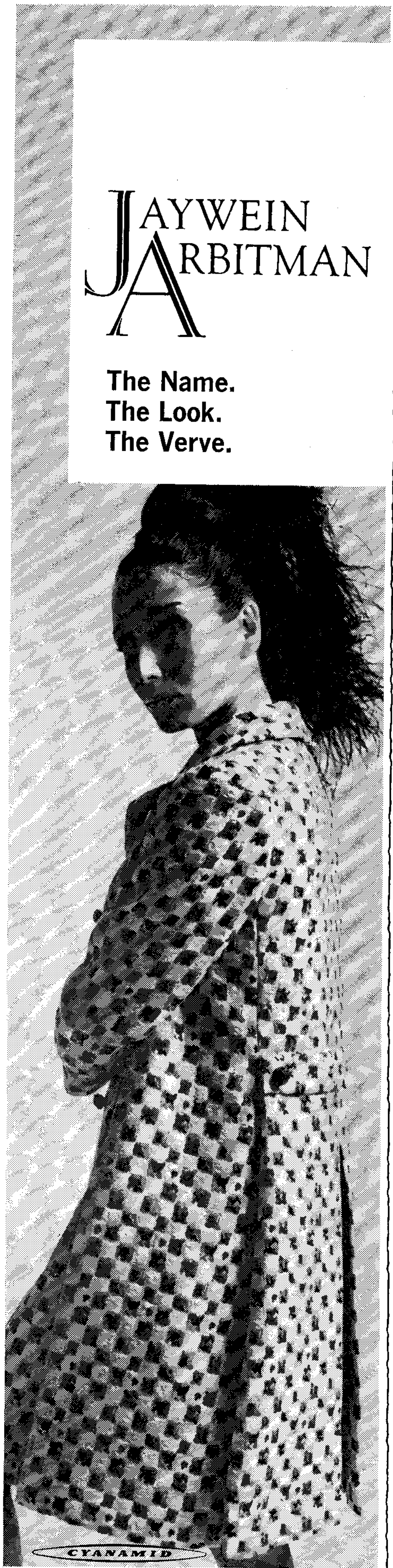
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come—at least until 1970, when another sixteen qualifiers will assemble in Mexico. For them, too, 1966 will be something to surpass.

This year's World Cup competition did suffer one rather embarrassing setback, in March, although it turned out to have comic rather than tragic consequences. The small gold trophy had been brought from Brazil, and was put on display in the Central Hall, Westminster, under a heavy security guard, as part of a sporting and philatelic exhibition. On the morning of Sunday, March 20th, while a Methodist service was taking place on the ground floor of the building, the trophy disappeared, and the police could manage no more explanation than a sheepish head-scratching. "Nothing at all went wrong with our security," one red-faced official was quoted as saying. "The Cup just got stolen." Rewards were hastily offered, the Football Association made plans to replace the trophy, and then the lid of the Cup was mailed to the secretary of the F.A., along with a ransom demand. The embarrassment was international, but Britain itself had a general election in the works at the time, and managed to conceal its national blush. The affair, luckily, had the most English of endings. One week later, a Mr. David Corbett was taking a Sunday-evening stroll with his mongrel dog, Pickles, in a South London suburb, when Pickles began to sniff under a bush, and Corbett uncovered a newspaper-wrapped bundle that proved to contain the Jules Rimet Trophy. One of the plotters, a Mr. Edward Bletchley, was eventually run to earth by a Detective-Inspector Buggy, and, after a bit of a squabble, Pickles collected a substantial share of the reward, was presented with a year's supply of dog food, got himself a film contract at double the normal dog rates, and became a national canine hero. Just as I arrived in England, Bletchley was given a two-year prison sentence, but he was generous enough to say, prior to his hearing, "Whatever my sentence is, I hope that England wins the World Cup." Even the sternest of citizens must have hoped that he could have at least a radio in his cell.

As spring becomes summer in England, and the sun begins to appear with spasmodic regularity, the whole country, and London in particular, begins to look like the setting for a giant sporting spectacular. Football generally comes to an end with the English Cup Final in May, and as the

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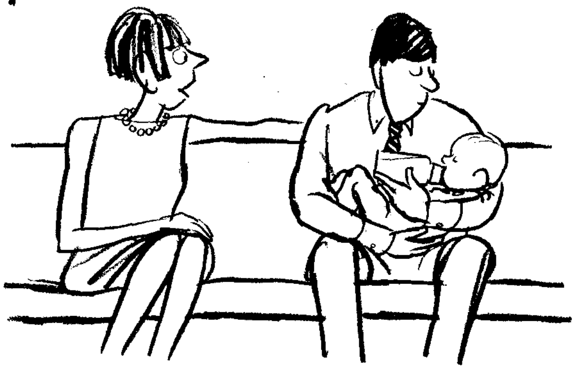
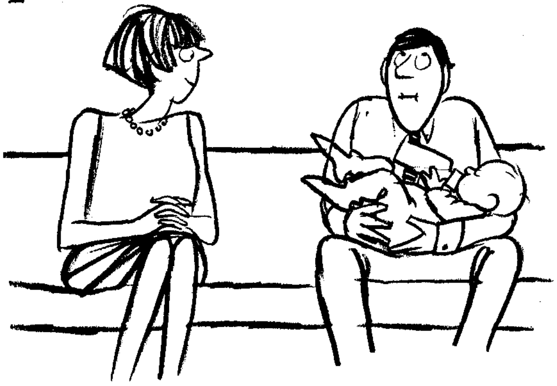


I see that college costs are going up again.

And I was just trying to figure out how long we'll have to save to send little Nelson to college.

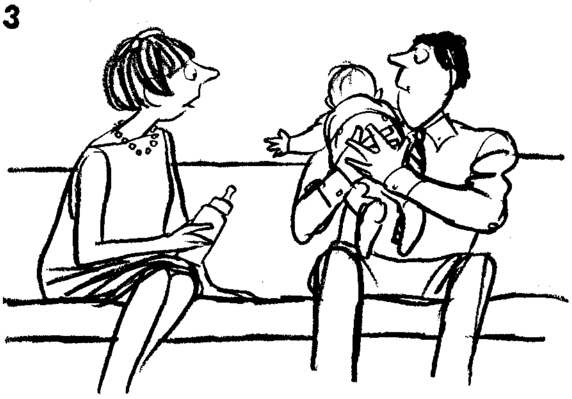
2



How does it look?

The way I figure it, we'll have enough money by the time Nels is 41.

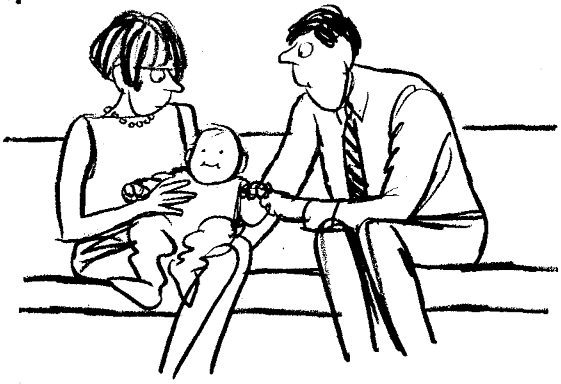
3



That's ridiculous.

It'll make him a little older than his classmates.

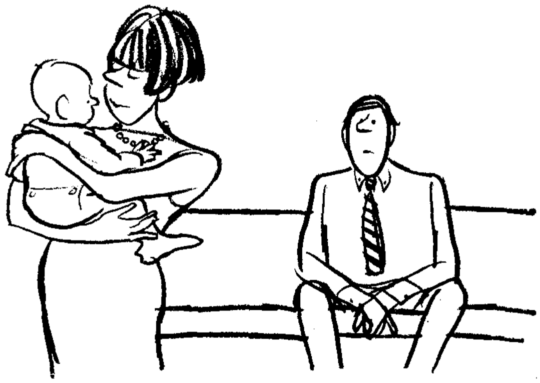
4



He'll be old enough to be their father.

They say it's never too late to learn.

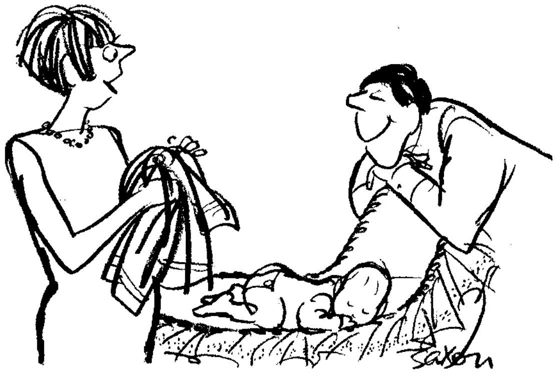
5



What if something happens to you before we've saved enough?

It would ruin our plans.

6



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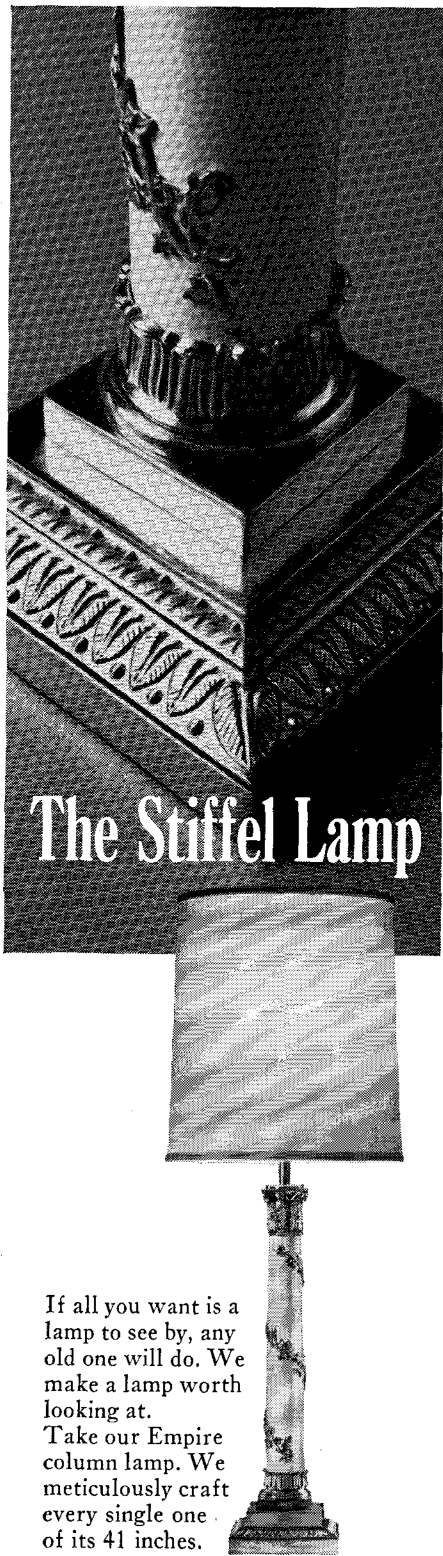

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players who have been slogging their way through frozen pitches and a bitter winter hang up their boots, their place is taken by white-flannelled cricketers, who play lazily all summer long, and by a succession of such bucolic events as the Wimbledon tennis championships, the Henley Regatta, and a series of lavish race meetings, until there is hardly one stretch of green turf that is not being crisscrossed by somebody playing something. In consequence, the World Cup this summer was a giant bonus. The oarsmen and the tennis players hurried off the stage, and the West Indian cricketers, who were touring England, had to wait in the wings, along with Cassius Clay, while foreigners from all over the globe poured into the country. An acquaintance of mine was arriving from Colombia, and a weary immigration official, stamping her passport, murmured politely, "I suppose you've come for the football." No, she replied, she was merely visiting a friend. He looked at her in astonishment. "Good heavens!" he said. "You're the first in at least six days." Spanish, Italian, French, and Portuguese resounded along sidewalks and in hotel lobbies. Television sets were posted judiciously at every turn. The B.B.C. appointed a team to work on phonetic recommendations, so that announcers and commentators might practice getting their tongues round the elusive names of Brazilian, Bulgarian, and Russian players ("The Brazilian Olegario Toloy de Oliveira is familiarly known as Dudu, or Doodoo"), and the television networks were cleared out to leave vast daily spaces for the voluminous proceedings. In the Royal Garden Hotel, stars of other epochs greeted one another cheerfully across language and age. The teams arrived with welters of managers, officials, and interpreters, and were hurried to their various outlying headquarters. The newspapers were full of football lore, including one alarming item announcing that Brazilian police had discovered that five of Brazil's most notorious pickpockets were already in Britain, armed with fistfuls of tickets for the games. At the World Cup Information Centre, in Piccadilly, I picked up, among stacks of pamphlets, a leaflet of World Cup Recipes. A special issue of footballing stamps began to brighten the mails, and in the House of Commons the Conservative Member for St. Albans rose to ask why the Queen's profile should appear as an "insignificant silhouette on a World Cup stamp, scarcely larger than the football

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in the diametrically opposite corner." The bookies were laying vociferous pre-competition odds, in which Brazil was clearly the favorite at 6 to 4, with Russia, West Germany, England, Italy, and Argentina following, in various orders. World Cup Willie, the caricatured figure used to publicize the event, turned up everywhere—on car fenders, T shirts, shop fronts, even in chocolate. The competition proper began on Monday the eleventh, and on the Sunday before, the papers and television were thick with prediction. Odd names became quickly familiar, even to unfamiliar ears. Would Pelé, the Brazilian "king" of soccer, and probably the most dazzling individual player in the world, be enough to take Brazil to the final? Would Brazil's 4-2-4 formation hold against the more advanced 4-3-3 of the Portuguese? And, above all, how would England fare? That was the question of questions, and everybody had his own answer.

In the previous World Cup, in Chile, England had made a dismal showing, and English football, officially a hundred and three years old and once dominant, had been in eclipse for a long and uncertain spell. In 1963, the Football Association had appointed a successfully unorthodox manager, Mr. Alf Ramsey, of Ipswich, to manage and coach the English team. A taciturn, withdrawn man, with a quiet confidence that drove many sportswriters into a frenzy of criticism, Alf Ramsey had said, quite simply, upon his appointment, that England would win the World Cup in 1966, and, indeed, he had said little else in the intervening time. He experimented boldly—and, to some, drastically—with new players and systems, never seeming to adopt any one of the formations that other outstanding countries, like Brazil, Italy, and Portugal, used with conspicuous success, and availing himself of, but not relying on, great individual players, but above all pursuing the ideal of a team whose members got to know one another's game, with a reserve bank of players that he chose to mold rather than change. (Each country brings a squad of twenty-two players to the competition, chosen by national selectors on their reputations and their current club form.) Ramsey appeared now and again on television, but he refused to be drawn out, shrugging off criticism, smiling diffidently, and continuing to murmur confidently that England would "do it." "He'd better be right," the sportswriters growled, with more hope than faith. They conceded that Ramsey had brought the English

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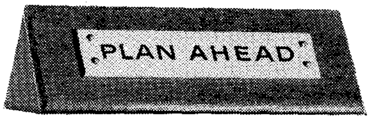

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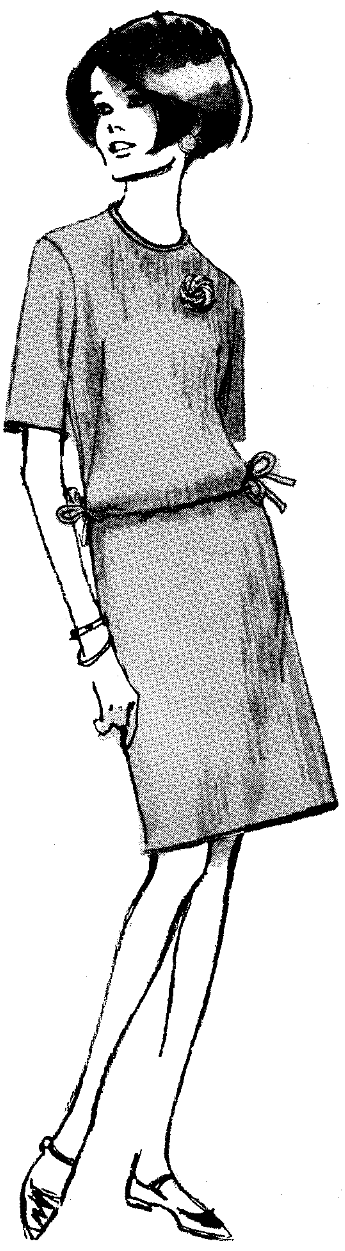

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squad to a notable height of physical fitness, and they hopefully invoked the legend of "home advantage." (Uruguay, the home country, had won the World Cup on its own soil in 1930, as had Italy in 1934, and on every occasion the host country had played auspiciously well.) Ramsey himself commanded a positive dedication on the part of the English players, and I heard Bobby Moore, the English captain—an agile, fair-haired mid-field player—remark in a television interview that since Mr. Ramsey didn't much like speaking, the English team would try to say what he meant. It was a well-taken point.

THE World Cup began, the evening of July 11th, at Wembley Stadium, the vast ground in North London reserved for international matches, Cup finals, and games of like importance. England had drawn a group that consisted of itself, France, Mexico, and Uruguay, and it was against Uruguay that it opened the proceedings. I fought my way to Wembley, wielding a press card as pompous as a passport, and was seated well before the ceremonies began to unroll. Brightly polished bands were interweaving on the field like intricate pieces of mechanism, and the music, half Latin, half Olde English, floated up occasionally through the multilingual buzz. Soon after seven, out of the players' tunnel came legion on legion of schoolboys, each group dressed in the footballing colors of one of the sixteen participating teams. (Except for England and Uruguay, the teams themselves were spread out across the country, poised to play the following day.) The boys marched past, and eventually took up positions on the floodlit, billiard-table turf, bearing their banners of identification. Abruptly, the bands all rumbled into the national anthem, the crowd stood up, and there, on a dais, appeared Sir Stanley Rous, Head of F.I.F.A., accompanied by the Queen herself, and the Duke of Edinburgh. Sir Stanley introduced the Queen, and she, in a couple of succinct sentences, declared the World Championship open, as if she knew that football, not homage, was the business of the evening. She shook hands graciously with both teams while we goggled in expectancy, suddenly aware that all the talk and anticipation were about to be translated into actual football—men-kicking-a-ball-about-on-a-field. Only the Uruguayan national anthem, an ungainly tune if I ever heard one, hung between us and the *pheep* of the whistle. The World Cup competition, des-

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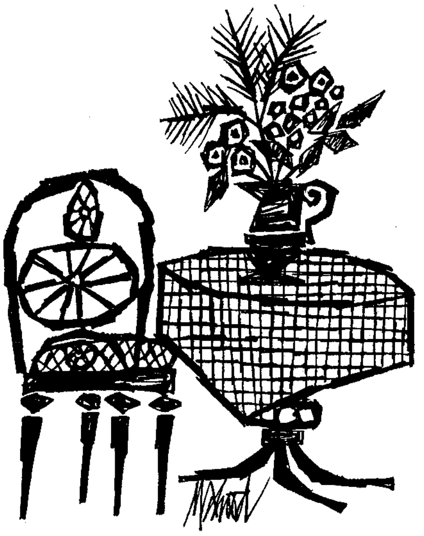
tiny, the game itself were all set in motion at once.

During the course of the World Cup, I read so much and such varied sporting commentary, in armfuls of English newspapers and a sprinkling of Continental ones, that I became hypersensitive to every aspect of sportswriting, which, I discovered, had changed greatly since the days when the leather, or pigskin, used to be booted, nodded, or slammed between, above, or through the woodwork or the uprights. Now the wise men of sport have become half poets, half anthropologists, neither one too thoroughly. In mock seriousness, and sometimes even grimly, sporting sociologists began to erect vast edifices of analysis invoking the loss of the Empire and the future of the pound; and they were wont to treat Alf Ramsey as some kind of unofficial arbiter of national policy, in whose fateful dictates of attack and defense lay the well-being of the country. Metaphorically, the World Cup became a sort of benevolent warfare, a proving ground of national temperament and character, and the more renowned English players, like Bobby Moore, Jimmy Greaves, and Bobby Charlton, leapt into quasi-military prominence, "marshalling" or "generalling" the lower ranks of the England team. This would have been nothing more than linguistic exuberance, of passing amusement, had it not been for the fact that, almost within earshot of Wembley, the British government had a genuine crisis on its hands—a serious and continuing lapse in its export-import balance and a falling off of confidence in the pound sterling to the point where emergency meetings of the Cabinet were being called by Mr. Harold Wilson, the Prime Minister, and serious austerity measures seemed imminent. The anthropological analogy was almost inev-



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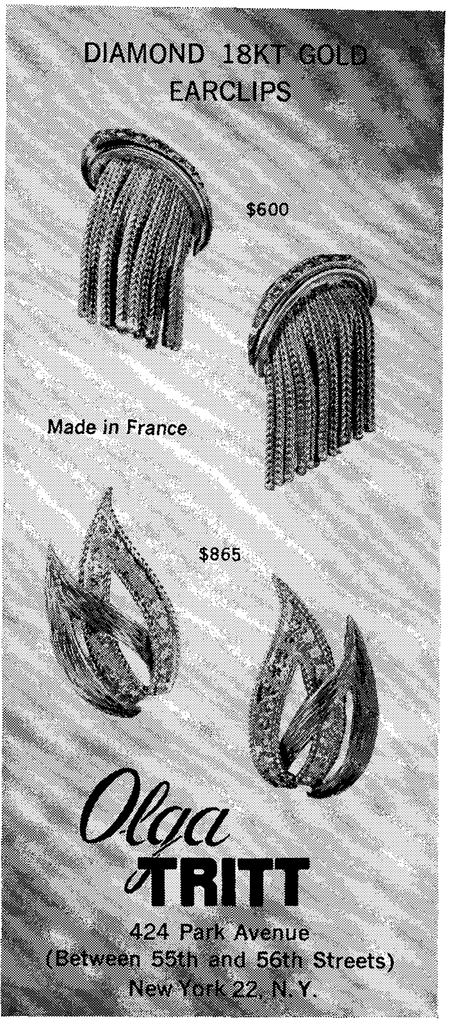
itable, for, breaking open the morning papers and reading banner headlines like "ENGLAND IN TROUBLE," our hearts would sink for a while until, after a closer glance, we found that they applied merely to the state of the economy and Mr. Wilson, and not, as we first feared, to the football team and Mr. Ramsey. Even joining the European Common Market seemed, for the moment, the mildest of objectives, compared to conquering the football world.

The first game did a great deal to change the anticipatory tune of the public, for it proved to be an exercise in football science that could only be admired—grudgingly, at best—as a spectacle, and did little to inspire either confidence or assurance in the most dedicated English supporter. In the modern game of football, the basic elements are a strong defense, to prevent the other team from scoring goals, or even having the opportunity to score, and a sharp, sudden attack that is ready to seize any opportunity to penetrate the opposing defense. Uruguay chose to prove that an impenetrable defense can nullify any attacking guile, and the Wembley crowd and the expectant television watchers saw their energetic and inventive champions run into a wall of skillful anticipation, and saw all the possibilities for excitement and emotion muffled by sheer defensive foresight. The game ended in a goalless draw, 0 to 0, and even the most technically knowing among the spectators admitted to a long yawn of despair, as though they were watching once more the victory of technology over imagination, mechanism triumphing over emotional energy. They did not have long to brood, however, for the very next evening the competition broke out in all its fullness in Liverpool, Sheffield, and Middlesborough, and distracted the attention of even the English from the stalemate of the contest with Uruguay. Brazil was playing Bulgaria in Liverpool, West Germany faced Switzerland in Sheffield, and the Russians and the North Koreans—both mystery teams, in that few people outside their countries had seen them play—revealed themselves against one another in Middlesborough. Television chose to show us the Brazilians, but also, when the games were over, to give us at least a feel of the other matches, and they were all teeming enough to lift the inert weight of disappointment that had descended after the first game. Brazil disappointed nobody, not even the bookies. The Bulgarians had obviously decided not to lose, rather than to win, so we saw the



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Brazilians mostly with the ball, and were suddenly reminded of how beautiful the game could be, as Pelé and Garrincha would dart through a space in the Bulgarian wall, the ball appearing to accompany them as a part of their bodies. They looked to have all the time in the world, and would saunter leisurely with the ball in the middle of the field before sending a pass like an arrow to one of their flying teammates; excitement was at their command. Losing seemed something they had never even considered. Early in the game, Pelé took a free kick quite far from the goal, and the Bulgarians formed up in a wall to block his shot. Uncannily, however, the ball came off his foot in what the press called a "banana kick," curved round the knotted defenders, and bulged the back of the net. Garrincha scored a similar goal in the second half, and we marked up our first statistics and wondered what the innocent zeal and energy of the English might do were they ever to come up against the laconic grace and confidence of the Brazilians.

The North Koreans proved to be the Teddy bears of the tournament—eleven little men in white with improbable names like Lim Zoong Sun and Pak Doo Ik, natural underdogs who ran themselves to exhaustion against a powerful and imperturbable Russian team, which won without difficulty, three goals to none. The crowd, however, had decided that the Russians needed no support, and put themselves noisily behind the Koreans. "Up the Wongs! Up the Diddies!" we heard them cry in the electronic distance, and the little men, when they got their breath, smiled inscrutably back and tore on to defeat. (It was always interesting how the English crowd, particularly the Liverpool crowd, renowned as one of the most graphically vociferous in the country, quickly put itself solidly behind one of two foreign teams, usually the unlikeliest, in an effort to balance the game. The one thing the Liverpool spectators could count on was pure football, the delight following from skill and grace, for the northwest group included Brazil, Hungary, and Portugal—the three foreign teams that have lent the game its greatest lustre and excitement in the last few years.) The other game, between Switzerland and West Germany, was less of a contest, more of an exhibition, a tactical lecture. The Swiss have always been out of their depth in European football, and had qualified for the finals only at the expense of Albania, Northern Ireland,

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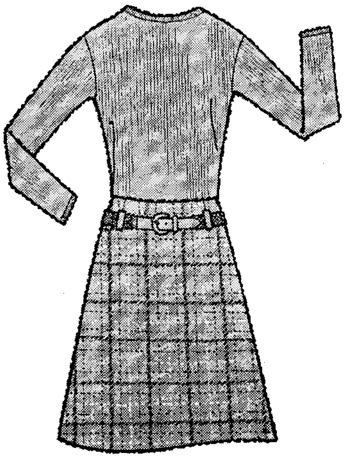

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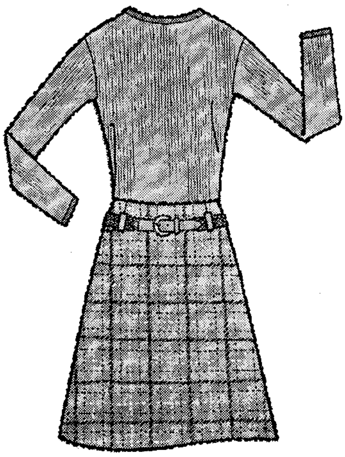

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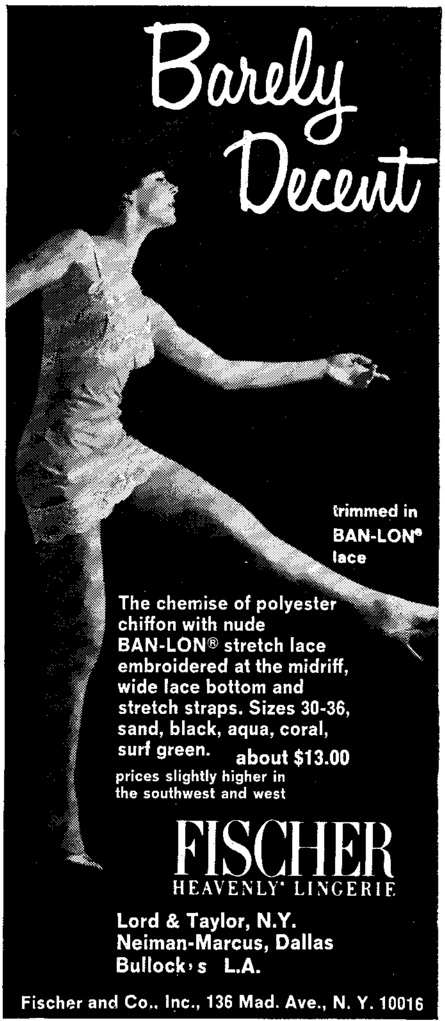
and the Netherlands. Their game was earnest but orthodox, and the West Germans, whom some of the knowledgeable had favored as winners from the beginning, not only scored five goals against them without reply but played in a style as efficient as clockwork, with the addition of dazzling individual subtleties that quickly taught us a clutch of names to respect: Uwe Seeler, captain and center forward, a national hero in his way; Franz Beckenbauer, an electric defender, who materialized at both ends of the field at once; and Helmut Haller, young, blond, and dedicated, who seemed to have nothing but goals on his mind. From the beginning, the Germans were bent on attack, and, recalling the slow stalemate of England's tactical tie with Uruguay, we realized that open, attacking play was still a matter of forceful possibility, and drew a heavy line under West Germany's name on our scorecards. The bookies bore us out, for next morning West Germany joined Brazil as favorites, and became the choice of the knowing and unsentimental.

In the days that followed, we were, we realized, in up to our ears, and the newspaper pundits had their work cut out to keep abreast of the proceedings. There was little time left for poetry. Alf Ramsey appeared occasionally and laconically on television, murmuring his syntactical formalities and still reassuring us quietly, as conviction rather than prediction, that England would win the World Cup—a possibility that the course of the competition at least sustained when England beat Mexico at Wembley by two goals to nothing in an unremarkable game, and, left with no more opposition than France, which had succumbed to the Uruguayans and drawn with Mexico, was practically certain of reaching the last eight.

The excitement, however, lay elsewhere. In the northwest, in a game distinguished not just by the astonishment of its result but more by the dazzling football it produced, Brazil, with Pelé out, injured (the misfortune of the great stars in the competition was to be watched over ceaselessly, and even brutally, by an opponent specially appointed to the task), lost to Hungary by one goal to three, sending spectators into a delirium of appreciation and bookies back to a hurried, worried reappraisal. Since Hungary had previously lost to a brilliant Portugal, it became tremblingly possible that Brazil might not even qualify for the last eight, and



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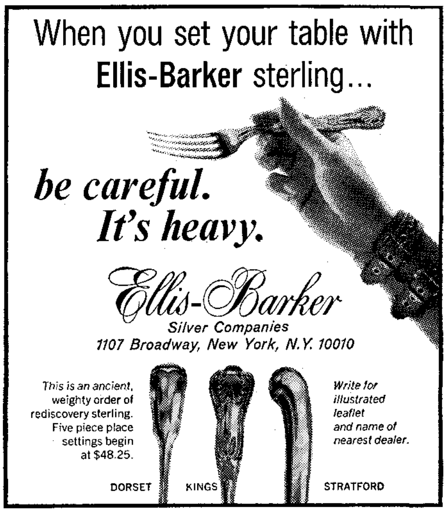

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this is exactly what happened, for Portugal beat Brazil with a mixture of luck, inspiration, and ruthlessness, and made itself into bookie fodder overnight. The ugly element in Portugal's victory was the virtual destruction of Pelé, who, recovered from his previous hurts, was bluntly kicked down quite early on, and who hobbled back from the dressing room more a ghostly presence than a player. His aura passed to the Portuguese forward, Eusebio, the so-called Black Panther, a native of Mozambique, who scored goals as though born to the craft, and whose childlike enthusiasm for the game propelled him into the forefront of everybody's appreciation. As they bowed bitterly out of the competition, the Brazilians wept; and back home the nation went into mourning, filing away in silence from the public television sets and draping its windows with black crêpe as its heroes packed and prepared to leave, presumably cancelling the hotel reservations they had made without the suspicion of a doubt that they would do other than take them up in triumph. So it was Hungary and Portugal for the quarter-finals, and England and Uruguay from the London group, but the two other groups had their share of surprise. Russia continued its relentless progress, and seemed to win by power rather than subtlety, but the other favored team in that group, Italy, one of the dominant European footballing countries, got itself hooted out of the running after losing to the little North Koreans, who established themselves firmly as the mascots of the world footballing scene, and who defied prognostication by qualifying along with Russia, at the expense of Chile and Italy. ("IK KICKS OUT ITALIANS," one of the headlines read.) In the last group, the West Germans continued to unwind with metallic brilliance, and, apart from drawing with the dark horse of the tournament, Argentina, which followed them into the last eight, continued to substantiate the confidence of the bookies and preach the attitude of unrelenting attack, a mixture of science and bravado that seemed to be the most successful formula in sight. My own particular favorite—Spain—faded out wistfully. It suffered, like Italy, from the difficulty of forming a representative national team that would equal the brilliance of its individual club teams. I once lived cheek by jowl with the stadium of Real Madrid, the leading Spanish club, and it was directly responsible for my addiction to the game, but I soon learned that once the clubs have to weld their outstand-

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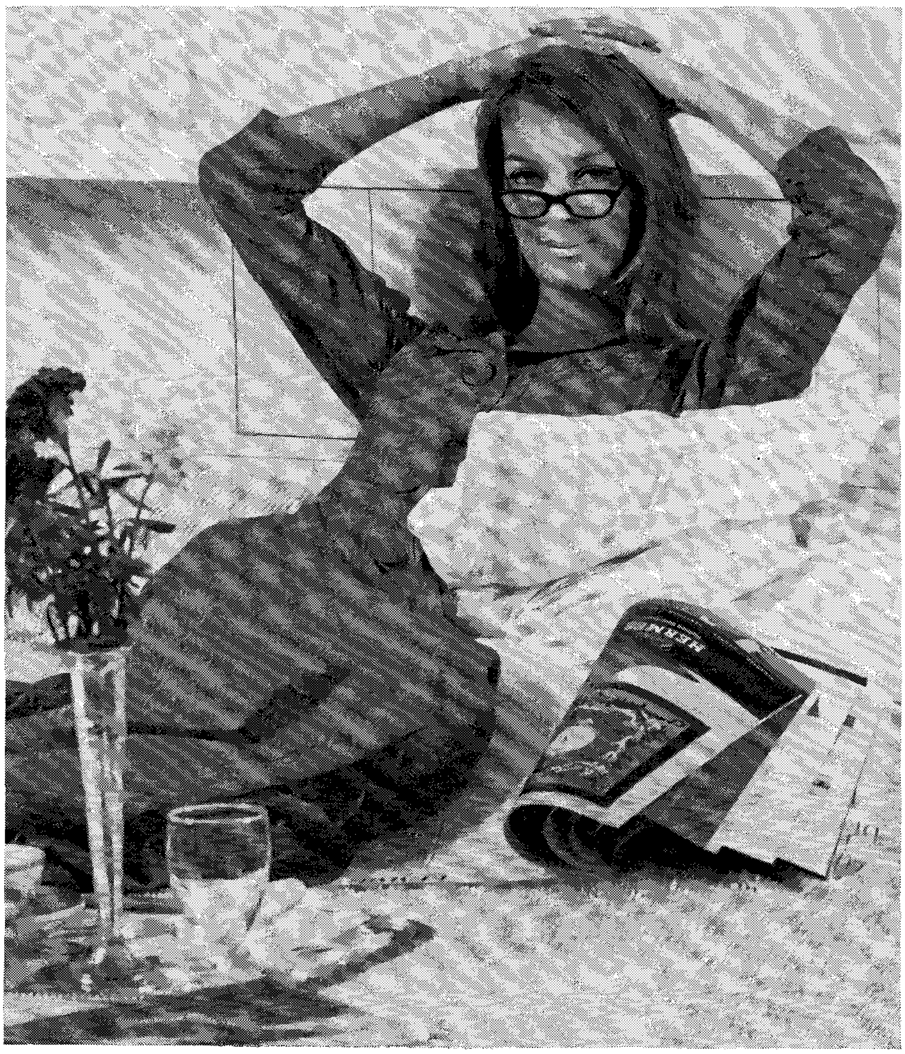
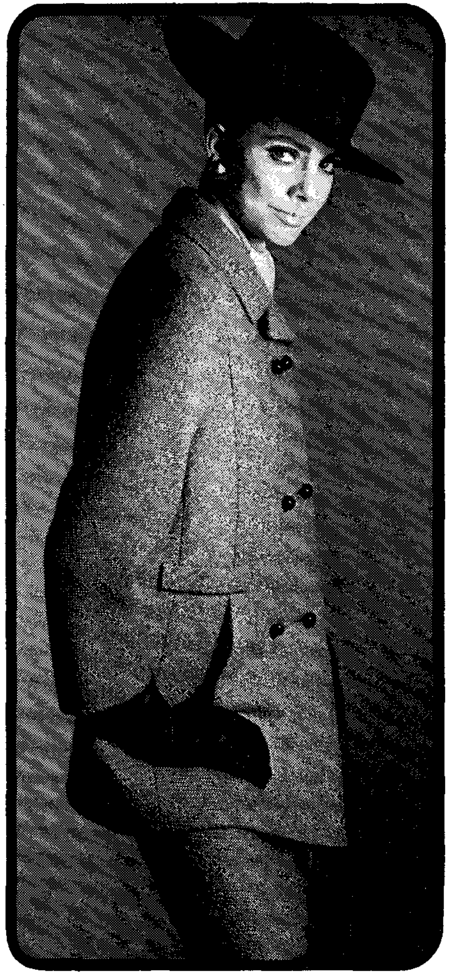


Frank Gallant, New York Hat by Emme



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Frank Gallant

ing players into a national combination, something of the habitual weekly brilliance of individual players sputters out, and the whole proves less than the sum of its parts. By July 20th, we had the quarter-finals spelt out for us—West Germany against Uruguay, Portugal against North Korea, Russia against Hungary, and England against Argentina. In the breathing space before the games, the business of prognostication thickened. Some of us confessed to weariness, others to boredom, all of us to relief, for the World Cup was narrowing down, and from now on we would be holding fewer and fewer possibilities in our hands, and moving toward the cumulative emotional satisfaction of a final, a single name—a champion.

Between the process of qualification and the ultimate stages of the World Cup, we were able to take stock of the mythology of the competition, and to assess and reassess the prospect before us. We were also able to absorb some of the lore that had begun improbably to gather in the oblique personal columns of the newspapers. Nothing more was heard of the Brazilian pickpockets, but I did read one affecting story about two autograph-happy children who hung about patiently outside the dressing rooms after Uruguay had been dubiously beaten in one game, and, to their delight, managed to collect not simply two scrawled signatures from a pair of emerging Uruguayans but, instead, whole inscriptions in Spanish. When the children succeeded in getting them translated a day or two later, they proved to be unprintable imprecations against the character of the referee. In Italy, bitter questions were asked in Parliament about Italy's "humiliation," and the general disappointment and bitterness of the Italians caused eight deputies to ask for "a more dignified and moral reorganization in the most popular sport in Italy," noting that the results had "placed the Italian sporting world in a condition of extreme embarrassment abroad." Brazil, we gathered, was silent, stunned, still in a state of national mourning.

THE quarter-finals were on us, and, in a competition that had to date been remarkably tranquil, scandal suddenly flared up. The international referees appointed to arbitrate the games by F.I.F.A. had so far kept control of the proceedings, and had given little cause for complaint beyond the usual and expected grumblings of the losers. None of the games had got out of hand, as, for instance, one between

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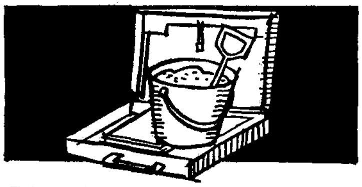

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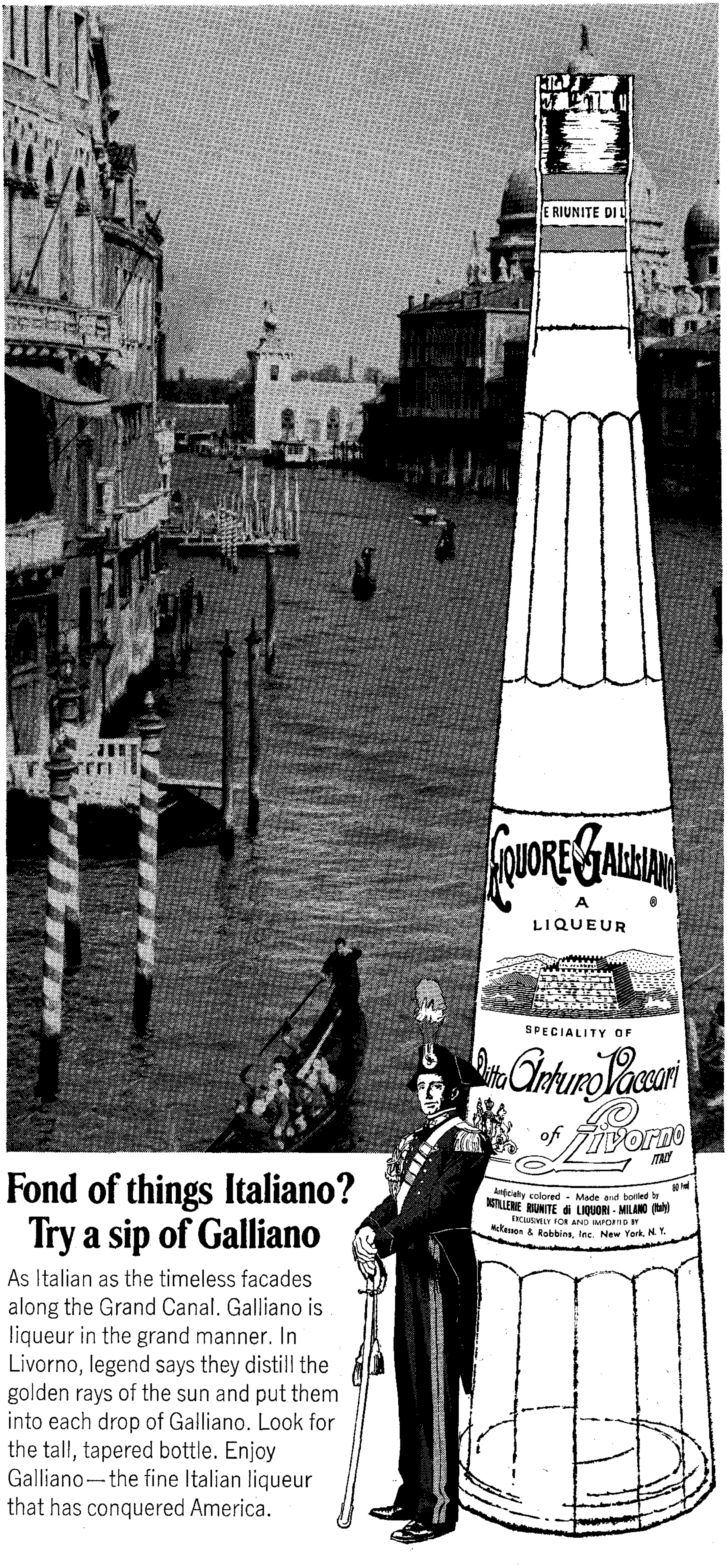
Italy and Chile did in the 1962 World Cup, which degenerated into a pitched battle. (Control is the responsibility of the referee. If any player is repeatedly guilty of fouling his opponents or otherwise violating the rules, it is within the referee's jurisdiction to send him out of the game, no substitute being allowed.) In international competition, the Argentinians have consistently been characterized by sportswriters as "a smoldering volcano" and "Latin dynamite," but so far they had shown no great impulse to explode, despite their world reputation for belligerent football, coupled with famous short tempers. They did, however, make it clear that they intended to beat England, for they, along with the Uruguayans, were the only remaining Latin-American representatives in the competition, and felt compelled to sustain the existing domination of South American football over European, by hook or by crook—or, rather, by both, as it turned out. The crowd at Wembley put itself behind England in full voice, as if song and legend might propel the small, white-shirted puppets of the team to a kind of legendary triumph, but, unfortunately, song and legend were rather more wishful than practical. A clutch of Argentinians in front of me were speaking of the game as an intercontinental war rather than as a sporting event, and what began to happen on the field more than bore them out. England poured its Ramsey-style energy into the game but faced an Argentinian defense that was satisfied to nullify everything positive that happened. Nevertheless, the Argentinians were playing good football, looking always as if they knew precisely what they were doing. There was a kind of subterranean growl to everything that went on, and the English team seemed to waver between the spirit of the playing fields of Eton and a far from blameless vigor. At any rate, the air was by no means clear, and one of the more controversial English players—a mid-field man from Manchester United, toothless and contact-lensed, Nobby Stiles by name, and a favorite of Ramsey's—swept himself into conspicuousness by jumping the gun on the Argentinians and tackling so recklessly that it was clear he had decided to do rather than die. We hardly dared to applaud him, but we saw his point, particularly when the game began to develop the characteristics of real war rather than an anthropological substitution. Players found their feet being swept from under them, and there was some ill-tempered shirt-pulling and el-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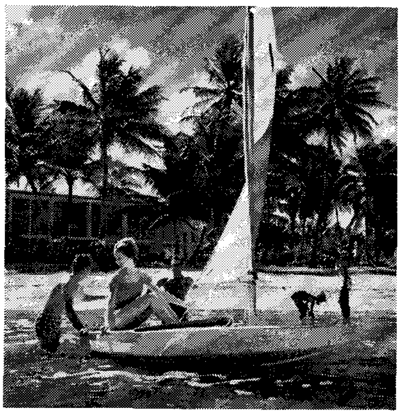

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bowing—all of this in open violation of the rules. The referee, a little West German, kept whipping out his black book and writing players' names conspicuously in it. But what in the end caused the volcano to erupt was the behavior of the towering Argentinian captain, Antonio Rattin, who followed up a series of flagrant personal fouls with some obviously blunt gesticulatory confrontations with the referee, who, possibly feeling that the game was slipping out of his control, suddenly tapped Rattin on his massive shoulder and pointed to the dressing rooms. At once, pandemonium broke loose. Rattin appeared to believe that, as captain, he could not be removed from the game, and refused to leave the field. What he was saying to the referee was, luckily, out of our earshot, and we learned from our newspapers the following morning that the referee was blessed with an ignorance of Spanish. When Rattin did leave, the rest of the Argentinian team left with him, and it looked for a riotous ten minutes as if England might be awarded the game as a gift. Players and officials clustered excitedly on the touchline, and eventually we saw order prevail, as ten of the Argentinian team trailed back onto the field, leaving Rattin presumably fulminating in the showers. The game from then on continued as well as might be expected, the Argentinians trying hard to hold on to the ball. Possession in football has little to do with the law, however, and we were all relieved rather than delighted when, quite late in the second half, Geoff Hurst, who had come into the England team as a substitute for Jimmy Greaves, the idol of English football (he had been injured in the game with France), leapt up magnificently to get his head to a crossed ball and send it rocketing past the Argentinian goalkeeper. After that, all we wanted was for the game to end, and it did without further incident, allowing us to slink home in some relief. (Shouldering my way to the exit, I had odd moments of regretting my knowledge of the Spanish language.) The victory had a kind of sneaky tinge to it, which most of the crowd seemed glad to turn its back on. Mr. Alf Ramsey, for once, found the shenanigans too much for his imperturbability, and came onto the field as the game ended to prevent his players sternly from exchanging shirts with the Argentinians, a tradition in international football. On television, the same evening, he went so far as to say, "We have still to produce our best football. It will come out against the right

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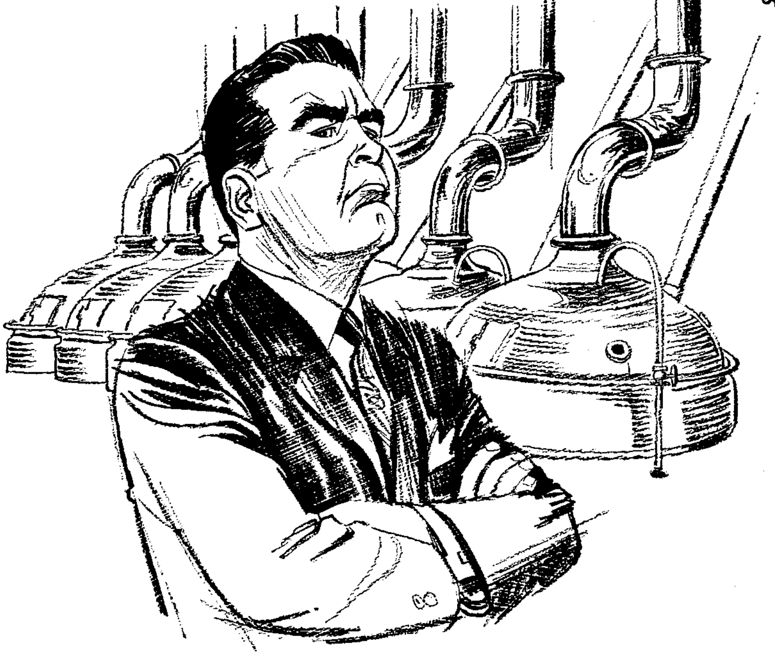
type of opposition, a team who come out to play football and not act as animals." Strong words for so noncommittal a man, and rather too much for the International Federation, which chastised Mr. Ramsey the following day; for the Argentinian press, which seemed to be agitating for something close to a declaration of war against England; and for Mr. Alan Scott, the honorary secretary of the National Dog Owners' Association, who felt compelled to pronounce, "After Alf Ramsey's description of the Argentinian team as animals, may I, on behalf of the Dog Owners' Association, immediately dissociate the dog world from this description, as being most unfair to our many members and their pets who insist on control at all times." Football aside, England was still England.

England, however, animality aside, was through to the semifinals, without conceding a single goal. Yet the prospect was a formidable one, for the three other qualifying teams were West Germany, Russia, and Portugal, all of which had been selected from time to time as likely winners of the World Cup. West Germany had brusquely dispensed with Uruguay in the quarter-finals, in a game that had some vestiges of the ugliness of the England-Argentina game (two Uruguayans had been ordered off); Russia had somewhat luckily scraped through against Hungary by two goals to one; while Portugal, in the one really exciting quarter-final match, had beaten the North Koreans by five goals to three, after being suddenly three goals down in the early stages of the game. The Black Panther, Eusebio, had scored four of Portugal's goals, and had clearly emerged as the glittering individualist of the whole competition. Now, in the breathing space before the semifinals, we had time to speculate on the West German-Russian match, which seemed like the proverbial unstoppable force against the immovable mass, and, more passionately, on the game between England and Portugal, which promised more excitement than any game to date—a kind of contest between Portuguese poetry and English prose.

In those free days, I read the foreign press, including an Argentinian paper that printed diatribes as close to the unprintable as I had seen for long enough. ("English pirates," "Secret pact between England and Germany," and a renewed interest in Argentina's recovering the Falkland Islands from Britain.) But I read the front pages as well as the back, and they led me to doubt



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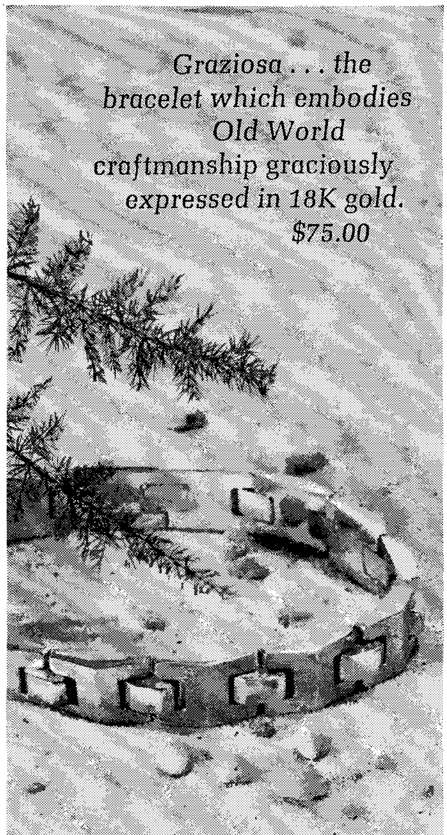
whether the bookies would have given to the British economy anything like the odds for survival that they were giving the national team. Mr. Wilson had just come back from Moscow into the thick of an economic crisis that was hovering on the fringes of devaluation, and had announced that he was flying to Washington (after the semifinals, we noticed approvingly) to confer with President Johnson on Britain's economic cliff-hanging. The stock market seemed in the doldrums, and the Prime Minister was expected to appear on television to warn us of the dire prospects in store for us. They were dire enough, as it turned out. The perennial problem of the national situation in Great Britain does not lie in any lack of planning (the reverse is true, if anything) but, rather, in the fact that workers manage to muddle through wage freezes and price raises without becoming any more disposed to working than they ever were—a brutal truth that even the Prime Minister can never quite bring himself to pronounce. In the past, there was the bounty of the Empire; in the present, there is the bounty of government schemes—health services, workers' compensation, and the like, or a general concern for the well-being of the country without too careful a concern for what the country assumed in the matter of responsibility for itself. We had hardly begun to brood over these drastic circumstances when the balmy July air reverberated with another of the brutal murders that the English pastoral scene seems to specialize in—in this case, a gruesome corpse left in a carefully wrapped cardboard box in the London suburb of Hampstead. " 'Orrible murder!" I heard the news vender shouting, his face a study in, and his voice a monument to, disgust and horror. The forthcoming semifinals took on a measure of relief. They were, if unpredictable, at least within a calculable context.

THE first stage we faced was the semifinal round between West Germany and Russia, in Liverpool, and it proved to be an uninspiring game, flawed once more by the expulsion of one Russian player, and ending, rather than culminating, in one of those German victories we had grown used to—one of skillful force rather than forceful skill, and one that Russia's great goalkeeper, Lev Yashin, bewailed as a disappointment. "I would rather be beaten by a bad team inspired than by an efficient team," he was quoted as saying. In any case, West Germany was a finalist, as the more cunning of the



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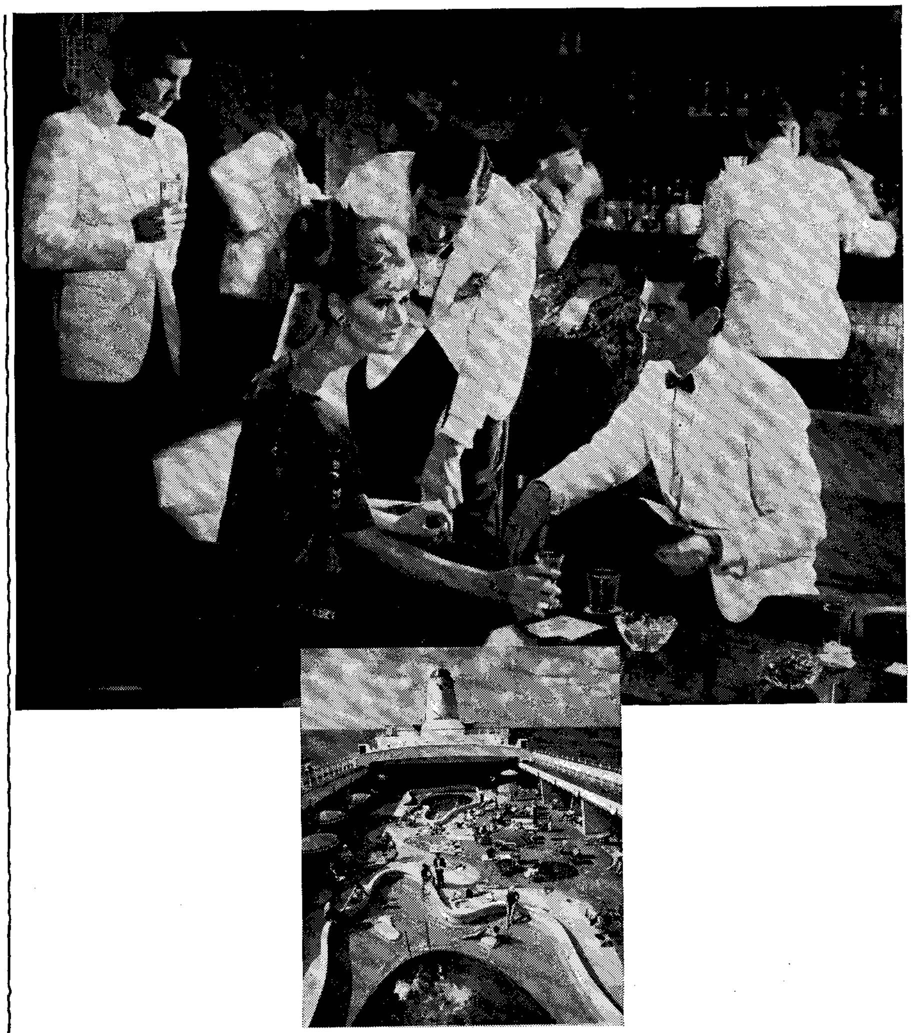
bookies had been telling us from the beginning, and we were poised, the following evening, to see what happened between England and Portugal, both teams smacking of human unpredictability and possibility rather than of the well-drilled quasi-militarism of the Russians and the Germans.

England had never before appeared in a World Cup semifinal, and, almost by sudden instinct, the wise men and soothsayers of football stopped predicting and started holding their breath. One columnist reported fancifully that a strange, flickering blue light hung over the whole country, a kind of television halo, and certainly those who had grumbled the loudest about having to sacrifice some of their favorite television serials for the lavish coverage of the World Cup had by now stopped caring whether or not the serials ever came back. I had watched a fair proportion of the games on television, and not only was the treatment technically beyond reproach but the strange tampering with the sequence of time that television is so easily able to indulge in had become almost part of our expectation. We had grown used not simply to seeing a goal scored but to seeing it over again almost immediately, then possibly a third time, in slow motion, to say nothing of being able to watch it later the same evening, and even the following day. The B.B.C. and Independent Television sportscasters had grown into family friends, as familiar as mailmen. And yet nothing quite equalled the experience of the games themselves, even though the goals were over in a flash, and did not immediately and mysteriously repeat themselves.

As I travelled out to Wembley on the Underground for the semifinal, faces seemed grimmer than usual. The touts on the way to the ground were hoarse by this time, the variety of ribboned rosettes had dwindled, and I found myself waving aside programs and surveys, for I now knew all the names by heart and had grown as adept as any of the announcers at identifying the Portuguese. The scandal of the Argentine match was still very much in



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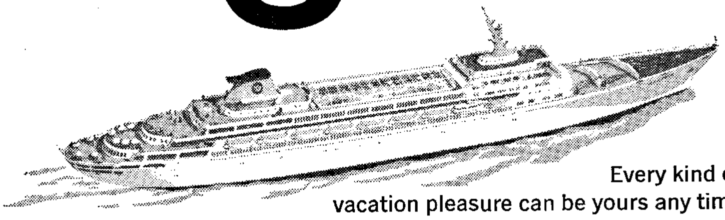

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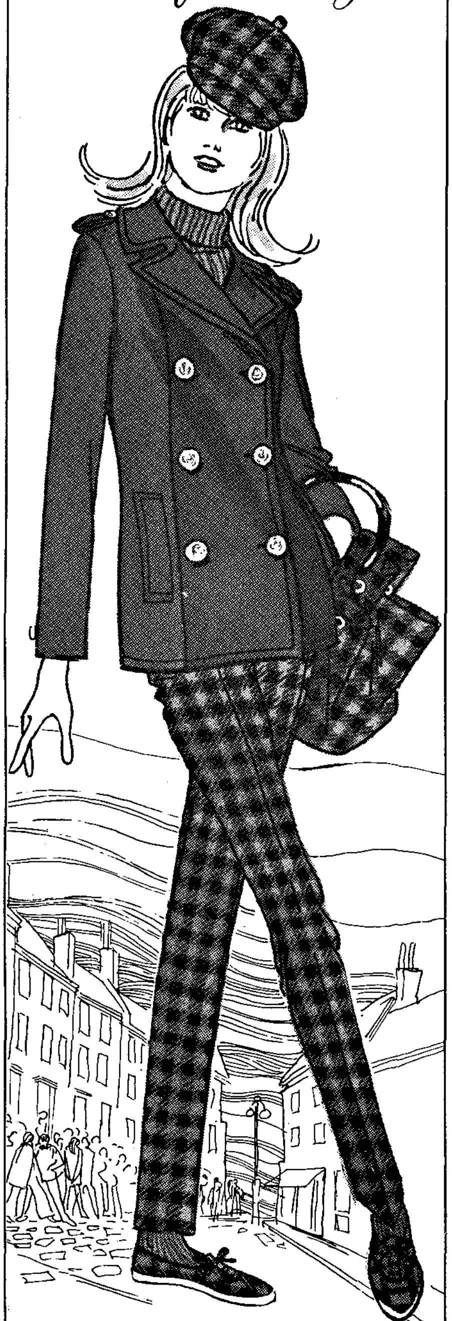

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the air, however, and we wanted above all some kind of restitution—some omen that might make the inconceivable possible. So far, England had leaned heavily on its almost impenetrable defense, and on Gordon Banks, its brilliant goalkeeper, but defense, we knew, would never win against a team as mercurial as the Portuguese, and especially against an opportunist of Eusebio's calibre. Wembley under the lights seemed as miraculous a setting as we could wish for, and when the teams walked out, the national chant (a staccato sequence of claps followed by a cry of "Eng-land!," which had first been borrowed from the Brazilians as a battle cry during the World Cup in Chile) had never been so urgent, never so hopeful. If England were to win against a team as dedicated and pure as the Portuguese, the combination of morale and "home advantage" would obviously make it the favorite for the Cup.

The game itself proved to be the turning point of the whole competition. After the ugly incidents, the squabbles, and even the tedium of simply getting the games played out, the game with Portugal seemed a kind of unveiling, a revelation of all that was best in football, a game that must have converted even chess addicts, and that certainly won over clusters of people who had previously done little more than unwillingly suspend their disbelief. From the beginning, both teams seemed to have sworn solemn vows to demonstrate that the kind of fouling that had marred the quarter-finals had absolutely nothing to do with football at its best. The referee, in fact, scarcely had to use his whistle at all, and the spectacle of players helping their opponents up after a fall or patting one another's backs in appreciation after a particularly brilliant piece of play sent the crowd into a roar. When Charlton scored for England after thirty minutes, the enthusiastic embraces of his teammates were punctuated with Portuguese handshakes, and the shouts that came from the crowd were of appreciation rather than partisanship. More than that, what we saw was a transformed England team, playing not the canny, covering, defensive game of its earlier, economical wins but a swift and deadly attacking game, a game it might have learned overnight from the Portuguese; a fluent, fast, and diagrammatic football, with long, clean passes that seemed always to find their man, the kind of game that would turn the closest of goal-line saves into a sudden

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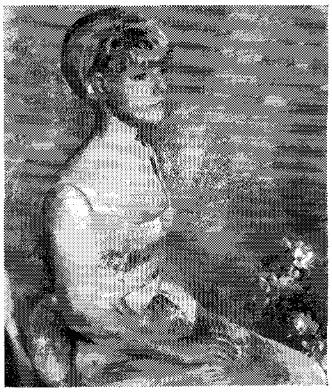

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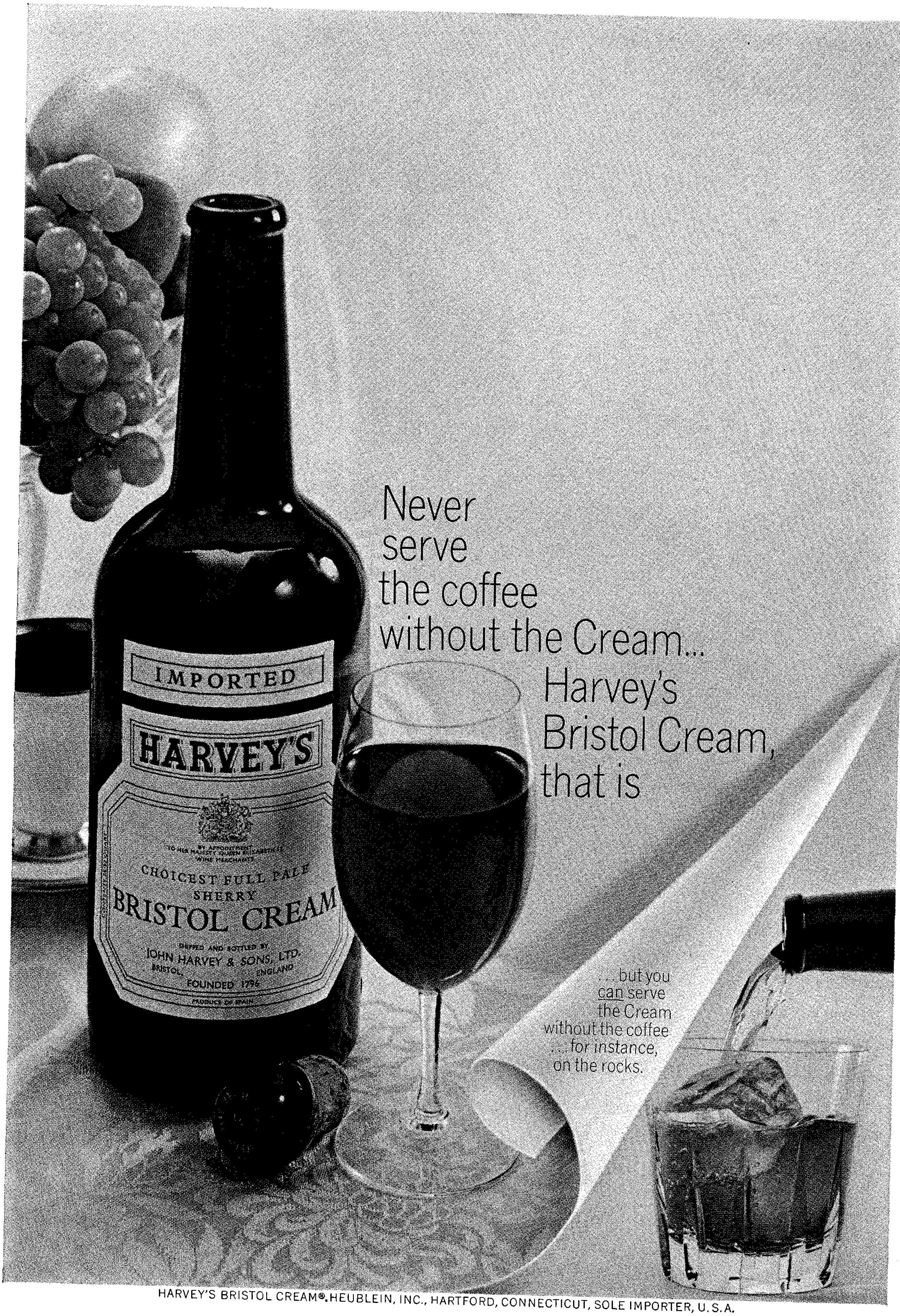
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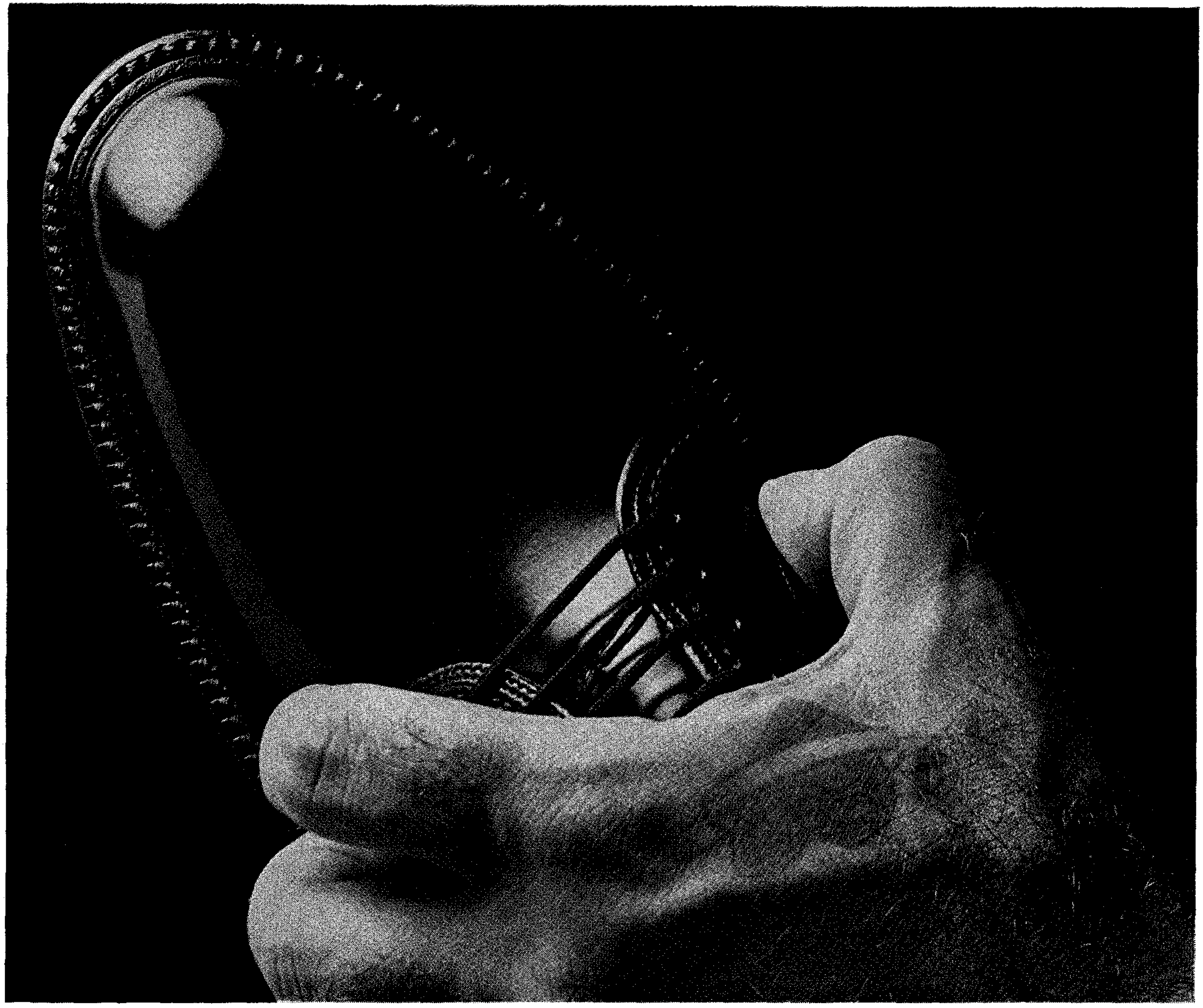

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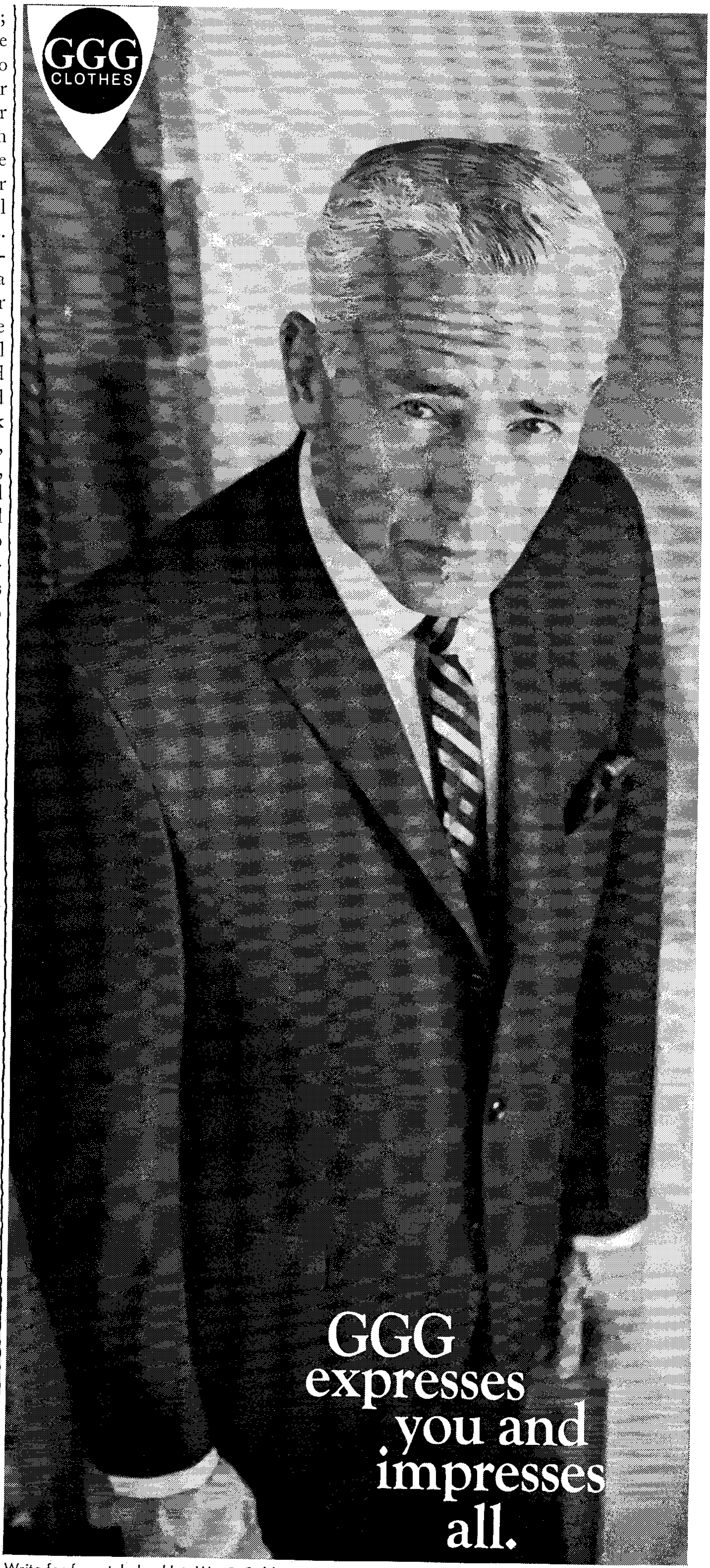
spurt of attack down one of the wings; a game that scarcely any of us felt we could look away from long enough to make even the briefest of jottings in our notebooks. My Portuguese neighbor might have been a dedicated English supporter, so vociferously appreciative was he of the spectacle, while we, in our turn, took only delight in the graceful subtleties of Eusebio and José Torres. Bobby Charlton scored again for England with only ten minutes left—a rocketing shot that took him well clear of the ground, and did much the same for the crowd. Even then, Portugal seemed to be only beginning. England handled the ball in the penalty area, and from the consequent penalty kick Eusebio scored superbly for Portugal, sending the goalkeeper diving one way, with a wriggle of his body, and the ball the other. It was Eusebio's eighth goal of the championship, and it set him up without question for the trophy awarded to the leading scorer. The end was trauma—England ahead two goals to one, and Antonio Simões poised with the ball, fated, we felt, to score, until little Stiles materialized from nowhere and stole the ball and, we felt, the game. The final whistle had never seemed more of a relief, more of a sibilantly emphatic piece of punctuation. All twenty-two players were as eager to thank their opponents as to embrace one another, to trade shirts, to bask in the ovation of the moment. Eusebio wept as he left the field, and it was only as we were trailing out of the stadium, still dazed by football, that it began to dawn on us that England was in the final.

The following day, the press forgot itself in lyrical ecstasies. The front pages all showed us Eusebio either in tears or embracing Bobby Charlton. The economic crisis had retreated to page 3, and nobody seemed to have the time to see Mr. Wilson off to Washington, or even to notice that he had gone, so intent were we on the breathless possibilities ahead. Alf Ramsey pronounced the result England's greatest victory since he had become manager, and Tass, the Russian news agency, in an uncharacteristic burst of poetic fervor, declared, "The World Cup semifinal between England and Portugal was like a spring of clear water breaking through the murky wave. It was beautiful, correct football." The Portuguese officials were no less generous in their praise, and, however inglorious the Argentinian game seemed in retrospect, the bad taste it left had been more than obliterated.

Between Tuesday's exotic semifinal



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and Saturday afternoon's prospective final between England and West Germany, there was only the fairly pointless playoff for third and fourth places between Russia and Portugal, the semi-final losers—a contest so anticlimactic that the sportswriters almost unanimously plugged for dropping this consolation match from the 1970 competition. The crowd at Wembley turned out in large part for Eusebio's sake, and he did not disappoint them, scoring another goal—his ninth—to insure his thousand-pound scoring prize, and keeping the pot of attention boiling. I myself passed up the game in favor of a play, and even the converted housewives seemed to be conserving their emotion for Saturday, so mild was the attention given to the game. Alf Ramsey was no longer the tantalizing, much criticized figure he had been, but, rather, a potential savior, a breathtaking Merlin of the impossible. The scientific had given way to the emotional, and we waited not for tactics but for miracles. One taxi-driver took me on two fee-less rounds of the block to finish his pronouncements. In all my sporting days, I had never run up against such fervor, such national zeal, such great expectations.

UNLIKE most of the other games, which had been played under floodlights, at night, giving them a theatrical intensity, the final took place in the afternoon, on a sparkling day, with sunlight and shadow chasing one another across the striped Wembley turf, and some ninety-three thousand people packed into the huge oval of Wembley Stadium. The previous day had thundered and showered, but Saturday seemed so set for football that we were quite ready to believe that Alf Ramsey had had a word with the weather—a terse, imperative word. He was fielding the team that had beaten Portugal, having resisted the cries of the critics for the return of Jimmy Greaves, and thus made it clear that to him this was the team that counted, and that Greaves, prodigious and electric goalscorer that he was, counted less at this point than the almost instinctive understanding of one another's game and positioning that the English players had shown against Portugal. From the crowded terraces, clusters of German and British flags were being waved excitedly. On the way in, I caught sight of Eusebio, unfamiliar in a blue raincoat but still looking wistful. Round me were Spaniards, Italians, and a row of Russians, attending for football's sake, and everybody

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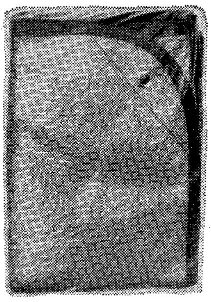

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was conversing with a fervent, speculative wisdom. Had yesterday's rain slowed up the ground? Was England's defense too confident by now, especially against a team that played much the same game as England, and was easily its equal in indefatigable fitness? Had F.I.F.A. and the referee been too hard on the Argentinians? Was I going to Mexico in 1970? So we filled in the ponderous waiting time, while the spick-and-span bands wheeled and blew their geometric way about the field. A great rumble and a craning of necks told us that the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh had arrived. The portentous minutes ticked away. Mr. Harold Wilson, we learned later, had, on his return from Washington, come straight to Wembley from London Airport, without even going home to change. He knew obviously on what side his national bread was buttered, and we liked him better for it. For all we knew, the Beatles were in the crowd. *We* were there, and that, we felt, was what really mattered.

All at once, the rumbles became roars, the chants swelled thunderously, and there were the teams walking out, the West Germans in white shirts with black shorts, the English in unaccustomed red (as the home team, they changed their regular white shirts in deference to their opponents, or their guests, as we preferred to say). When players and spectators froze for the national anthem, strong men who had never carried a tune in their lives sang their hearts out, and even the subsequent "Deutschland Über Alles" was accepted purely for what it was and without inferences. The game was the thing, and it was not too long before we got down to it, with an expectation, a sense of having an improbable translated into an actual, a Perhaps into a Yes. For my own part, I remained in bug-eyed silence, leaving it to the rest of the crowd to burst into their tribal chants. The football itself was fascinating enough to strike me dumb; and where, in the semifinal against Portugal, I had been driven to lyrical exclamation, I found this game too tense, too fast, too breathtaking to do more than gasp, as much as at what did not happen as at what did. It would be too much, however, to attempt to reproduce the consuming ebb and flow of emotion. The game was a series of separate, successive happenings, and some of these came miraculously to fruition, others to nothing. A German near enough for me to hear began to complain that the English had deliberately watered the field to slow down

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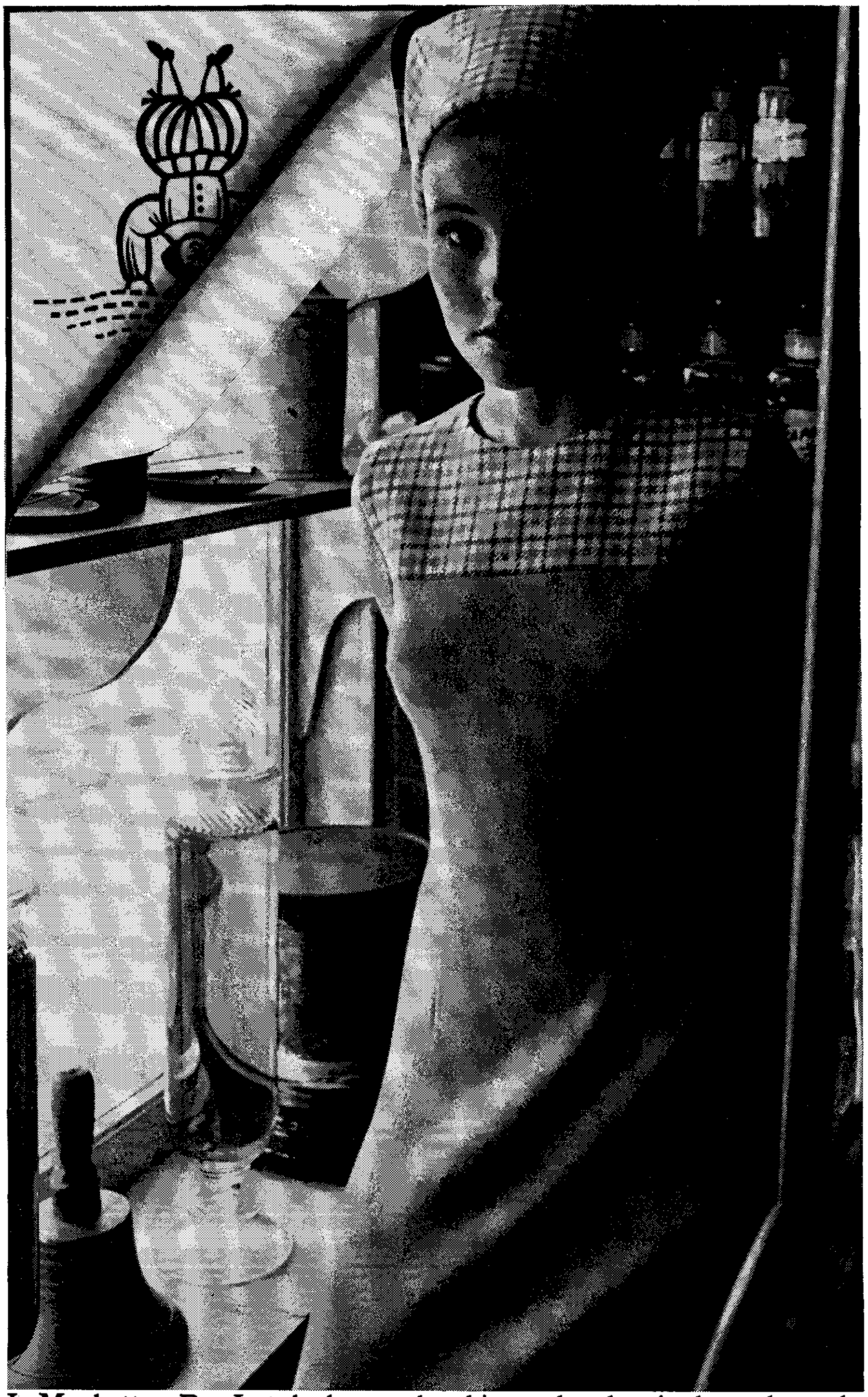

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his countrymen. Realizing, a moment or two later, that his life was in danger, he sat down, and satisfied himself with brooding. In the stands, we swayed, watched, hoped, wondered. On the field, it looked anybody's game, a precise contest between two teams for whom luck might run suddenly and accidentally in either direction.

It at once became clear to all of us that possession on this occasion was going to be the entire law, for as soon as either the English or the Germans had the ball, they blazed it to the opposing goal and seemed to wait hopefully for the mistakes of their opponents. Grimly enough, it was England that made the first of those, when its implacable right back, Ray Wilson, delivered the ball to the feet of a German forward and paid for his error by finding England one goal down, early in the game. For England, work, rather than exuberance, became the rule, and Bobby Moore, England's captain and the kind of taskmaster who works by example rather than by demand, managed to place the ball from a free kick in such a precise spot in the air that Hurst, hurtling in as he had so importantly against the Argentinians, headed a goal that was sheer, positive achievement. Half time came with the teams tied at one goal each, and the multilingual comment around me seemed to take a sudden turn in England's favor—perhaps because the West Germans had begun to look more like some kind of football machinery, while England, occasionally fallible, remained eleven recognizable human beings, and thus capable of miracles.

Under such circumstances, ninety minutes is a long time, and we began to hope, in the second half, for relief rather than excitement. The German forwards, Helmut Haller and Uwe Seeler, created agonies of ominous danger whenever they got the ball at their feet, and we lost touch with the science of the game in quite simple apprehension. From the English point of view, a little fellow called Alan Ball kept turning up wherever the ball was, and seemed bent on refusing to let it out of his possession. The defense played to some brilliant grammar of Ramsey's devising, and, just as the Germans were wont to pounce on any faint mistake, England did the same, but with rather more luck, as when a spontaneous shot, following a sharp English attack, rebounded from the German goalkeeper to the feet of Martin Peters, another young English prodigy, who ruthlessly put the ball in the goal. Two to one for England, and

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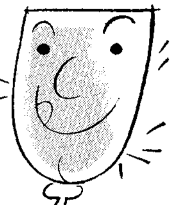

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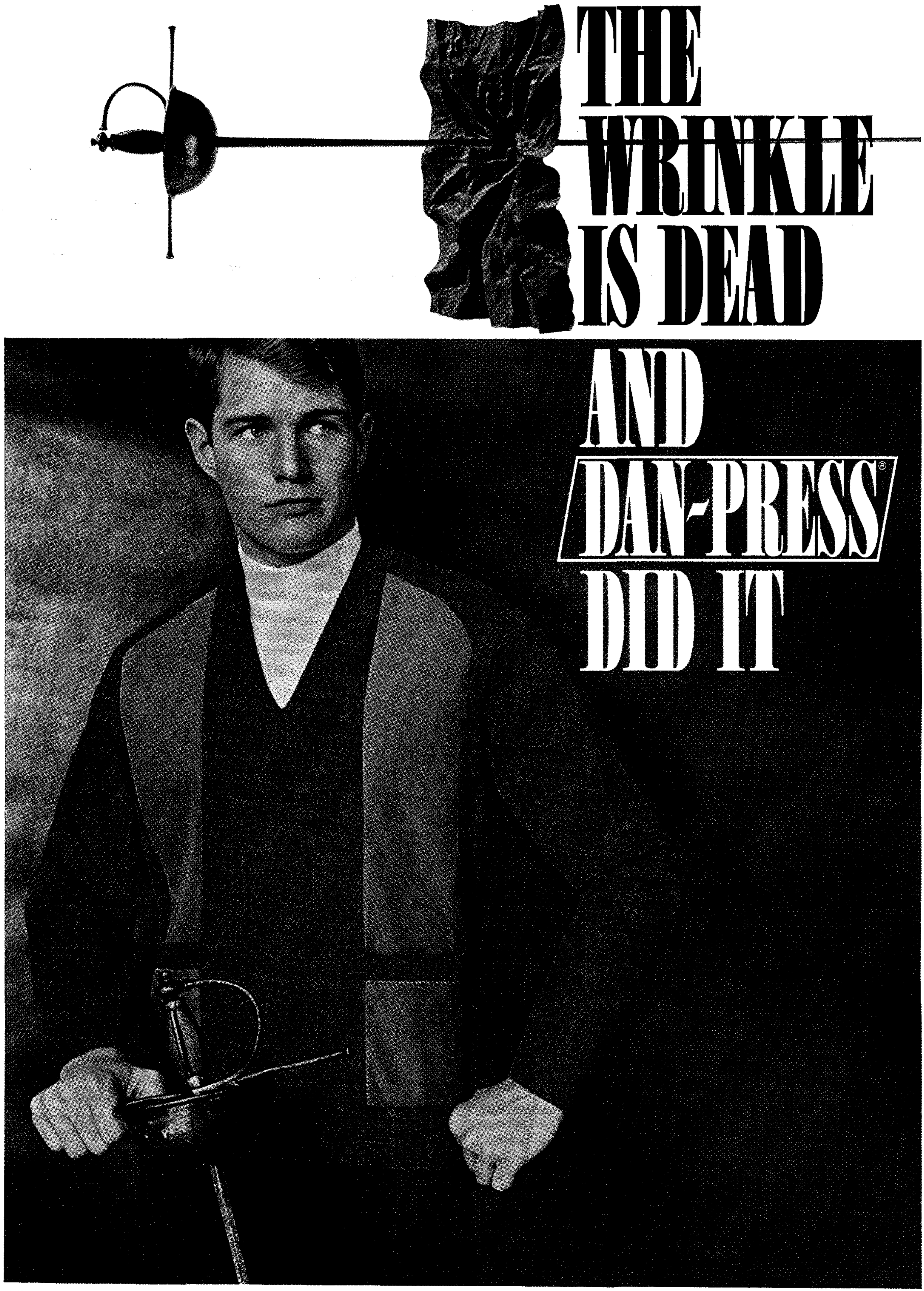

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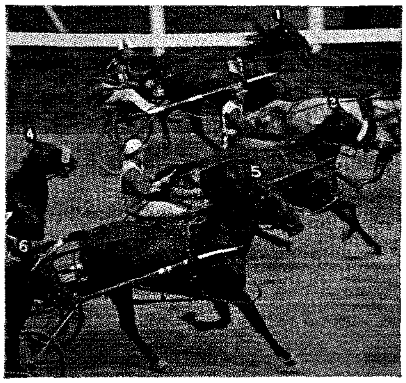

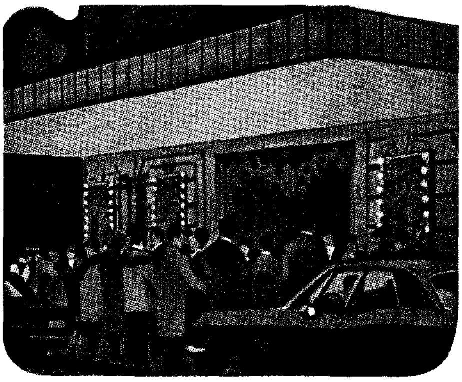

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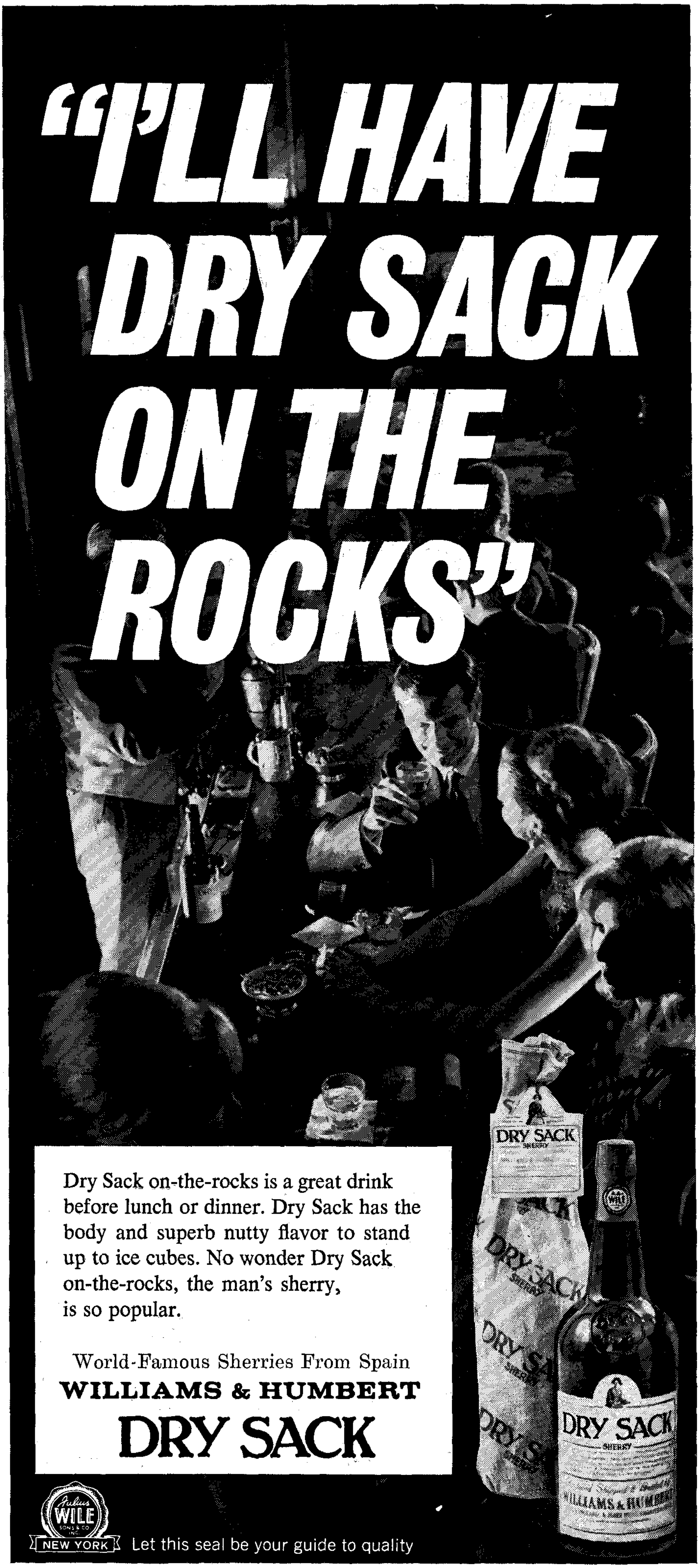
the remainder of the game a matter of clock-watching, of breath-holding. It might have finished that way, too, but my neighbor on the left produced a stopwatch as big as an alarm clock and began a kind of Spanish countdown. It was a bad omen, I thought, and events proved me right, for, as his second hand was describing its last semicircle, West Germany scored—a goal that should not have happened, a goal that was suspiciously helped by human hands (an automatic foul in football) and easily tapped home by the German forward, Wolfgang Weber. Anticlimax. We had all been breathing the showery air (had the weather actually *defied* Ramsey?), ready to explode in clamorous homage, when, suddenly, the final whistle went, the ninety minutes had run out. The teams, impossible to believe, were level at two goals each, and the result had now to be resolved by two fifteen-minutes-each-way periods of extra time—a gruelling prospect for both teams, which had not spared their ferocious energy for one moment of the game already played. They collapsed on the grass, and we collapsed in the stands, still not quite believing. The radio and television commentators had only a moment or two to articulate their hysteria, and then the game was off again, as unrelenting as ever, almost beyond the credible range of either football or imagination. This time, to escape the disturbing proximity of the stopwatch, I went up to the Press Box, high above the field, where I had the choice of a television set at my elbow, the game below me, or a typewriter at hand. It was, however, no moment for words.

The Germans looked the tireder of the two teams, I thought, as England kept pressing, whistling the ball close to the German goal, probing for a chink, a lapse, an unpredictable possibility. Yet the German center forward, Siegfried Held, escaped in a flash, and seemed certain to set up a goal, except that his companions were unable to produce the energy to keep pace with him. More England, and suddenly little Ball spurted into an open space, sent the ball into Hurst's path, and the English inside forward blazed it at the net. It seemed to strike a defender's foot and rocket upward, inside the crossbar, and just as suddenly to bounce out. Half of us were sure it was a goal, half of us hoped it just might have been, and all the Germans, whatever they had seen, roared in disbelief. The decision, however, lay with the referee, and he, for an agonizing moment, consulted with his linesman, who was



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better placed to tell if the ball had actually crossed the line or not. We saw him nod, and point to the center spot. A goal for England—and yet none of us were entirely happy with its inconclusive aura, nor even now, after seeing the thing happen over again on television, in slow motion, at top speed, are there many who would take an oath on its having been a goal. "Well, it bloody well ought to have been," growled a tired commentator beside me, and there we thought it would have to rest. The teams changed ends painfully for the last quarter hour, and we read the weariness in their movements, in the relief with which they passed the ball to a colleague. Again, it was clock-watching, and the minutes were down to one, by my calculation, when Uwe Seeler almost scored for Germany. Bobby Moore was there in time to cut down the ball and send it upfield to Hurst, though, and we were ready this time to let loose all the victorious cheers that had been stifled before. Hurst, however, was not. With some unfathomable resource of energy, he burst through at top speed and let go a shot that fairly whanged into the German net—a goal so emphatic, so pure, so indisputable that in roaring at it we could not hear the whistle that ended the game.

This time it *was* over, and England *had* won, not with a shadow of a goal but with the last, rampant kick of the game! Four goals to two, and the whole stadium wearily insane with excited satisfaction. On the field, some of the English players were in tears, some in agony, but all of them certainly in ecstasy. We were all of us doing a bit of handshaking and back-pounding, and the announcers were positively squealing into their microphones. Alf Ramsey sat on his trainer's bench, his face reluctantly and shyly beaming, his back being pounded by players and assistants; but he would not take a lap of honor around the field with the team. The moment, he said afterward, was theirs. Even though he must have been drowning in secret satisfaction, he seemed determined to keep it to himself. What followed was a mixture of pageantry and delirium. The England team walked up to where the Queen waited to hand, first, the little gold cup to Moore and then medals to the players on both teams. The Germans took their lap of honor—at a fairly emotionless and efficient trot—and got the kind of sporting ovation that the English seem brought up to deliver on any occasion. But when Moore threw the Rimet Trophy up in a golden arc

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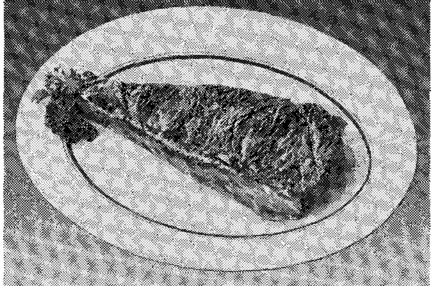

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and caught it, took it over to let Ramsey touch it, and then led his team in a capering, delighted circuit of the track, staunch Englishmen threw their bowler hats into the air without worrying where they would come down, and almost as many German flags rained down as did Union Jacks. Head-shaking, even tears, replaced language. The Prime Minister was beaming fit to burst, and had apparently forgotten for the moment all about his Washington conversations. I cannot remember how long the delirium went on, but we eventually prised ourselves away, to find ourselves comparing notes with clusters of strangers in the train, and stuffing our sheafs of statistics into station wastebaskets. The final had not produced, perhaps, the best football of the competition, but, being the final, and England having had to win it virtually twice over, it had certainly emerged as by far the most highly charged occasion. "Home advantage" unquestionably counted; but then, so did energy, coolness, preparation, and an incredible will to win, all of which Ramsey had been harping away on for his gruelling three years. And, for once, it was not the old men looking back to a lost past, or comforting remarks about England as the "womb of the game," that we were listening to—it was the roaring, present excitement over a young and tangible England team winning a world championship. "Even just winning *something*," our first inclination was to say.

EMOTION wound up to such a cumulative peak takes some time to die down, as the evening of the match more than demonstrated. There was hardly anyone who had been at Wembley, I would bet, who did not bathe, dress up, and expand, even if it was only to entrench himself in front of his television set and watch Londoners whoop it up as they had not done since V-E Night. First of all, there was the spectacle of the members of the team arriving for their celebration dinner at the Royal Garden Hotel, picking their way through a crowd of some seven thousand devoted souls, to emerge presently on the balcony of the hotel, like a huge Royal Family, beaming above their boutonnières of red carnations. Bobby Moore held up the cup, and, as it was passed from player to player, each one's name was chanted fervently; but it was when Alf Ramsey raised the cup gingerly aloft, as though still not quite convinced that it was real, that the cheers became pure delirium, the delight pure ecstasy. Even Pickles,

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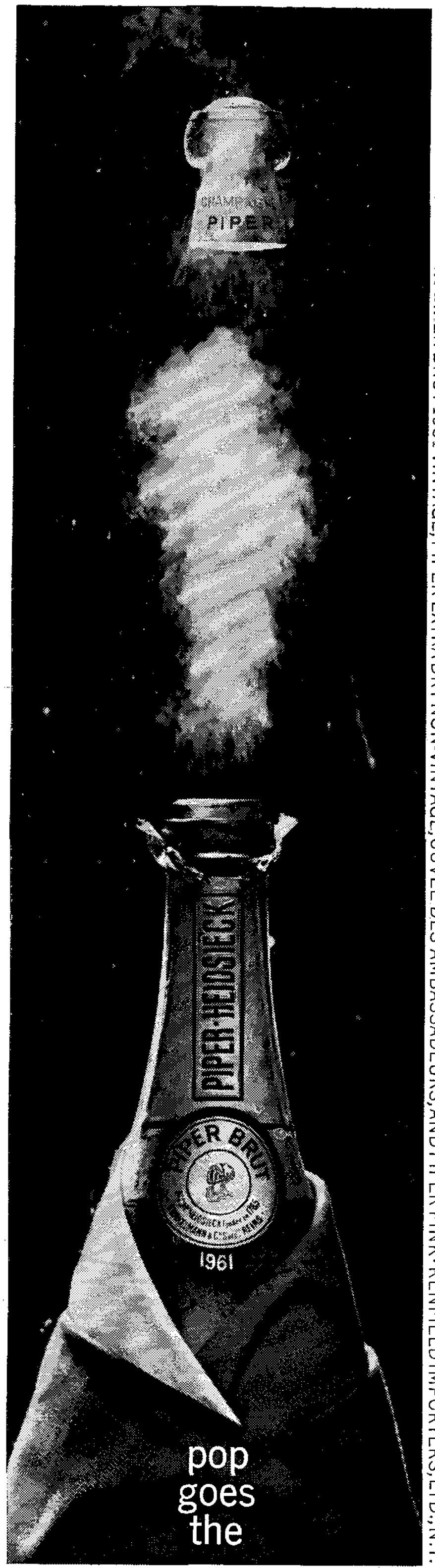

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the dog who had found the missing World Cup, was present, along with the Prime Minister, who had obviously decided that his Washington homework had to wait. "He's a football fan, if nothing else," muttered one of his less enthusiastic constituents, "but he'd damn well better give Alf Ramsey a knighthood for this." Indeed, when Mr. Wilson and Mr. Ramsey appeared together on the balcony, one could not help feeling that Mr. Wilson had all his political wits about him.

Meanwhile, the West End of London was busy celebrating in its own way, leaving the players and officials of the participating teams to their banquet. Piccadilly Circus and Trafalgar Square were solid, singing masses. Cars, lined up for blocks on end, pumped out on their horns the rhythm that, in an odd, cryptic way, had become a most uncharacteristic national victory chant: "Ta-tah. Tah-tah-tah. Tah-tah-TAH-ta. Eng-LAND!" The pubs were spilling out into the streets, and we noticed even a group of Germans doing their version of a reel, bouncing off the sides of the narrow lanes of Soho. Taxis had given up for the evening, and there was nothing to do but thread through the revellers, shake hands like a candidate, accept a slug from a proffered bottle, and squeeze eventually out of the lights into a friend's house, where the television was getting under way again, going succulently over each goal, at top speed, in slow motion, replaying the immediate past as though anxious to keep it as the present and fearful of its slipping away while the tingle still lasted. We watched, with a kind of painful sympathy, the England players being brought, one by one, before the cameras, dressed in human clothing, stammeringly inarticulate, bewildered by a mixture of joy and disbelief, and we suddenly hated the glib-tongued commentator who fed them their lines. (Let *him* run himself ragged for two hours, and then try to say how it felt, we snarled.) Still, everybody's face hurt with smiling, including mine, and when I walked home, close to midnight, the horns and hooters were still at it, and there was always a skirl of song round the next corner. I stopped to talk to a solitary policeman who was shaking his head on a street corner. "Never seen the likes of it in me life, sir," he said in wonderment. "The end of the war, they say, but I were no more than a nipper then. Course, Christmas, New Year, well, you *expect* it then. But if you'd have said to me three weeks ago when the Cup began that we'd be watching a night like this

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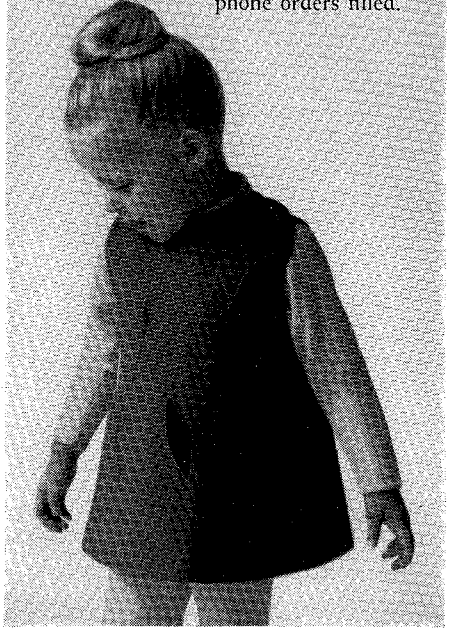

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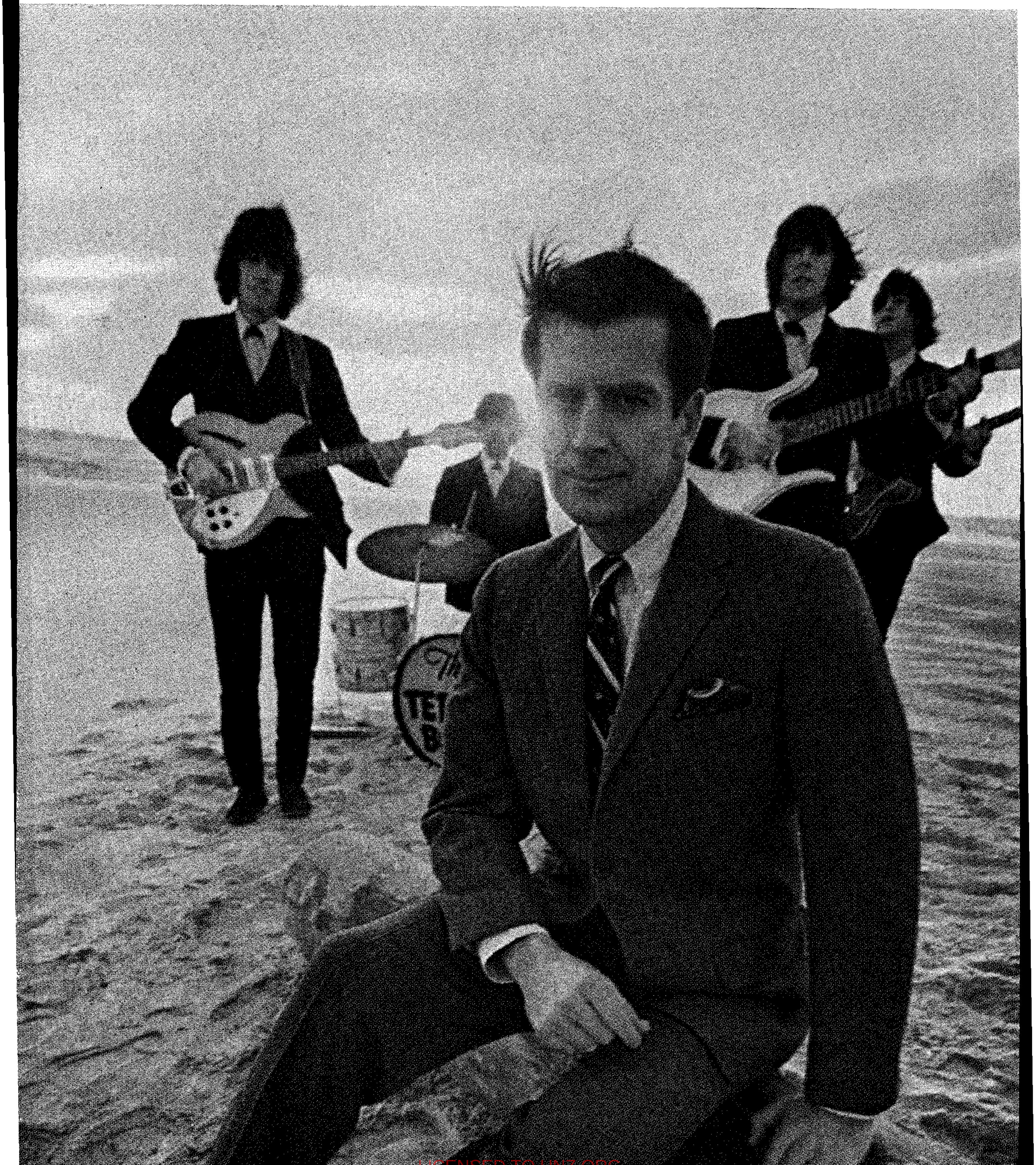

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here, I'd have said you was plain barmy, begging your pardon, sir."

Waking up on a leafy Sunday morning, I went through, beyond the usual flounderings for identity, the sudden qualm of wondrous disbelief that always follows great happenings, so I wasted no time at all in sprinting to the newsstand, not for the usual judicious selection of English Sunday papers (can any city in the world provide such a Sunday-morning gamut?) but for the whole bundle, from the most raucous to the least committal. This Sunday, they were scarcely distinguishable, one from another. "ENGLAND—CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD," they screamed at my smarting eyes, and there it all was again, the scorers stopped in midair, Alf Ramsey and Pickles, Nobby Stiles and the Queen, fans swimming in fountains, and column on column of everything from technical analysis to quotes from Bobby Charlton's mother (and a chilling news item about a young Berliner who, nagged persistently by his mother for staying home to watch the games, finally strangled her in exasperation), speeches, statistics, maps, diagrams, tear-out souvenirs, armfuls of grateful jubilation that easily wasted the time away until, on television, the final was replayed, every breath-rasping second of it, in the early afternoon. Enough was obviously not nearly as good as a feast, but enough was, for me, at least, not far off, and I began to give myself over to gravity. First, about the football itself (separated from the partisan emotions it generated, if it *could* be separated), I felt that England had been more than lucky, or, at any rate, had never been unlucky. I still am convinced that England could not have beaten the Brazilians, even though it did beat Portugal, who beat the Brazilians. The English game had been pragmatic throughout, incalculable, inspiring hope rather than confidence. The team had succeeded by not making mistakes, by having no weak links (both Hungary and Portugal, for example, had suffered through grotesque blunders on the part of their goalkeepers), by maintaining a level of form, and—I had to come back to it—by having a whole country behind it when it played on familiar ground. In fact, it could only have happened in England. But then, it did.

More than that, the win puts the English players in the position of having to maintain their position as world champions, and means they will have to evolve a greater variety of styles than they ever showed during the competition. South American football is still

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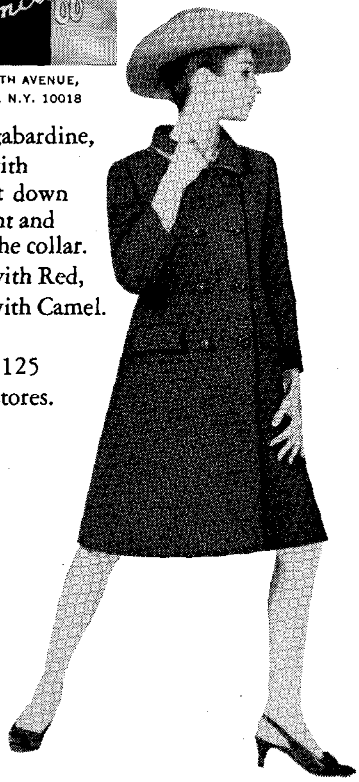
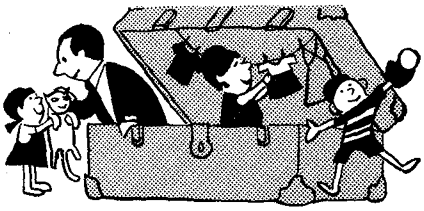


the craftiest of all, the most calculated, and the most exact. Although the Europeans dominated the semifinals, they were all playing in a manner both predictable and familiar, and I, for one, felt that the South Americans had taken a great deal of lustre with them when they departed. The fact is, there are many variations of footballing style, and nothing is more riveting to watch than two teams with vastly contrasting styles taking one another on. This did not happen in the final. I felt that the same game played in Germany would have been likely to go the other way. All in all, there was too much luck flying about for anybody to feel that the result had been the unwinding of some profound soccer justice, but that, precisely, is the point, for the game of football, while it can have a foundation in scientific strategy, while it can have its superhuman individualists like Pelé, like Yashin, while it can be planned, calculated, and prepared for, move by move, still boils down to a contest between fallible human beings in a particular atmosphere at a particular point in time and with a huge following powerful enough to sway the play by their approval or disapproval—it is just this that gives one an insatiable appetite for the game, or for any game that has not become a mechanism. And so I switched on the television set and settled down to watch the final for the last, breathless time.

LONDON the following week was in a state of aftermath. The crisis crept back onto the front pages, and grim it was, with its prospect of austerity and its seemingly insoluble labor problems. The nation's well-being seemed as unstable as its weather. A glow remained, though, and there were everywhere signs of that boisterous English good cheer that seems contingent upon crisis. The *New Statesman* set as its weekly literary competition the following hypothetical situation: "The story so far: North Korea have beaten England in the World Cup Final, but they cannot receive the cup because during the match it has been stolen (again). British prestige drops to a new low, and the nation awaits a broadcast by the Prime Minister. Now write on." The readers' entries were hilariously close to the bone. Honors kept falling on the players. Bobby Moore gained the distinction of being named the world's outstanding footballer, and the bank accounts of the whole English squad bulged deservedly. Mr. Dennis Howell, the Undersecretary responsible for sport, proud



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of the country's part in staging the competition, said, "This has been the best half-million pounds the Government has ever spent," and not one solitary taxpayer raised his voice in protest. The Germans went home to a triumphal procession, and, like practically all the world's press, were generous in defeat. The football used in the final, which had been promised for auction to Oxfam, a charity organization that collects for stricken countries, turned up in Germany in the possession of one of the German team, but Oxfam was pressing hopefully for its return. A new World Cup stamp bearing the added legend, "ENGLAND WINNERS," was issued and quickly gobbled up. Slowly, stretching itself with satisfaction, England unwound. Cassius Clay bounded into the limelight, and cricket, which had been "waiting in the wings for civilization to reassert itself," according to one of the snootier newspapers, wandered leisurely and grassily back into the public's still goggling eye. Pundits were pressing Alf Ramsey to make pronouncements about the 1970 World Cup, but, inscrutable as ever, he went silently on holiday before the imminent beginning of the new season. Still dizzy with the perfection of it all, we rolled up the green turf of Wembley in our memory, and silently crept into the record books. —ALASTAIR REID

•

I am well aware that we still have too many high school students who move their lips as they read their comic books. But more and more people are forsaking their comic books for paperbacks. And more and more devotees of the paperback are finding their way into the bookstores. More and more book readers are now making penciled notes in the margins; more notemakers are beginning to write; more writers are beginning to think; and more thinkers are beginning to make themselves heard.—*From "Common Sense in Advertising," by Charles F. Adams.*

By moving their lips, probably.

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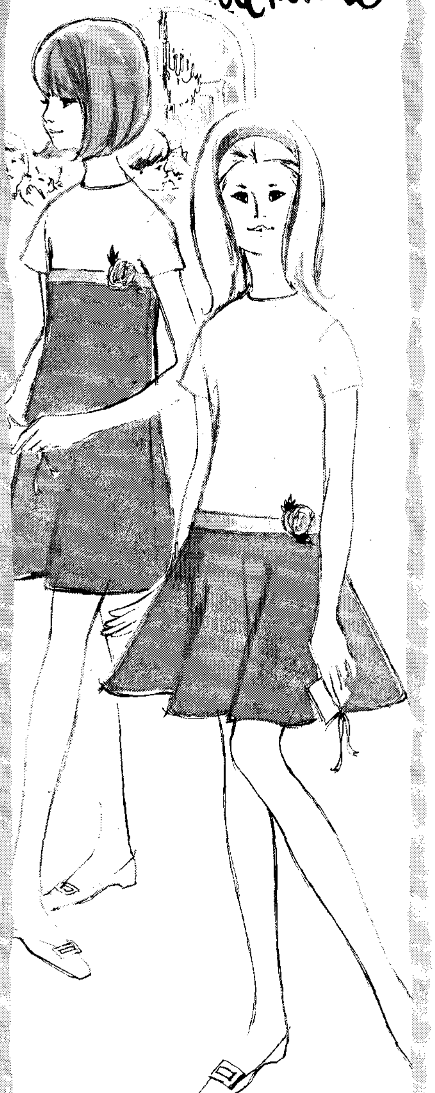

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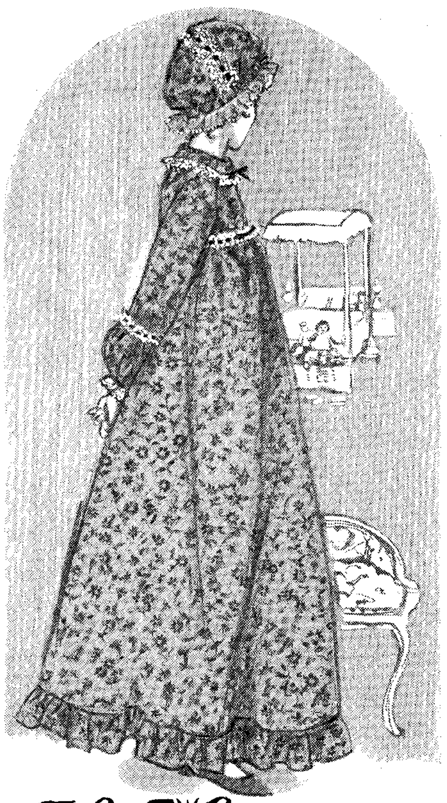
MONTEGUFONI

IT is nine o'clock of an August evening. The year is 1927, and Isabelle and I are being taken by Arthur Acton to dine with the Sitwells. Although our destination is only twenty miles from Florence, it seems to take the motorcar a long time, climbing hills and descending valleys, through the cypress and wine country. Isabelle and I are Americans, and in our early twenties. I am staying in a pension with my mother, who is ill, and Isabelle is from Chicago, and has taken a villa. We met at one of Arthur Acton's garden parties. He is "Lord Acton" in Florence, for titles are happily bestowed here on foreigners, as marks of affection.

I stare out of the window. "No, you can't see the chapel," Arthur Acton says. We are crossing a bridge. "I hope that you will bring your friend to see the paintings one of these days—shall we say Friday for lunch?" The car comes out of a dark turning of the road. "Ah, here we are!" And crowning the last hill is the castle, Montegufoni, the Mountain of the Owls, its roofs and tower outlined by torches flaring in the wind. We have arrived.

The driver stopped and Arthur Acton led us to a small and massive wooden door. Pushing it open (could this be the Main Entrance?), we stumbled into an obscure cell and stood there. Directly confronting us was a knight in full armor, visor down, holding in his gauntleted hand a pike. He did not stir; it was the empty shell. By the light of a wall sconce we saw that we were surrounded by the motley accoutrements of ancient battle—coats of mail, lances, helmets, faded pennants. Our escort, pointing, recited, "Harquebus, thirteenth century. . . . That's a gonfalon. . . . Over there's a hauberk. . . . And that's an oriflamme, very like the St. Denis one, you know. . . . Well, as there's no bell, we must just wait, my dears." And then, changing his mind, "No, better, I'll go fetch somebody. Shan't be a moment."

The floor was stone—wet stone. Isabelle and I did not stir, lest an iron helmet fall on us or we bump into a battle-axe or broadsword. After what seemed a very long interval, a door opened and a young man in tweeds appeared and, with some diffidence, asked us to follow him. We came to the Gallery, dimly lit and vast and like a piazza. The guests stood grouped in twos and threes—groups displaced rather than composed—with occasion-



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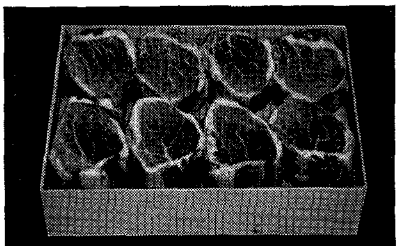

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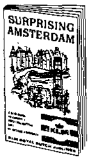

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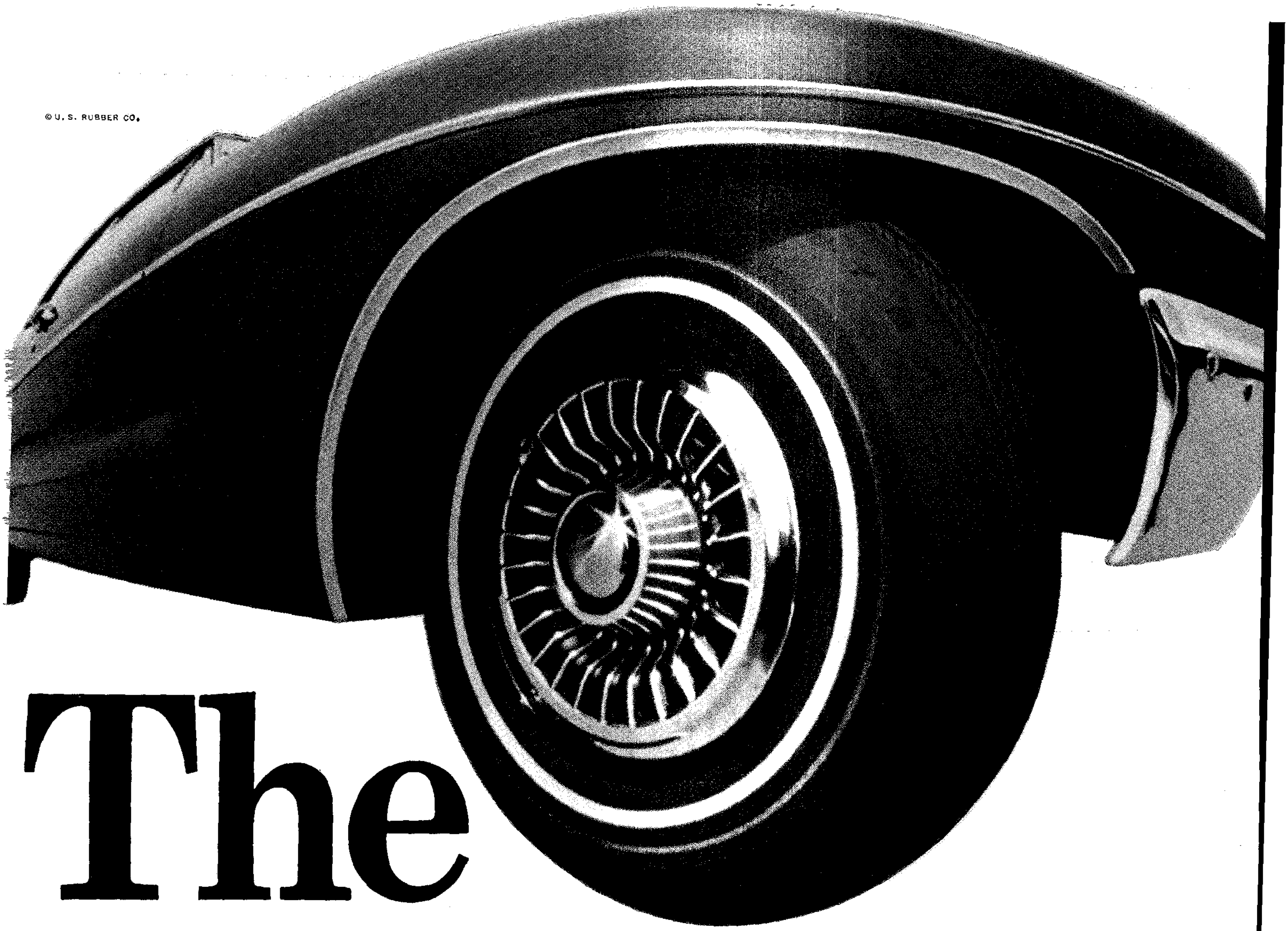

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Or sweep around a rain-slicked curve.

Or pick up a nail at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Still and all, $75 *is* a lot of money for a tire.

And maybe you're wondering how much better the new Royal Master could possibly be that we're asking so much for it.

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ally a single figure alone. Some of the ladies were wearing tailored suits, others evening dress. They showed no signs of conviviality but seemed finished with, or waiting for, something. Isabelle and I wandered among them, looking for Arthur Acton, who had become invisible. There were no chairs. An exceedingly tall young woman in a long cotton skirt and bodice with a flat straw hat stood alone, framed by a doorway. (Edith? It must be Edith. But there were no introductions, and we did not know—certainly *I* did not know—that the Sitwells were the extraordinary Sitwells. We had not heard "Façade." Sir Osbert's memoirs were far in the future.) But had we not been asked for dinner? And where was our hostess? We crossed the Gallery and came to a dining room. At the far end of a long table, in this very long room, sat an elderly lady dressed in black, with a large black hat and a black veil, rather like a beekeeper's mask. Gloves, too. She was alone and eating strawberries. There were no other places set at the table. "Dinner's over," she said brightly. "I don't suppose you want any strawberries? . . . No? Well then, one of the boys will show you round."

The same young man in tweeds who had rescued us from the armory reappeared. Osbert? Or Sacheverell? I think it was Osbert. He called out to an invisible person in the next room, "Papa, if I don't get back in half an hour, send Bobo after us. I don't really know the way."

TO show something, to present something, is generally conceded to be a personal pleasure, whereas to be shown is frequently a trial requiring indulgence. On this occasion the reverse was true. He suffered. Osbert (if it was Osbert) suffered. Perhaps he had shown the castle too often, or it is possible that his taste differed from that of his father. He was correct and austere. Through the many dark passages, painted and unpainted, he carried a candle, upstairs and downstairs, through frescoed passages that were mildewed and peeling. Isabelle and I followed, respecting his silence.

We were ignorant of the castle's history, with its formidable list of possessors and guests—the Dukes of Athens, the great Acciaiuoli family, the Prince of Taranto, Boccaccio. There had been hundreds of peasants living in the cellars when the castle was bought by Sir George, in 1909. And in 1942 it would have the honor of entertaining the most extraordinary collection of art treasures ever assembled

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together in a private residence—the chief works of the Uffizi and Pitti Galleries, and masterpieces from churches and museums of Tuscany, valued, according to the Italian government, at three hundred and twenty million dollars.

At the end of an especially long corridor, Osbert announced, "My mother's bedroom," and opened a door. We peered into a cave. Was it a cave into which a couch had been introduced? If so, the couch was invisible. Or was it a room painted to look like a cave? Or was it a cave painted to look like a cave? It was dark and it was wet. Vines crawled from the ceiling to the stone floor. A frog and a lizard stared out from among the ferns. A painted waterfall slid between painted rocks and shells, and, in imitation, real water dripped from the ceiling, into real and unreal clumps of moss—or was it seaweed? A wall glistened green with opalescence. The watercress was abundant. Between the waterfalls was a trompe-l'oeil window; a lynx and some wild clouds were looking in through its painted iron bars. In the real window an owl was sitting, with his back to us. Was he chained there? He was silent.

The flickering candle moved on, and so did we. More corridors. Making an abrupt turn, we were surprised by light. It came from a torch stuck into a wall at the top of a flight of wooden steps, illuminating an aperture that had been designed to hold a door. It would have necessitated a wide door, or a curtain might have served, but both were lacking. This grand entrance exposed, with dignity, a water closet. Raised on a pedestal, it commanded the view of the passersby. To the right of the W.C. was the bathtub—a tin tub elevated on ordinary claw feet—and, hanging directly over it, a large painting of a particularly realistic Crucifixion. Confronting the painting, and of the same size, was a hole, a rough hole in the wall that might have been made by a battering-ram during a siege, or by one of the weapons belowstairs. Clouds fled by. The wind blew in.

No comment, and again we followed our leader.

"My father's beds," he announced, opening a door. "He has made quite a collection—they say the finest in Italy. This one is Hadrian's—the emperor, you know."

It was as one would imagine a bed of Hadrian's to be—massive twisted gold-leafed columns twined with grapevines, the canopy cloth of gold.

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We passed on to the next room. "And this one he brought from Spain. . . . Tullia of Aragon slept here." So, with Osbert preceding us from room to room, opening and shutting doors, we traversed the bed series. His one faltering candle, held high, sometimes shone on a complete image of old splendor, of faded damask and gilded displacements, or again would fix upon a sudden detail—an angel's scowl. Here, precise paintings of torture, or, in this quick, passing light, four top-heavy vases crowning columns, giant teapots wound with serpents.

"This bed is Venetian. Some doge slept here." Wave arabesques enclose, and dolphins support, the couch-gondola. Lace, as stiff as marble. Mourning urns. A domed bed on which Leda's swan sits. And where is Nero's? The ebony couch with the coral eagles?

"My sister Edith's room. She prefers an iron hospital cot, as you observe."

Osbert closed the narrow door behind us. I turned and saw, scrawled on the door in bold red paint, "VIVA VALENTINO!"

Then no more beds but passages, passages, damp and descending. Osbert found a new candle, and we began our pilgrimage into the dungeons, out of which came the heady smell of wine, of must, of mold. We arrived at the well. A pile of old copies of the London *Times* was lying handily nearby, but it required patience to light the damp scrap of paper. Finally one feeble flame fluttered down.

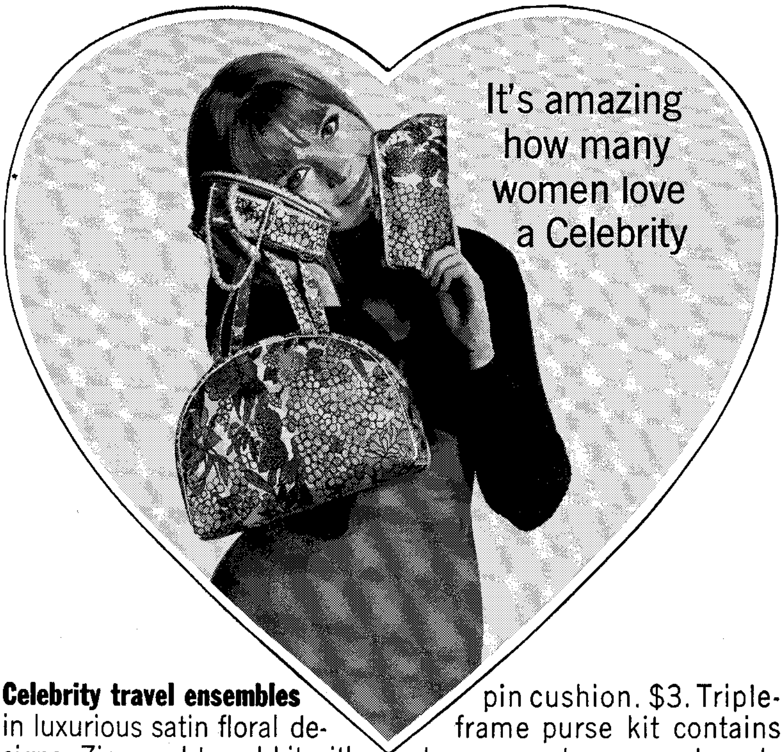
Isabelle leaned over the well's edge to follow the slow descent. "A wishing-well and not a body in't?" she said gently, paraphrasing Shakespeare.

Osbert, surprised, said no, no bodies, but that when the cellars had been first dug out his father had been overjoyed at finding a young girl's skeleton.

THE tour of the castle ended at the door of the Gallery. The guests were preparing to leave. We saw Arthur Acton at the far end of the room, surrounded by a group of young Florentines, elegant in their dark-blue silk suits and white silk shirts. Their hair looked blue, too. But when we got there our escort was no longer with them.

Standing in the same doorway as before, but looking out of the window, was the same young woman, her beautiful ringed hands clasped.

Lady Ida was not to be found at the moment of departure. The sky was dark with clouds, and the guests crowded into the armory, waiting for their conveyances, in some apprehen-



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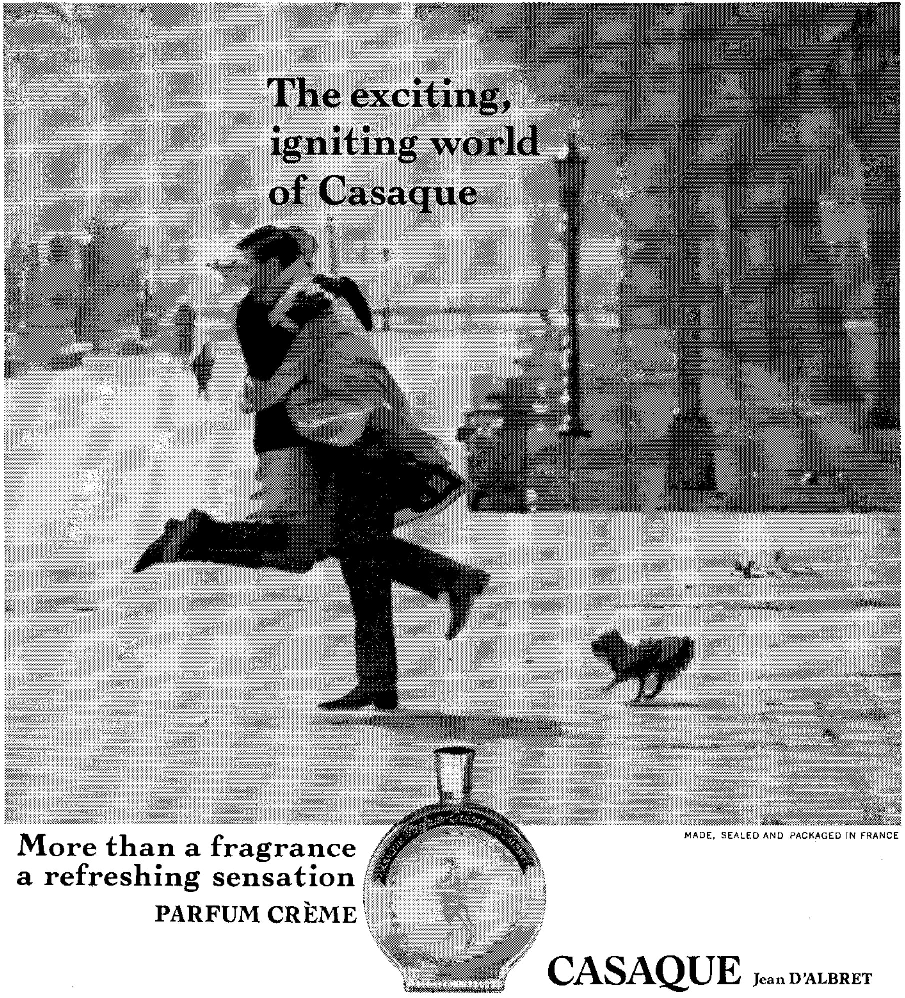

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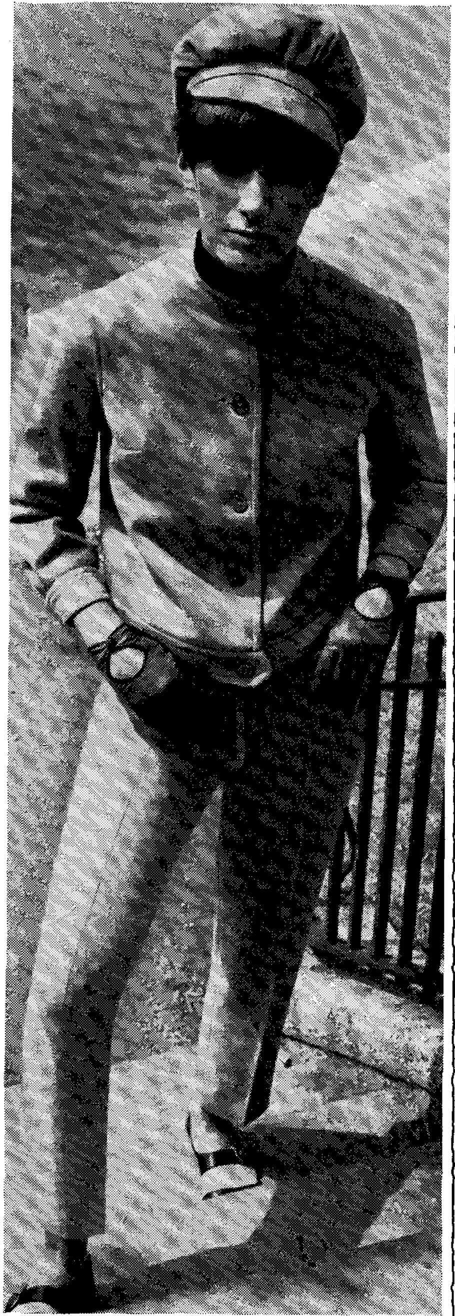

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sion of the storm that was about to break. We stood there with them.

Sir George appeared, in his gum boots and covered by an enormous rain cape, with a spyglass in his hand, followed by Arthur Acton, who introduced us and then said, "Where were you? I have been looking everywhere!"

Sir George adjusted his telescope, observing the distant view, but he turned to comment, "Arthur, you did not show them the bones—your young friends missed the bones. What a pity! *Buona notte! Buona notte!*"

"Such a pleasant party," Isabelle said dreamily, leaning back in the car and smelling her gardenias. "But I don't understand about the lady who was eating strawberries all alone in the dining room. She didn't seem to be expecting a party."

"Lady Ida?" Arthur Acton said. "She's always giving parties, she adores parties, and has lots of charming friends, but she's rather vague, and she forgets whom she has invited, and sometimes you arrive and find that the chef and the major-domo have not been informed and therefore nothing has been prepared. Also, of course, she *is* a bit extravagant. If Sir George turns up suddenly, as he did tonight, well, the champagne and the truffles go back to Doney's. It could have been such a nice evening. . . . Such a pity!"

The first heavy drops were falling as we drove down the hill. The torches were extinguished, and it was thundering, so we heard no owls.

—EYRE DE LANUX

•

EXCLAMATIONS WE DOUBT EVER GOT EXCLAIMED BY A CROWD AS WITH ONE VOICE

[*Henry S. Humphreys in the Cincinnati Enquirer*]

When the concert is repeated (tonight) Music Hall will certainly be packed to hear a very great violinist—Nathan Milstein—play a stunning (Tchaikovsky) concerto, and hear the CSO under Max Rudolf give a performance of the "Eroica" so poised and flawless (and thunderous!) that when the crowd leaves Music Hall it will be heard to exclaim, as with one voice, "I have just heard one of the finest concerts in CSO history!"

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A new Del. Table-Tennis Championship has been crowned. In a brilliant upset match last night, Attul Shah whipped Bob Hughes, champion for the past three years, in 3 straight games. Shah, a DuPont chemist, used calm strategy and a booming forehead smash to pull off this major triumph.—*Media (Pa.) Town Talk.*

That's using the old bean, Attul.

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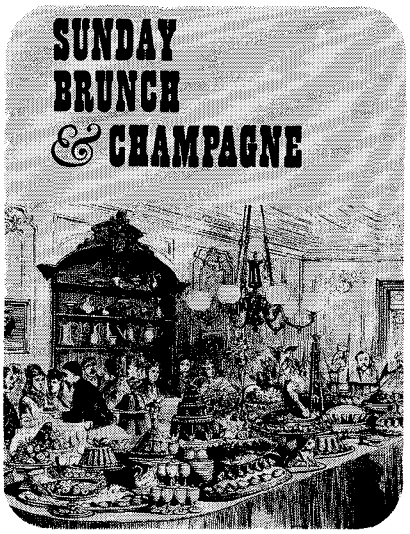

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Sails ballooning under the urging of gentle trade winds. A full moon shedding pale blue light on midnight beach picnics. Wily game fish prowling the coral reefs.

The Bahamas are this beautiful. No catch. And there really is no end to the variety of joys they can offer you. No matter who you are, whatever is your pleasure, or when you choose to arrive.

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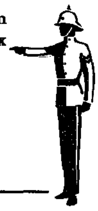

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Bahama Islands

Now you mustn't blame yourself, Mr. Farnsworth. How were you to know I loathe mink?"

"What's behind this calm exterior, Dr. Freud, is none of your business."

"Forgive me, Commissar, but what has Mata Hari to do with you and me?"

"If tonight's to be any fun at all, Roderick, you've got to forget you're my father's chauffeur."

"Wilfred, I fear two different worlds just doesn't begin to describe it."

Isn't that Elke Sommer behind those Foster Grants?

(The star of "The Oscar," a Joseph E. Levine presentation? You bet.)

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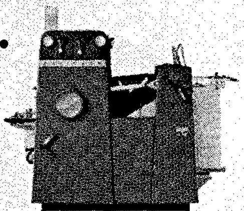

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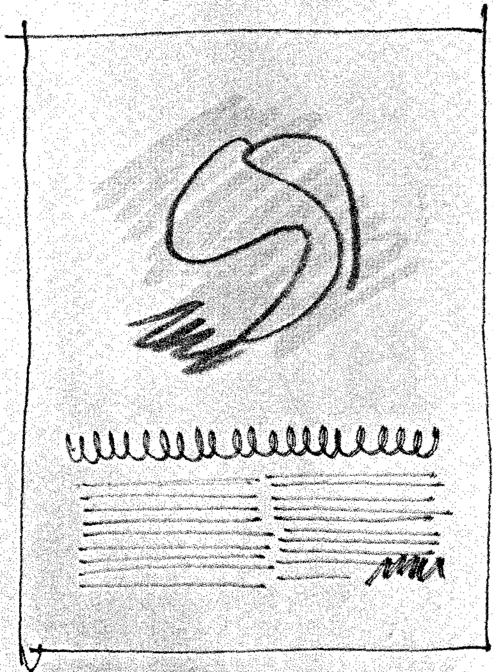

Except if the market's changing, or competition's rough, or the client has problems, or somebody's worrying about profits. In which case, making good ads is hard, and takes a very good agency.

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THE RACE TRACK

Dog Days

AFTER Saratoga, there is nearly always a period of dull racing on Long Island while the better horses, for the most part, await the big stakes engagements later in the month. This year, however, Aqueduct's autumn season (you could call it the winter season, too, for it runs through December 10th) began with a bang. The Fall Highweight Handicap, on opening day, was a romp for Impressive, who won easing up from Brooklyn Bridge, Hoist Bar, Pack Trip (who was last year's winner), and half a dozen other sprinters. The result was hardly a surprise, since Impressive set that sensational pace for Buckpasser in the one-mile Classic Stakes at Arlington Park earlier this summer. And what a pace it was—the first quarter in 0:22⅕, the half mile in 0:43⅗, and six furlongs in 1:06⅘, which is a full second faster than the world's record for a race at that distance. In the Fall Highweight, at six furlongs, he did the first half mile in 0:44⅘ and left everything behind him pooped out. Shortly after the Classic, Ogden Phipps sold Impressive to a syndicate that races in the name of the Little M Farm. He will try his luck at a mile in the historic Jerome Handicap on the fifteenth.

THE scratching of Buckpasser from the New Hampshire Sweepstakes at Rockingham Park was, of course, the chief topic of conversation last week. As you probably heard, the big colt had two unsatisfactory workouts at the Salem track, and Eddie Neloy, who trains him for Ogden Phipps, declared him out of the event, stressing that there was nothing physically wrong with him. Baeza, who has ridden him in most of his starts this year and last, rode him in the second workout and reported that Buckpasser never got to galloping smoothly, that maybe he didn't like the going, and that anyhow he wasn't himself. So Buckpasser is back at Belmont Park for a rest and a checkup. Perhaps he needs them. Since early in June, he has won seven races—two at a mile and a quarter, and all in fast time. He has also made three trips to Chicago—for the Classic, for the Chicagoan, and for the American Derby. Because of the airline strike, he made two of the trips in a motor van in

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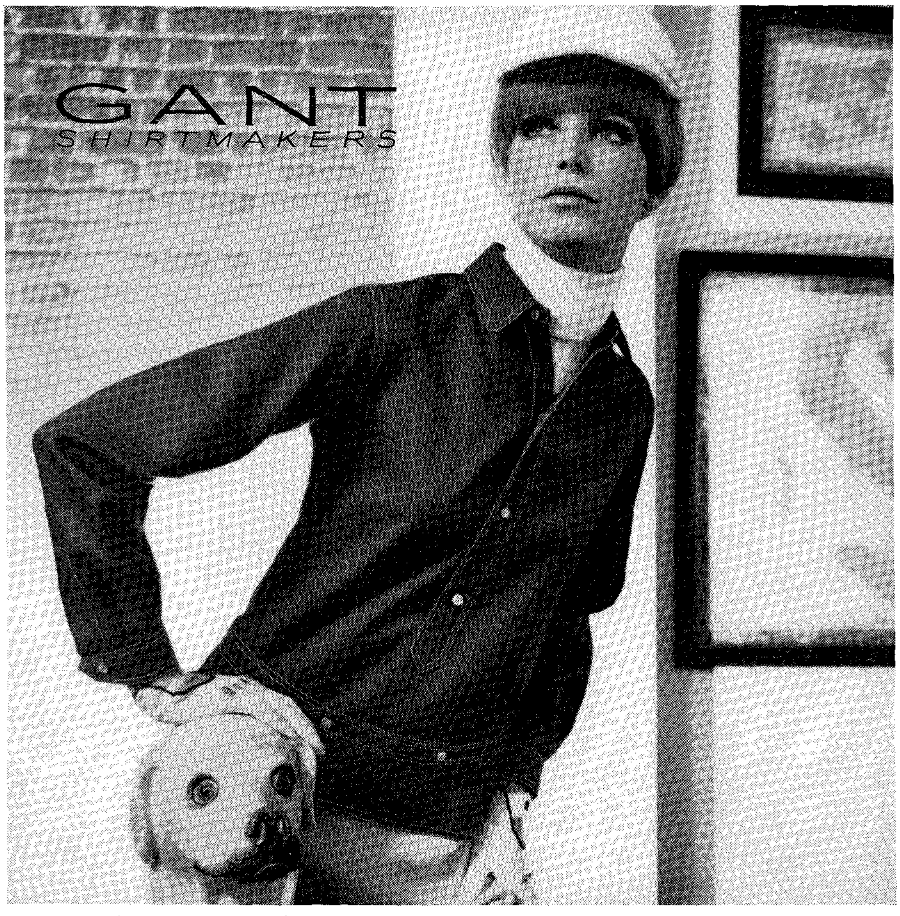

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The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards—paintings by Fra Angelico, El Greco, Breugel, and Goya, goldsmiths' work in enamel, crystal, and jewels, Renaissance angels, medieval sculpture and stained glass in precious colors, tapestries in wool and silk, Victorian Christmas illustrations, American primitives, drawings and prints by Leonardo da Vinci, Dürer, and Rembrandt, and a festive variety of designs from Japan, Tibet, Persia, Greece, and Sweden. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of The Metropolitan Museum of Art in limited editions and cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought only by mail or at the Museum itself. Mail the coupon below, together with 25 cents, for the forty-page catalogue which also illustrates Museum jewelry, the new Museum engagement calendar, and other unusual Christmas presents.

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weather too hot for man or beast. Watchers who saw him win the Travers at Saratoga last month remember how slow he was to get going, and how Baeza hustled him along after he settled into his stride. Frankly, I don't think he would have gone at all well in the Sweepstakes, for the turns are sharp at Rockingham, and the homestretch, where he'd have made his bid, is a short one—about two hundred feet shorter than Saratoga's. Though Buckpasser is ten pounds better than any other horse in training, in my opinion he doesn't run willingly. (I could name you dozens of top racers who ran as though they loved it.) With him, it's a job. He's done it very well, too, winning eighteen of his twenty-one starts and $1,038,369 in prize money. Now what? He might be fit and ready for Aqueduct's $100,000 Woodward Stakes on October 1st, the $50,000 Lawrence Realization on October 19th, and the $100,000 Jockey Club Gold Cup on October 29th. I hope he is, and wins the lot.

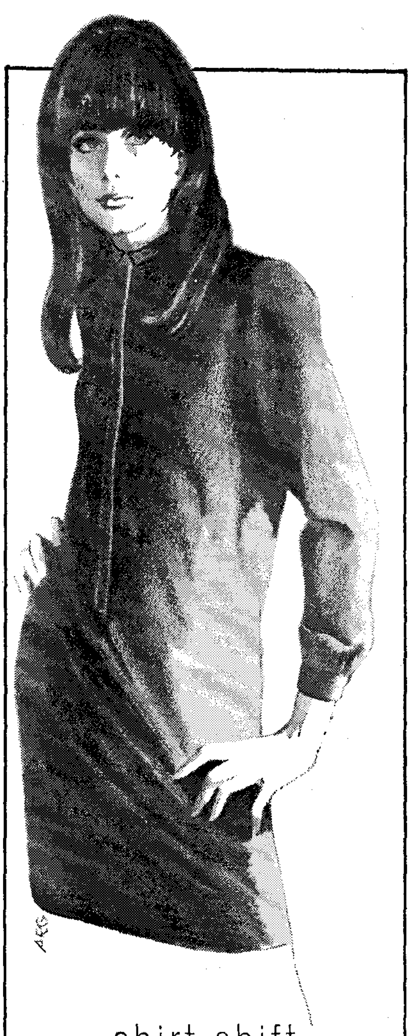
THE other morning, I made a grand tour of what is going to be the new Belmont Park, and it looks to me as if it would be something extra. The steel is going up for the grandstand, which will be a whopper, and will be a bit closer to the racecourse than the old one was. That's all to the good for the spectators. No change will be made in the size of the track, and the turf course, thanks to its long rest, is one of the best I've seen. I'm also pleased to report that every effort is being made to keep the bulldozers and trucks away from the area where the paddock is to be—a real paddock—and if all goes well, that gnarled white pine, which must be the oldest tree on the grounds, will be in the center of the walking ring. There's still a bit of work to be done on the parking lot inside the training track, but I like the way it's shaping up. Incidentally, horsemen say the training track is all right, too—which, for horsemen, is saying a lot.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Jarvis P. Garrett of Albuquerque, N.M., got a letter this week telling the whereabouts of Billy the Kid. The letter was mailed 85 years ago to Garrett's father, Pat, then the sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico Territory, who gunned down the outlaw July 14, 1881, about three weeks after the letter was mailed. The Post Office Department gave no reason for the 85-year delay. —*Newsday.*

No Zip number, probably.



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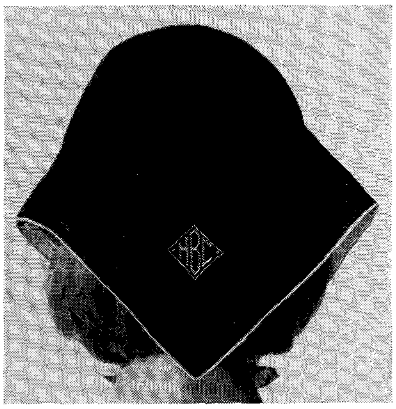

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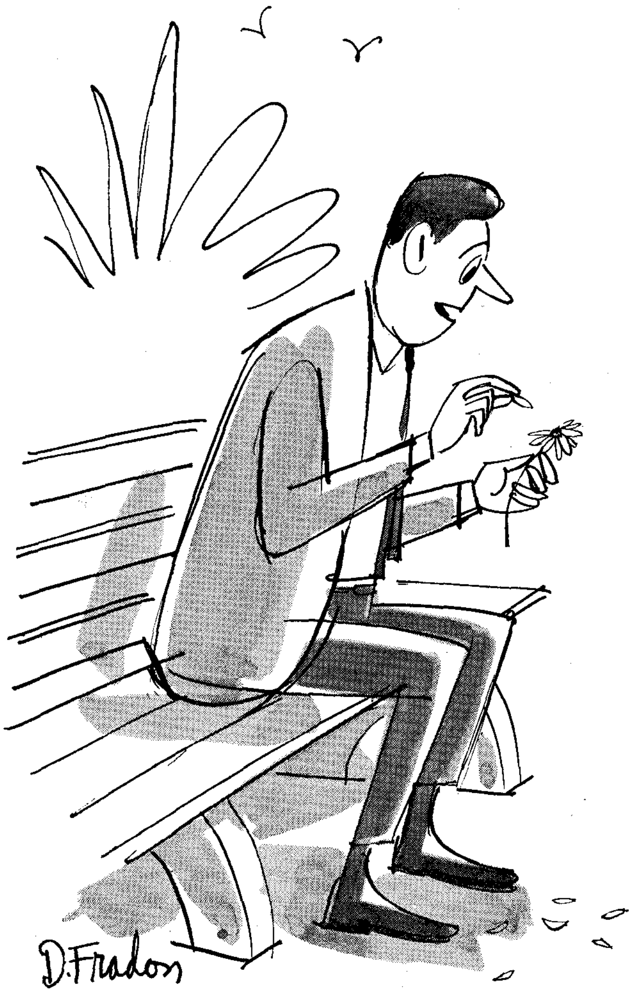
BOOKS

The Way of an Aggressor

IN our century, man's view of the world he lives in, the creatures that inhabit it, and the cosmos that contains it has had to be repeatedly revised, often in a most radical manner, because of major advances in old scientific disciplines and the invention of wholly new disciplines. The scientists themselves must, of course, be left to decide whether the findings of any discipline, old or new, are to be accepted as valid. Many scientists of the highest standing, like Sir Julian Huxley, have already accepted the findings of the fairly new branch of zoology called ethology. If this acceptance becomes general, it is evident that still another revision of our world view—or perhaps one should say a sharp revision of our view of man's nature and dangerously preponderant role in the world—is going to have to be undertaken. The need for such a revision is the real message of two short, remarkably interesting, singularly unpretentious, yet deeply alarming books—"The Natural History of Aggression" (Academic Press), which is the record of an ethological symposium held at the British Museum under the auspices of the English Institute of Biology some three years ago, and the more pointed and extensive "On Aggression" (Harcourt, Brace & World), by the great Austrian ethologist Konrad Lorenz. Lorenz's "King Solomon's Ring," published in 1952, was a charming collection of odd facts about birds and animals; his new book is far more than that. It is an ethological tract for our times, of great significance if the ethological viewpoint is finally validated.

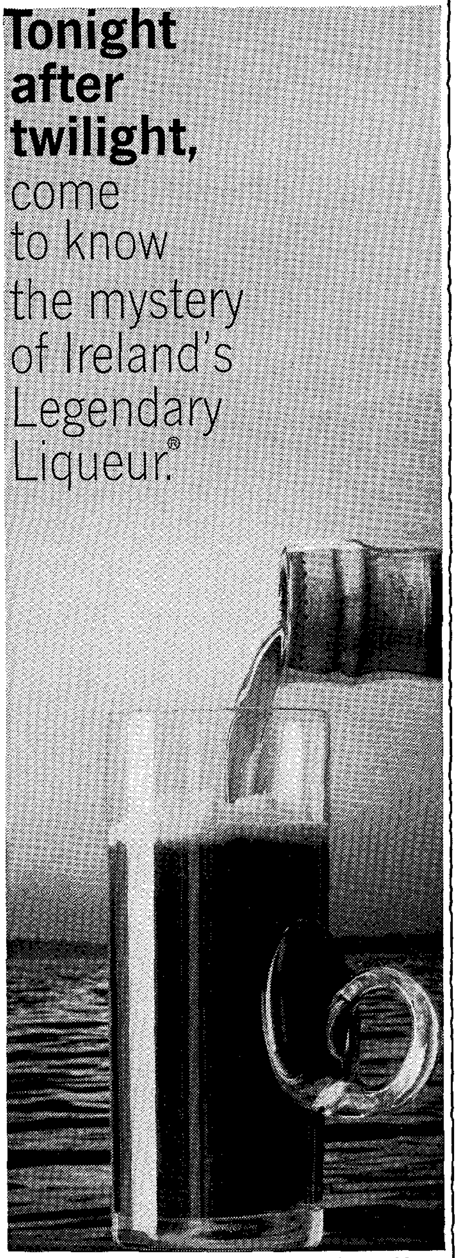
Ethology, to begin at the beginning, is simply the study of animal behavior—more particularly, of the instincts that largely control animal behavior. The ethologists' discoveries are as elegant as they are unexpected. Consider, for example, the motherliness of hen turkeys. Hen turkeys, if they are normal birds, have a powerful territorial instinct concerning their nesting areas. A broody hen turkey will furiously attack all intruders into her nesting territory, unless they are so big that her aggressive drive is drowned by fear, whereupon she takes flight. But what, the ethologists inquired, prevents a hen turkey from attacking the defenseless chicks of her own brood? The chicks must, of course, commit continuous territorial intrusions. Experiments revealed that a broody hen turkey that had been artificially deafened would immediately kill all her own chicks, not to mention any other chicks that came within reach. In contrast, the same experiments revealed that hen turkeys would welcome and shelter almost anything of reasonable size that was made to emit the characteristic incessant "cheep, cheep, cheep" of turkey chicks. Even small animals extremely dangerous to turkey chicks were admitted to the nest if they were equipped with the right kind of cheeping transmitter. In sum, the cheeping was found to be the trigger that causes the hen turkey to suspend her aggressive behavior in favor of her motherly behavior. Both kinds of behavior are inbred by natural selection, which Lorenz calls "the great constructor." Also inbred is the instinct mechanism that causes one kind of behavior to supplant the other at the words of command "cheep, cheep, cheep."

In such contexts, it should be understood, the word "inbred" has to be given almost the same meaning that the word "programmed" is given in discussions of computers. One or another behavior pattern turns out to be advantageous to an evolving species. Selection, "the great constructor," then causes the species to be genetically programmed to exhibit this pattern in the desirable circumstances, and the program includes not only the trigger that turns on the behavior pattern but also, in the vast majority of cases, the trigger that causes the transition to a different pattern, suited to altered circumstances. Thus, the meanings of the words "instinct" and "instinctive" have been drastically changed and enriched by the ethologists. Instead of standing for general, highly debatable concepts, they have been converted, by endless painstaking observations of living animals, into an enormous mass of precise data about the character and power of the springs of animal behavior, almost all of it full of wonder and a strange, formal beauty.



"She loves me, she loves me not, she's undecided . . ."

One wonders at the ethologists' findings because they are so astonishing and yet so evocative. One could, for instance, rewrite the history of the breathtaking Kennedy-Khrushchev contest over the Cuban missiles in terms of Lorenz's description of the territorial contests of male cichlid fishes—right down to the curious fact that a male cichlid gains in pugnacity, and therefore in effective strength, according to his nearness to the center of his own territory, so that the mere locale of the contest often has considerable bearing on its outcome. As for the formal beauty of these findings, it derives from the ex-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quisite adaptation of almost all inherited behavior patterns to the grand objective of natural selection, which is simply the survival of the species. It may seem eccentric to find beauty in descriptions of rats, yet there is true aesthetic satisfaction to be had from F. Steiniger's discoveries, quoted by Lorenz, about the close group attachments, the warm relations between old and young, the ways of perpetuating group traditions (for instance, by defecating on dangerous places or poisoned food sources that all should avoid), and the other remarkable characteristics of colonies of brown rats. The satisfaction is only intensified by the darks that all too clearly underline the lights—the cruelty that a rat colony shows to strange rats deposited in its midst, the existence of bloodily contested no-rats'-lands between all rat colonies, and the harsh problems of survival that a small colony living near a big colony experiences, since the smaller colony has fewer fighting rats in proportion to the length of its frontiers. Pondering such data, one can easily understand Lorenz's remark that "the difficulty of effectively combating the most successful biological opponent to man, the Brown Rat, lies chiefly in the fact that the rat operates basically with the same methods as those of man, [including] traditional transmission of experience and its dissemination within the close community."

Sometimes, however, "the great constructor" makes a bad slip, quite often, apparently, in the behavior patterns governing sexual selection, with the result that a species acquires instincts that are actually inimical to its survival. Take the Argus pheasant. A hen Argus "reacts to the large secondary wing feathers of the cock," Lorenz points out. "They are decorated with beautiful eye spots, and the cock spreads them before her during courtship. [The feathers] are so huge that the cock can scarcely fly, and the bigger they are the more they stimulate the hen. The number of progeny produced by a cock . . . is in direct proportion to the length of these feathers, and even if their extreme development is unfavorable in other ways [the cock with the longest feathers is most likely to be eaten by a predator], he will nevertheless leave more descendants than will a plainer cock." In this manner, Lorenz adds, natural selection can "run into a blind alley which may easily result in destruction" of the species caught in the alley. "This always happens," Lorenz remarks, "when competition between members of a species causes selective breeding without any relation

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to the extra-specific environment" of that species. And then he darkly quotes the observation of his teacher, the pioneer ornithological ethologist Oskar Heinroth: "Next to the wings of the Argus pheasant, the hectic life of Western civilized man is the most stupid product of intra-specific selection!"

The comparison between Western man and the Argus pheasant suggests the point at which the ethologists' findings and ideas are sure to be skeptically reviewed and assessed by leaders of other disciplines. F. Steiniger's data on brown rats; the work of S. L. Washburn, I. DeVore, and others on primate behavior in the wild; what Lorenz has learned about the behavior patterns of ravens, jackdaws, certain species of wild geese, cichlids, and many other creatures—such absorbing additions to our knowledge of nature are clearly beyond challenge. But when the lessons learned about animal behavior are applied to human society—and this was the aim of the British Museum symposium and is the avowed aim of Lorenz's book—more controversial ground is broken. Legions of highly regarded specialists, ranging from psychoanalysts to political scientists and from anthropologists to sociologists, are bound to be much upset, and those who are upset will surely roar as loudly as the believers in the Ptolemaic system roared when Copernicus suggested a quite different system. As an outsider, I have to confess that I have used the foregoing slanted comparison because I incline to think that the ethologists will win two-thirds or three-quarters of the argument—provided organized human society does not come to an end before the argument terminates, which is a possibility that a good many of the ethologists have hinted at.

The opening round of the argument is already in progress. Quite recently, the Ciba Foundation held a symposium in London on the topic "Conflict in Human Society," which was apparently planned as a confrontation between ethologists and practitioners of such other disciplines as sociology and economics. The proceedings have not yet been published in this country, but reliable first-hand reports describe the sociologists as "interested but nervous and inclined to jib" at the sociological implications of ethology, while the University of Michigan economist Kenneth Boulding roundly dismissed the ethologists' findings as irrelevant to the human situation. A much earlier and angrier conflict embroiled the ethologists with a faction of the follow-

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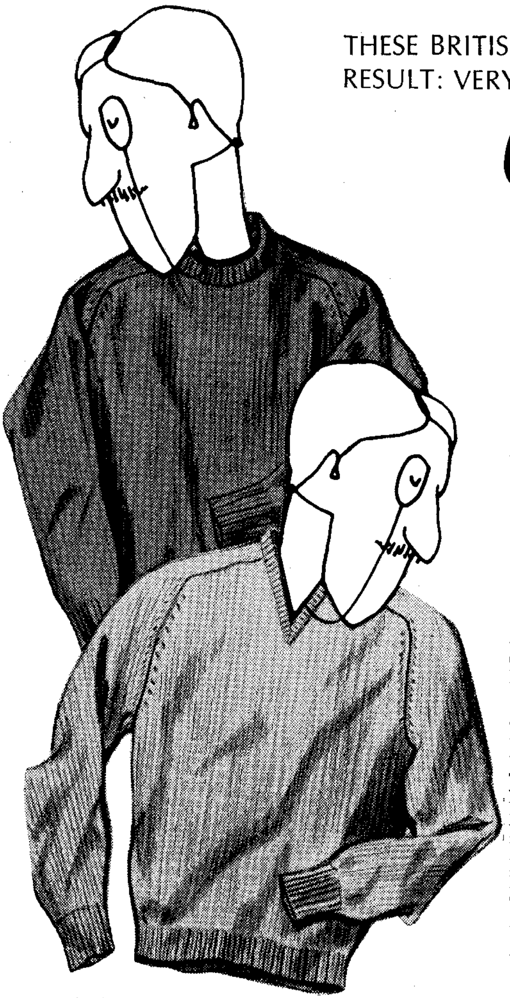

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ers of Sigmund Freud. This was because Freud, until almost the end of his majestic career, did not recognize aggression as a basic drive, and even, at the end, partly tidied it under the rug with his theory of the "death wish." (Any species genuinely governed by a death wish would, of course, have ceased to exist far back in the aeons-long evolutionary process, to which Freud perhaps did not give due weight.) Most ethologists, in contrast, hold that the truly basic drives of all animals, including man, are hunger, reproduction, fear, *and* aggression, and they further hold that the predominance of any one of these drives at any given moment in any given individual depends mainly on the inherited instincts of the species, plus the circumstances of the moment, plus the degree to which the individual creature represents or departs from the norm of its species.

The behavior pattern of the hen turkey shows how these rules work in a very simple case—how one signal causes fear to supplant aggression, for example, and how another signal causes aggression to give way to motherliness. Ethologists agree that inherited instincts very largely determine the behavior of all animals but man, although more and more room must be allowed for individual idiosyncrasies and other special circumstances as one moves higher up the animal scale. The ethologists have shown, in fact, that Descartes was strikingly prescient when he dismissed all animals but man as akin to machines, for inbred instincts and computer programs are not immensely different, as I have suggested. But Descartes's proof of man's uniqueness—"*Cogito, ergo sum*"—is only half the story, or less than half the story, if the ethologists are correct. For all ethologists (or all those whose work is known to me) agree, further, that man, too, being animal, is in a very considerable measure a creature of instinct—probably much more a creature of instinct than a creature of reason whenever mass-behavior patterns drown out the idiosyncratic and sometimes rational responses of the individual man. Right here, of course, is where the trouble starts—not least with those optimistic political thinkers who hold that somehow, someday, a wholly humane, wholly reason-based society may actually come into being if everyone just tries hard enough and votes often enough.

The trouble starts because man's instincts unavoidably derive from man's heredity, on which so much rather lurid new light has been cast in the last

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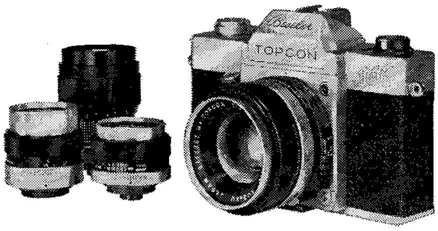

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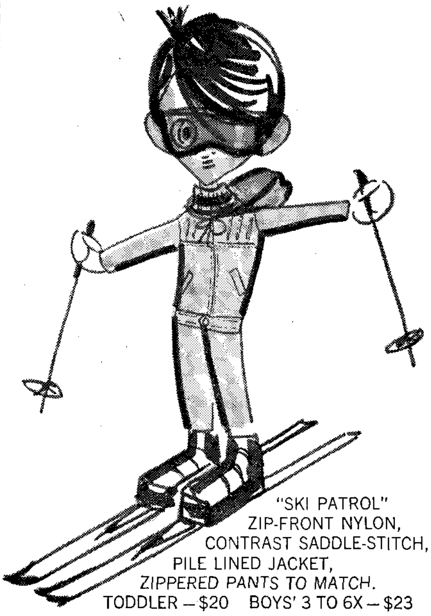

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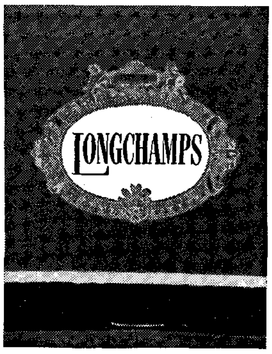

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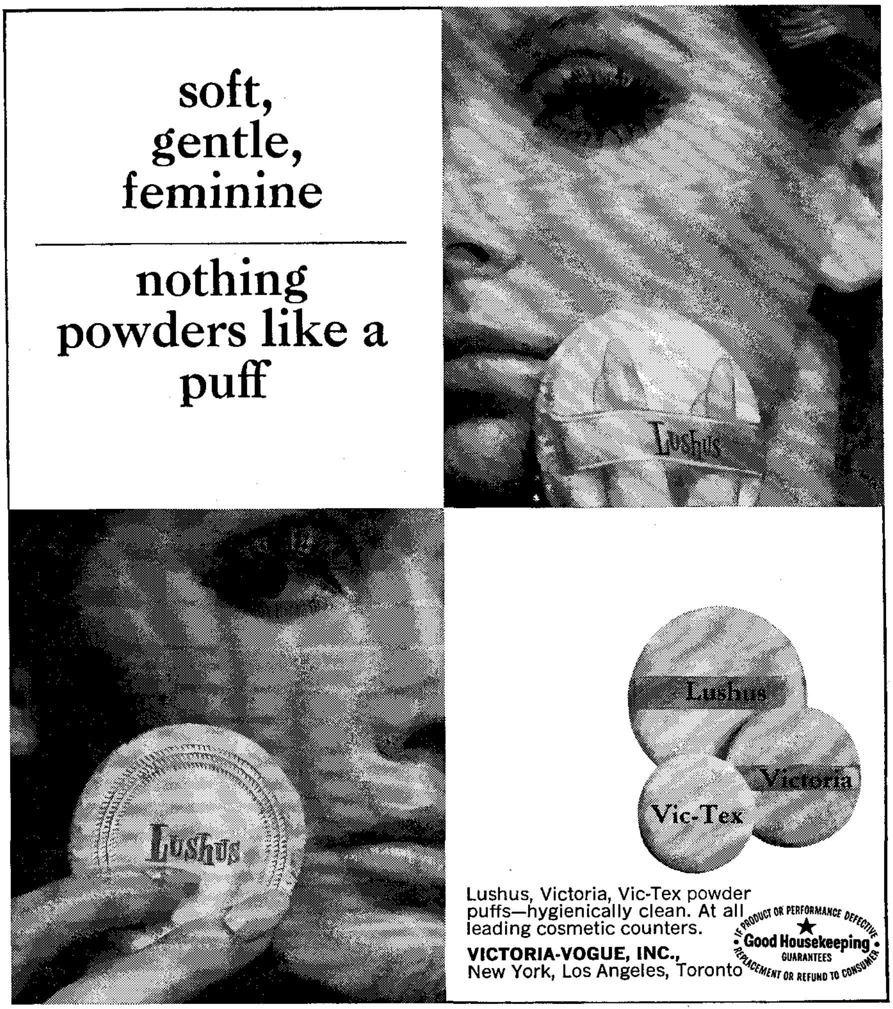
decades by Raymond Dart's and L. S. B. Leakey's discoveries of African pre-hominids with tool-using, cannibalistic, and other proto-human habits. On the basis of this evidence, K. R. L. Hall, of the University of Bristol, maintained at the British Museum symposium that man is descended from a "wolflike primate, the nearest contemporary parallel to which is the baboon." To this, Derek Freeman, of the Institute of Advanced Studies at the Australian National University, replied antiphonally that the available facts present "a prospect of human evolution in which, possibly since the lower Pleistocene, 'carnivorous curiosity and aggression have been added to the inquisitiveness and dominance-striving of the ape.'" (The quotation within the quotation is from "Evolution of Human Behavior," by S. L. Washburn and V. Avis, published by the Yale University Press in 1958.)

In "On Aggression," Lorenz sharply protests against this formula, but not, alas, on the ground that it is unjust to the human species. He thinks it, rather, grossly unjust to lions, tigers, wolves, and other true carnivores. Killing for a meal is not aggression in the ethologists' terminology; we do not call a farmer who kills a fat chicken for Sunday dinner aggressive. Aggression between species does admittedly occur, sometimes taking the form of preventive wars waged by the weaker against the stronger, as when large numbers of songbirds or crows mob an owl in daylight. But actual killing of other members of one's own species is all but unknown among carnivores in the wild. The true carnivores, it seems, have developed strong instinctive inhibitions against the lethal use of their teeth and claws on members of their own species. Thus, male marine iguanas, which have strong, razor-sharp teeth, settle their disagreements by a kind of angry wrestling, in the course of which the teeth are never used. Wolves, too, never fight to the death except in captivity; instead, a normal contest of strength ends with the weaker wolf turning aside and presenting his vulnerable jugular to the victor. This humble display triggers the inhibition that prevents the victor, however murderously infuriated, from proceeding to the kill. Men are to be equated not with carnivores, says Lorenz, but with creatures that have no strong natural armament, like doves and fallow deer, and have not developed inbred inhibitions against killing members of their own species, simply because they are not normally able to do so. (Any bird-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keeper knows the ruthless cruelty that mismatched doves or other birds can show when the confines of a cage prevent the victim from flying away from the persecutor.) After pointing out that men, like chimpanzees and pigs, are really omnivorous rather than carnivorous, Lorenz remarks sadly, “One can only deplore the fact that man has definitely not got a carnivorous mentality! All his trouble arises from his being a basically harmless, omnivorous creature, lacking in natural weapons with which to kill big prey [of course including other men], and, therefore, also devoid of the built-in safety devices which prevent . . . carnivores from abusing their killing power to destroy fellow-members of their own species. . . . No selection pressure arose in the prehistory of mankind to breed inhibitory mechanisms preventing the killing of [other men] until, all of a sudden, the invention of artificial weapons upset the equilibrium of killing potential and social inhibitions. When [artificial weapons were invented], man's position was very nearly that of a dove which, by some unnatural trick of nature, has suddenly acquired the beak of a raven”—the cruel beak, smaller than an eagle's yet almost more dangerous, that made the northern-European raven the bird of Odin. The truth is, there are passages in both “On Aggression” and the British Museum symposium that may strike many readers as verging on black humor, even though they are squarely based on the most imposing and methodical scientific research. There are also passages of intentional black humor, as when Dr. Freeman, an anthropologist who takes an exceptionally dark view of the human race, remarked at the symposium, “I fully accept what Professor Lorenz has said in defense of lions, wolves, and other carnivores. [I] deplore injustice being done to such noble creatures. My own view is that the term ‘carnivorous,’ when it is used to refer to the behavior of the Hominidae, has to [be given] a meaning quite distinct from [its meaning] when applied to species within the order Carnivora.”

In sum, ethology emphatically underlines the dictum of William James that, biologically considered, man is “the most formidable of the beasts of prey, and, indeed, the only one that preys systematically on its own species.” But the ethologists somewhat bewilderingly couple these warnings against our nature and our inherited germ plasm with an equally emphatic warning that if man is one day deprived of his aggressive drive by the new mind drugs or in some other way, he will be very much less than human. Aggression, it turns out, unhappily, is the real source of those close individual relationships that give significance to most human lives. Lorenz states in unequivocal terms that (short of mind drugs, which he does not consider) all attempts to eliminate man's aggressive drive are doomed to failure. In the right sort of society, he says, aggression can be redirected to relatively harmless ends, but its permanent presence as a basic drive must nonetheless be faced. Furthermore, he declares, “A personal bond (whether of love or friendship, to use the human concepts) is found *only* in animals with highly developed intraspecific aggression. In fact, this bond is the firmer, the more aggressive the particular animal and species is. There are few more aggressive fish than cichlids, few more aggressive birds than geese [whose behavior Lorenz describes at length and in entrancing detail]. Some animals are alternately territorial and aggressive [and] nonaggressive and social, according to the season, and in these species every personal bond is limited to the period of aggressiveness. Undoubtedly, the personal bond developed at that phase in evolution when, in aggressive animals, the coöperation of two or more individuals was necessary for a species-preserving purpose, usually brood tending.” The most common case is the mated pair—generally the permanently mated pair in the more aggressive species—lovingly and belligerently coöperating to defend the brood and the breeding territory. But in many species the bond between individuals can be independent of sex, and territorial feelings can even create temporary offensive-defensive alliances between unbonded individuals and groups. Such temporary alliances have been repeatedly observed by Lorenz among his geese on the Ess-See, at Seewiesen, in Germany, where he is at present head of the Max-Planck Institut für Verhaltensphysiologie. “In autumn and winter, it occasionally happens that flocks of geese, consisting of several families, come back from the breeding colonies [we established] on neighboring lakes when the number of birds on our Ess-See had become excessive,” he reports. “Faced with these utter strangers, the otherwise mutually

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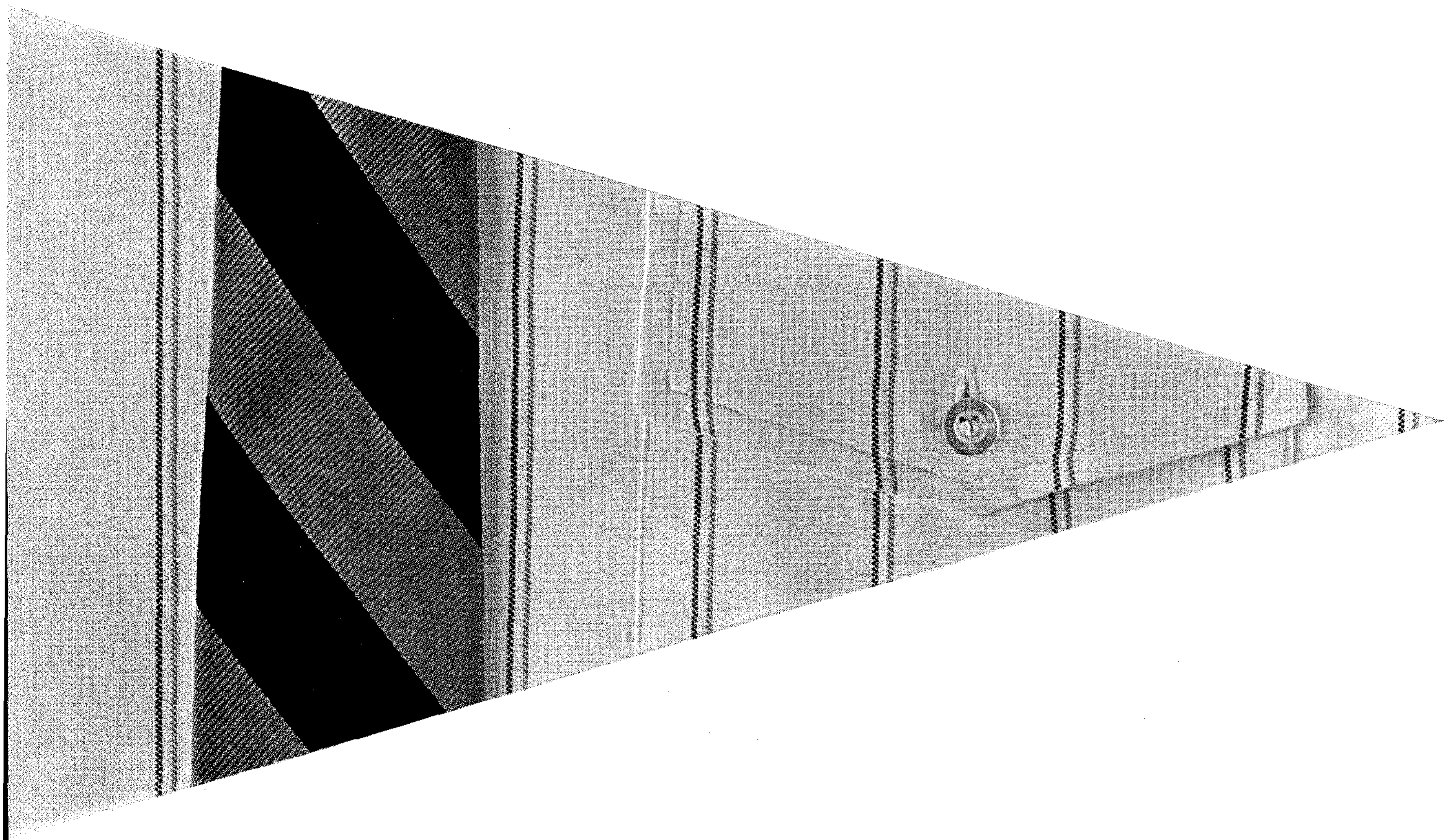

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hostile families of geese on our lake unite in one collective phalanx of converging necks, and attempt to drive away the intruders, who, in turn, form another phalanx and usually stand their ground, providing they are numerous enough." In such contexts, one is repeatedly reminded of Oskar Heinroth's reply to the animal lover who denounced him for representing animals as mere machines. "Quite the contrary," he said. "I regard animals as very emotional people with very little intelligence."

If we are to believe the ethologists, therefore, the ideas of mine-and-thine, of ours-and-theirs, of us-against-them not only are the ideas that most strongly conduce to aggressiveness, as one might expect, but also, quite unexpectedly, turn out to be the unique and essential mainsprings of those very special behavior patterns that we call selfless love and disinterested friendship. If Lorenz is correct, in fact, no creatures anywhere on earth exhibit "bond behavior" unless they have instincts that lead them to respond aggressively in us-against-them situations. Furthermore, one of the more entertaining discoveries to be made in Lorenz's book, which is rich in discoveries, is the all too exact parallel between human bond behavior and the bond behavior of many creatures pretty far down the animal scale. Birds, for instance, are immeasurably more closely controlled by their instinct programs, and far less capable of individual idiosyncrasies, than mammals, but Lorenz's geese exhibit every imaginable marriage variation, from faithfulness unto death all the way to outward correctness combined with secret adultery—and every friendship pattern, too, from normal intimacy and partnership to overt homosexuality. When geese love and lose, they grieve; when lovers quarrel irrevocably, they avoid one another thereafter; and some even violate their inbred goose morality to the extent of becoming habitual roués, taking partners and dropping them with such freedom that their unions are no more than, so to say, brief intervals between the altar and the divorce court. Permanent, deeply devoted pairing is the typical goose union, but the Ess-See records showed so many departures from this norm that Lorenz once made a worried comment on them to one of his co-workers, Helga Fischer. She replied, with some exasperation, "What do you expect? Geese are only human!"

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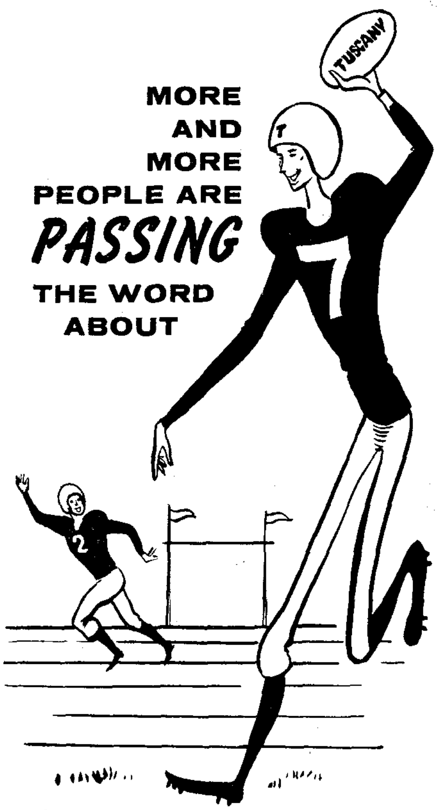

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tremely dangerous parody of) the rest of animal creation is conveyed by the discussions of hierarchical behavior in Lorenz's book and in the British Museum symposium. We can perhaps be grateful that our individual places in society are not physically predetermined, as they are in the case of social insects like the termites, whose queens may be a thousand times the size of the termite workers. But it is depressing to discover that the human habits now so annoyingly subsumed in the phrase "status-seeking" are fundamentally hereditary and instinctive. In many other species of social animals, clear hierarchies of rank are easily recognizable. Seniority is sometimes an important factor, as when an aging hind, past bearing but very wise and crafty, is accepted as the leader by a herd of deer, or as when, in troops of baboons, a kind of senate of the senior males dominates the troop, partly by superior experience but also because the members of the senate join to defeat any younger male, individually stronger than any senator, who challenges their collective authority. (Here one thinks of Far Eastern societies, in which simple age confers such great personal influence, and of pre-Imperial Roman history, too, in which the Senate's unending struggle to establish its permanent predominance was such an important theme.) More commonly, rank within groups of animals is competitively determined by contests of strength and courage. Yet there are cases suggesting that even rank can be semi-heritable: the offspring of female jackdaws high in the pecking order of the flock invariably claim, and usually attain, a place in the pecking order approximately equal to that of the mother bird. Thus, ethology teaches that it is natural for men to hanker and to strive for a high place in their societies, being in this no different from geese or jackdaws, wolves or hamadryas baboons.

The truth is that the ethologists' findings raise a long series of social, political, and even philosophical and moral questions. If the ethologists are correct, we inherit our instincts—and therefore, in quite large degree, our mass responses—from the tool-using, cannibalistic African pre-hominids. But instead of the "osteodontokeratic culture" of the Australopithecines, with its novel and transforming use of artificial weapons of bone, predators' teeth, and limbs of trees, we have reached the cultural stage in which the supreme artificial weapon is the missile-delivered H-bomb. Instead of forming bands

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of the approximate size of a baboon troop, territorially attached to no more than a patch of land in the Olduvai Gorge, we typically belong to nations of many millions of persons, with the stronger nations exhibiting territorial instincts on a truly imperial scale. And instead of living in the ecologically balanced world of the Australopithecines or of Cro-Magnon man—or, indeed, of civilized men until a few generations ago—we live in a world where every aspect and every process of the environment, including our own human process of natural selection, has been drastically altered by our horrifyingly developed tool-using ability and by our power (which we share with rats, please note) to transmit the experiences of one generation to the next. Reflecting on these points, one is no longer greatly surprised by the frank worry about the human future that is so common among the leading ethologists. And one begins to understand why the founders of the great religions and early thought systems—Lao-tzŭ, with his mystical quietism; Gautama Buddha, with his injunction against killing and flesh-eating; and our own Jesus Christ, with his doctrine of love and mercy—may be ethologically considered as having sought to implant by faith and teaching those humane behavior patterns that are not part of humanity's instinctive heredity.

The questions that press for answers—from the effect of ethology on the idea of free will to the ethological implications of the wholly unnatural environment that man has now contrived for himself in the more advanced parts of the world—are much too complex and important to be examined in a narrow space. A simpler question does demand a short answer, however. Why, in brief, have the ethologists' findings made so little noise in the world? If these findings—supposing them to be valid—pose so many thorny problems, why has there been no row so far? The answer is that ethology is just now developing to the point where its potential insights into the human situation are beginning to be examined in detail. Oskar Heinroth, who belonged to the pioneer generation, was both a fellow-countryman of Sigmund Freud and a member of Freud's approximate generation, but it is doubtful whether Freud ever bothered to read Heinroth's classic work on the Anatidae, and if he did read it it is even more doubtful whether it occurred to him that ducks and geese had much to teach us about the human psyche. Konrad Lorenz is one of the leading figures

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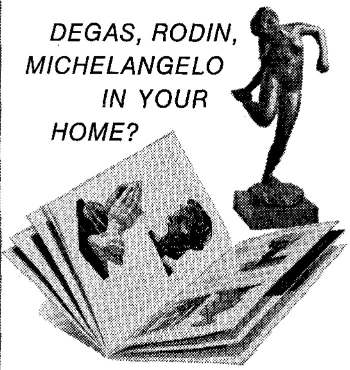

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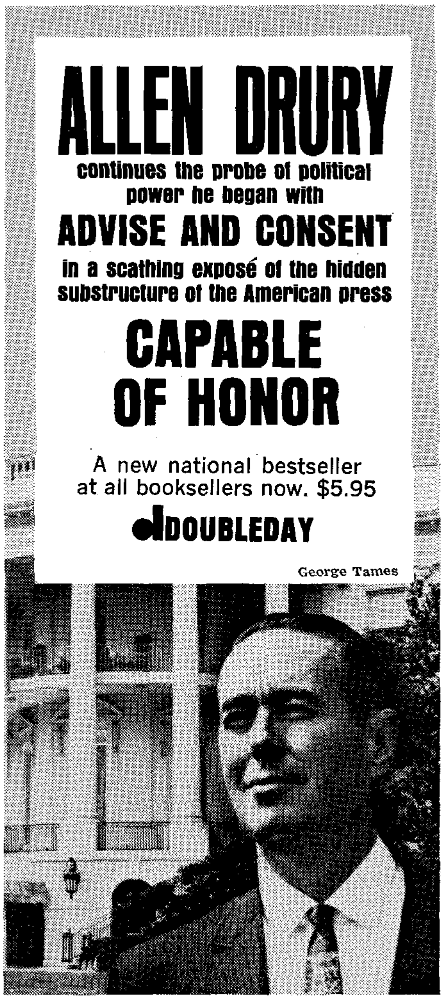
of the generation that followed Heinroth, and while “King Solomon’s Ring” contains many mildly ironic reminders that there are startling parallels between human and animal behavior, his strictly scientific work dealt with animal behavior alone in his most productive years, in the twenties and thirties. Before the Second World War, indeed, most ethologists studied animal species so remote from man that lessons were not automatically drawn—the main exception being the studies of chimpanzees in captivity by the American R. M. Yerkes. After the war, however, great numbers of brilliant younger zoologists chose ethology as their specialty. In this country, in Japan, and in England, men and women like Washburn, DeVore, Jane Goodall, and K. Yoshiba began to bring home important data on the life of the larger primates in the wild (which is essential, since captivity deforms the behavior patterns of any animal). And more and more began to be learned about the probable nature of the inherited instincts of the human species from the paleontological discoveries of Dart, Leakey, and others. There is something very moving about this whole advance of the frontier of knowledge. Consider, for example, George Schaller, who did the definitive work on African mountain gorillas, publishing a memorable book about these surprisingly amiable creatures; then moved on to study tigers in India; and is now back in Africa, working on lions on the open veldt. People like Schaller and Jane Goodall, the English authority on chimpanzees, give one the impression of being in a desperate hurry to learn all that can be learned, at no matter what cost in danger and discomfort, before the visibly threatened extinction of the larger primates and the other big mammals by the encroachments of the super-primate, man. What is more important, however, is the fact that all this work has now begun to provide the needed linkups, and these, in turn, are beginning to be used on a major scale for ethological analysis of the human situation. The British Museum symposium of 1963 was the first organized attempt to pursue this line of inquiry, and Lorenz’s book is also an important new departure—an ethological tract solidly rooted in science but primarily addressed to the thoughtful non-scientist.

Lorenz is almost evangelical about man’s need to learn from ethology. He begins his last chapter with the statement “I do not mind admitting that . . . I think I have something to



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teach mankind that may help it to change for the better." Reading him, one is soon satisfied that he is fit to be a teacher. His book, even more than the British Museum symposium, is stuffed to bursting with data about animal species and instincts that will alternately bemuse, rivet, entertain, and alarm almost any sane person. Above all, a warm humanity, a kindly humor, and a deep thoughtfulness shine through almost every word he writes. Yet I must admit that I am not much encouraged by his prescription for channelling and controlling the aggressive drive of the human species. "*Gnothi seauton*" is his first piece of advice, which means, as interpreted by Lorenz, "Know your own instincts, so that you may exercise a decent control over them." And to this he adds pleas for increased personal and cultural exchanges between nations, and for more outlets for "redirected" aggression, such as large international sporting competitions. These hardly seem to promise a complete cure for our race of vulpine primates, now multiplying with such appalling speed. Nor are we likely to make many agreeable discoveries when we ask the ethologists how to "know ourselves." Consider speciation, for instance. This process, by which species are differentiated, generally occurs because animal populations, being geographically isolated, evolve in new directions until they have actually separated out as quite new species within their genera. Speciation is often incomplete, however, producing no more than slight taxonomic differences, such as mere differences of color or marking or utterance. But J. D. Carthy and F. J. Ebling bleakly point out in their introduction to the British Museum symposium that these "very small taxonomic differences . . . may themselves act as releasers of aggression." And they then ask, "Can there be . . . an analogous situation amongst the races of man? . . . Aggressive orientation involves a recognition of similarity in the enemy, but at the same time aggression may be released by minor [physical] differences." That makes grim reading; race prejudice may be harder to root out than many have supposed. Even grimmer reading is the descriptions, in both Lorenz and the symposium, of the effects of acute overcrowding on animal populations. Especially in aggressive species, all normal inhibitions collapse when such overcrowding occurs. All drives except aggression—including the reproductive drive—either give way altogether or are horribly deformed. Aggression wholly predominates, and this

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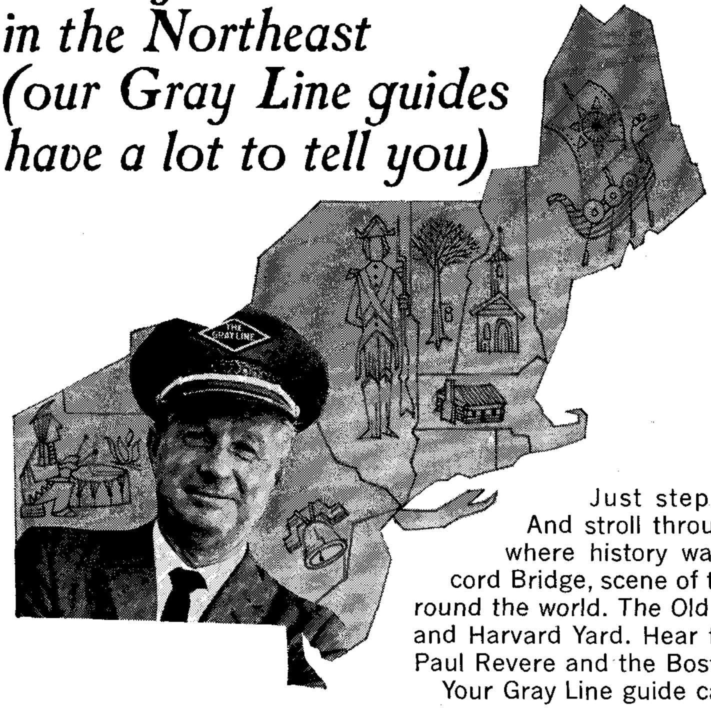

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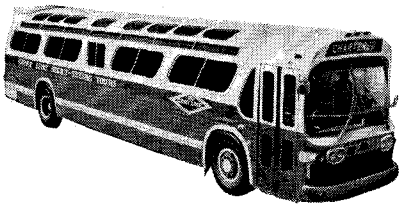

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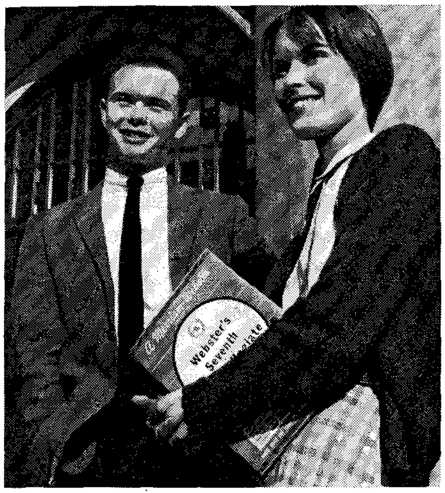

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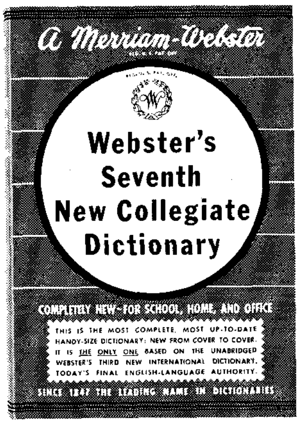
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happens for quite ineradicable physiological reasons, since excessive propinquity causes excessive adrenal flow and other glandular changes. Furthermore, even in species whose inhibitions are iron-strong, aggression becomes intraspecific; the members of the overcrowded population spring upon one another, and the carnage does not end until overcrowding has been cured by decimation. Are these facts, then, to be regarded as casting useful light on the emergent problems of our vast urban conglomerations, and even regarded as suggesting the possible end result if the world's population growth is not halted and reversed? Or is the economist Boulding correct in holding that such data are irrelevant to the human situation? As I remarked earlier, the argument is just beginning; I suspect that it may prove to be incalculably important before it ends. —JOSEPH ALSOP

BRIEFLY NOTED

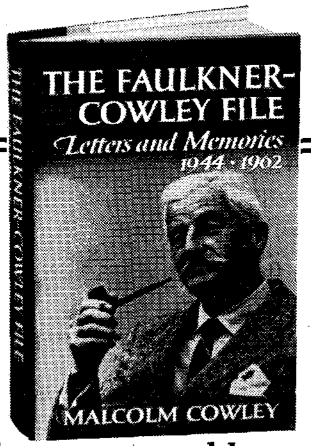
FICTION

THE LANDLORD, by Kristin Hunter (Scribners). A situation comedy in which a rich young white man in search of his identity buys a slum tenement equipped with eccentric, more or less black tenants, who have as hard a time figuring him out as he does them or himself. Ultimately, he finds himself in time to finance and supervise an urban-renewal project that requires no relocation. Miss Hunter concentrates on the individual rather than on the obvious social issues, concluding that it is not disastrous for heredity and habit to generally prevail over utopianism. There are moments when she manipulates her characters too arbitrarily, and she abruptly abandons or simply refers to several she ought to have developed further. But, considering her gift for farce, the weakness of the story is that she steps back too often and is not high-handed enough.

NOTE: "The Gold in the Sea," a collection of stories by Brian Friel, some of which appeared originally in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Doubleday.

GENERAL

THE ROAD TO SARAJEVO, by Vladimir Dedijer (Simon & Schuster). This scholarly, readable account of the assassination describes the lives and motives of the victims, the Hapsburg heir, Franz Ferdinand, and his wife; of the killer, Gavrilo Princip, and his fellow-conspirators; and of the



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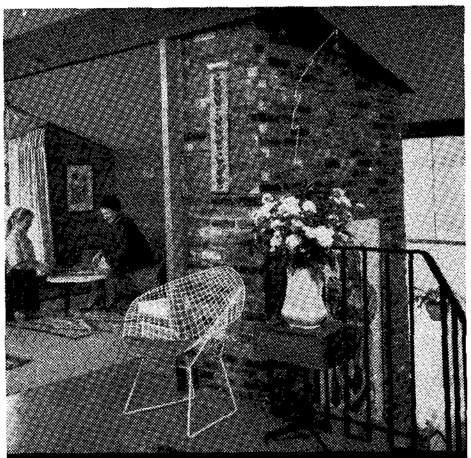
many lesser figures in a tangled, chancy chain. Mr. Dedijer, a Yugoslav historian and Tito's biographer, painstakingly separates history from rumor, scandal, opinion, and deliberate misstatement. (He even goes into some of the wild allegations that have had currency, such as the idea that the Masons did it.) The author's scrupulousness is never boring, and the reader shares his absorption in finding out exactly what happened. Mr. Dedijer's conscientiousness also neutralizes his bias; though he regards the assassins as young heroes, he includes all the facts that a reader needs in order to disagree. Eleven dollars and ninety-five cents.

THE IRISH ANSWER, by Tony Gray (Little, Brown). What's old, what's new, what's right, what's wrong—in short, what things are like—in the Republic of Ireland today. The author, who was born in Dublin and has worked on Irish and English newspapers, offers a brisk summary of the Irish past and a buoyant, thorough exposition of the present, with an eye on future possibilities. The Republic is ceasing to be pitiable or quaint. It is finding its way to a modern economy—building industry, improving farming—and developing a new sort of self-confidence about its place in the world. Mr. Gray is far from uncritical or unworried—he explains, for instance, that Ireland's being out of the Common Market poses some problems, while being in would pose others. Still and all, his story is generally cheery, and he tells it intelligently.

CHINA: EMPIRE OF THE 700 MILLION, by Harry Hamm, translated from the German by Victor Andersen (Doubleday). The author, a political writer on the staff of the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, has made two trips to Red China in recent years; the first was the usual officially planned and conducted tour for foreign journalists, but on the second he was free to travel six thousand miles through the interior of the country pretty much on his own. (The reason for this unusual permissiveness, he supposes, is the Chinese Communist Party's new soft line toward West Germany, which is, in turn, part of a calculated plan to upset Soviet Russia's foreign-policy calculations.) His book, which is part travelogue, part political analysis, is an excellent one. Its purely political section is shrewd and unemotional—almost cold. Mr. Hamm



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speculates, for example, that the quarrel between the Chinese and Soviet Communists has passed the point of no return, because it was allowed to rise to the ideological level; from that plateau, he points out, given the nature of all-wise and absolute political godheads, there can be no retreat by either party.

MARTÍ ON THE U.S.A., by José Martí, translated from the Spanish by Luis A. Baralt (Southern Illinois). The liberator of Cuba spent the years from 1880 to 1895 in exile in New York City, helping to support himself by journalism for Latin-American newspapers. This selection of articles on United States topics is surprising and delightful—an obituary for Jesse James, the joys of Coney Island, a paean at the birth of the Republican Party, a valentine to Peter Cooper, and such. In general, Martí found our grandparents a little deficient in soul, but he preferred their bustle to Latin-American melancholy. Professor Baralt, an exile from Castro's Cuba, has selected and translated with distinction.

I AM A COMPOSER, by Arthur Honegger, translated from the French by Wilson O. Clough and Allan Arthur Willman (St. Martin's). This widely quoted book, written in 1951, has now appeared for the first time in an English translation. It is interesting for the light it throws on the personality of its author, the creator of "King David," "Pacific 231," and "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher," and one of the most respected composers of his period. But what it is mainly famous for is its author's extreme pessimism about the future of music, even his own. The opening words of the second chapter convey the main theme: "The profession of composer of music offers the peculiarity of being the activity and the preoccupation of a man who exerts himself to manufacture a product which no one is eager to consume. I might even compare it to the manufacture of top hats, button shoes, and whalebone corsets."

NOTE: "Dear Men and Women," a collection of poems by John Hall Wheelock, some of which appeared originally in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Scribners.

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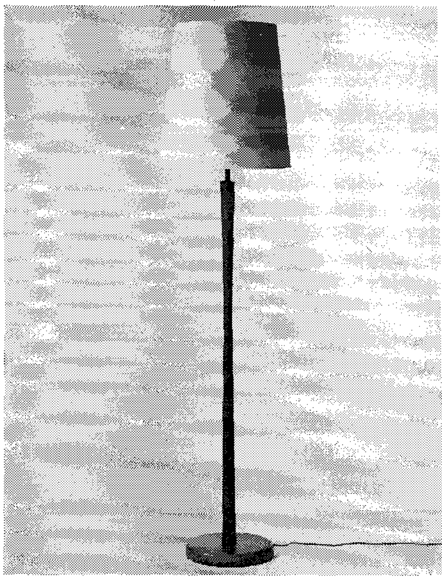
No summertime in Norway. It has been decided against summertime for 1966.—*English edition of the Oslo Guide.*

And let's not hear any whining, either!



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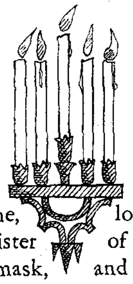

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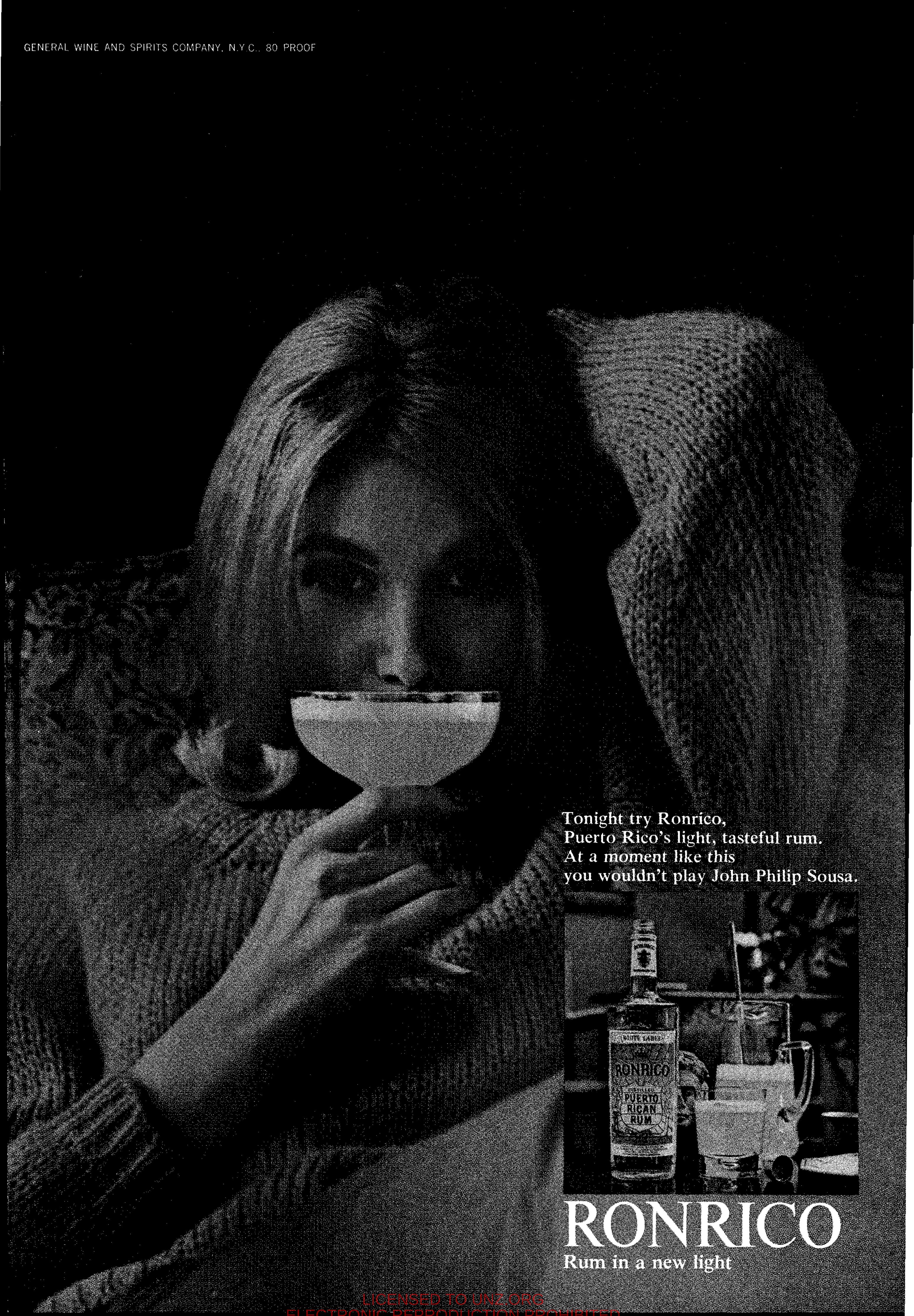
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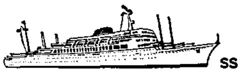

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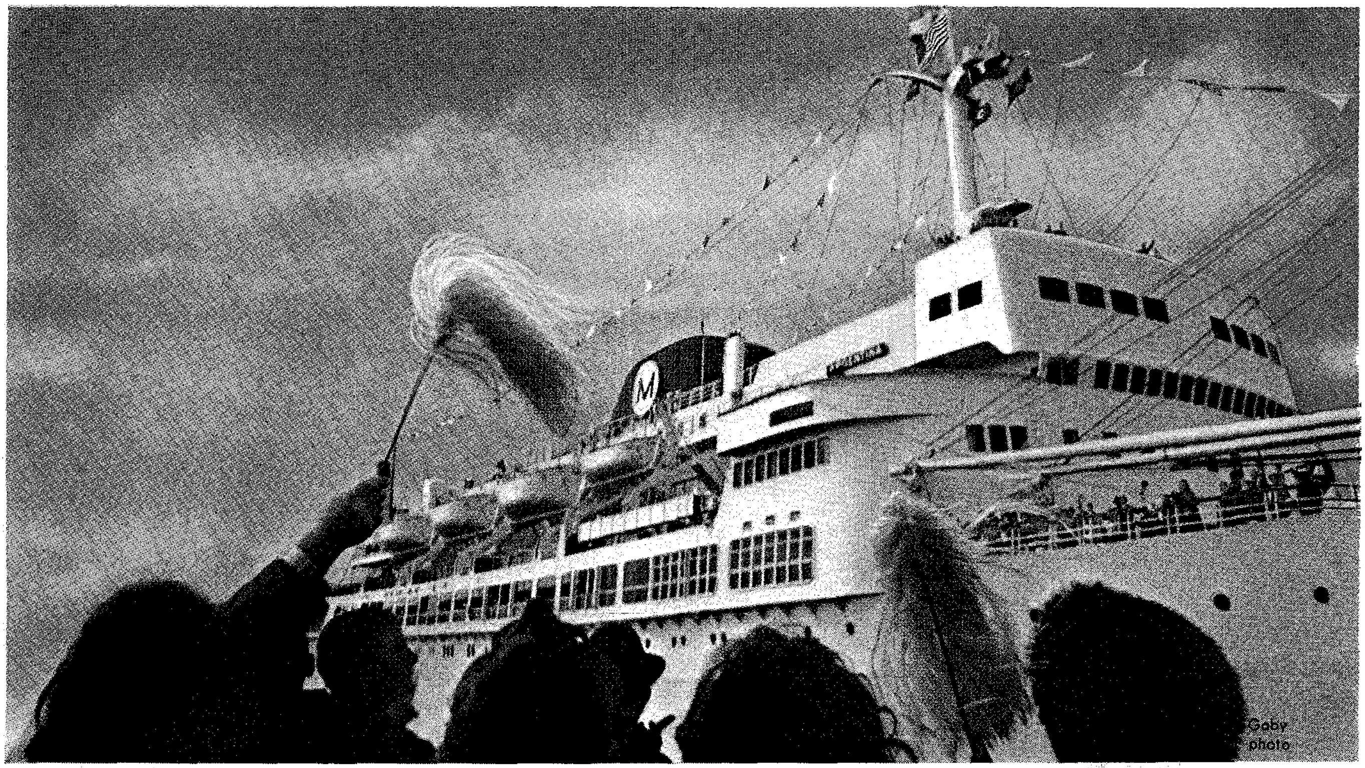

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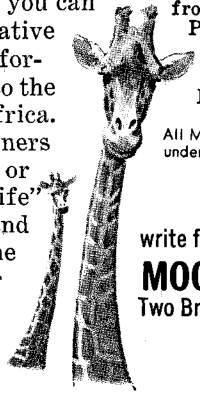

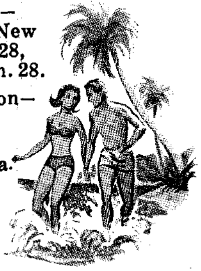

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